FOR "THE POST" AND "TRUE WITNESS." HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

THE CULTIVATION OF GENEROSITY

The Nature of Generosity-Two Kinds of Generosity-A National Characteristic -Irish Gold Plece and English Sixpence.

THE NATURE OF GENEROSITY.

If there is one thing that is more potent than aught else in helping one to get along with one's fellow men, thus enabling one to be of real service in the world as one goes through it, it is the saving virtue of generosity.

One must revere the upright, honor the just, and respect the self-respecting, but the heart of humanity goes out to the generous man.

It has been said "be just before you are generous," and it is very good advice too, in so far as a business standard is maintained in regulating the actions of our lives. But the advice given above might be better if given thus : "Be generous wailst you are just." Justice weighs to the grain and gives no more, but Generosity heaps the scale, even at the risk of destroying the nice balance.

If one owes a debt and thinks the mere cancelling of that debt releases from all further obligations, how grievously is he mistaken.

We often have duties to discharge which no act of ours ever laid upon us, and sometimes some old long neglected claim, grown by waiting impatient and importunate, suddenly starts up and refuses to be silenced any longer.

Then the test of character appears in the way such things are met. Then the golden streak appears in what, perhaps, had before apprived a dull stone, and the worth of the stone

he she gold encared in it.

But, though the gold be there, if the dust of a
har!, selfish life overlie it, of what use is it?

If or great is the need, therefore, to see that our lives be kept swept clear always of whatever might tend to cover it up.

TWO KINDS OF GENERGRITY.

Some people find it extremely hard to be generous in giving an opinion on any aubject in which they are interested, but find the payment of a debt or the relief of distress which may be done by the disbursement of money, comparatively easy. Others, and those are by far the greater num

ber, are willing enough to be generous in what costs them nothing.

Let any one in want of good advice find what

tons of it he can get for the asking, and how little real help or intelligent sympathy. Then again, there are some who destroy the effect of a kindly deed by a want of tact truly

deplorable.
A case of the kind last mentioned, and intensely characteristic of certain inherited neculiarities of disposition and opinion, invariably presents itself to my mind in this connection. A countryman ergaged in selling produce in one of the markets of a not distant Canadian city was approached by a wretched looking

begar-woman, who besught aid in the mist At first he paid no heed to her entreaties, but

as if debating to what extent his antipathy to beggars would permit him to help her. Unable to resist the conviction that she was in want, and yet unwilling to be carried too far his newly awakened generosity, the canny Scot' c refully selecting the smallest copper that is showable in croulation, from a handful of silves which he produced from his pocket, and pausing to again assure himself that this amazing bourty was not unworthily bestowed, he remarked to the haploss recipient: "Noo, see that ye dinne drick it."

A NATIONAL CHARACTERISTIC.

It is a matter of frequent comment from those who notice such things that persons of any nationality, residing for any length of ame among the Irish people, become, in a short space, as Irish as they, and are very unwilling to live among others. I think a ready solution of the whole matter

lies in the well known generosity of that warm-hearted rac. Even the coldest temperament cannot resist the effect of this national characteristic

Amongst the people themselves it is to a large extent inherited, for kindness "runs in the to use a familiar expression.

But the thoughtful observers will not fail to perceive that though to a large extent natural, it is also very often the result of careful and constant cultivation. Disheartened at the sight of so much innate selfishness among the petted children of wealthy parents, it is a grateful sight to see how early the children, even of very poor pirents, are taught to be self-denying and

gen rous. "Don's refuse to take it from him," I have heard many an Irish mother say, when her child offered the half of his apple or broke a large piece off his cake for the regaling of the stranger vis tor.

Thus even in the procest hous-hold is this daily training in the noblest and most human-The mother would count it the most

dreadful misfortune that could befall her son if he were to grow up unfeeling or hard-hearted.

And who shall gainsay her? IRISH GOLD PIECE AND ENGLISH SIXPENCE.

I do not claim for the Irish the exclusive monopoly of the virtue of generosity. There are of course kind hearted persons to be found in every land, but it is curious to note how universal is the acquiescense in the opinion that they are exceptionally generous, especially in

The voluntary and intuitively arrived at testimony of a child naturally reared, is generally to

be relied up in. A little girl was reading aloud to her mother preparatory to a public recival that much admired poem of Celia Thaxter's entitled "Little Joan and Her Sixpence," which relates how Sir William Napier walking through a field one day found a little girl weeping in sore fear of punishment on her return home for having broken a bowl which she had been carrying. The poem, bowl which she had been carrying. The post-though long a popular one, is marred by many faults of taste, and is most fulsome in its praise of Sir William, especially in one verse where the author speaks of "the splender of a brow that might command the world."
This jarred on the quick sense fitness possessed by the child, and she said decisively. "I won't recite that verse, mamma, that's two much praise to give any man. After this outburst, the reading went on smoothly, relating how Sir William having a kind heart, soothed poor little Joan's distress, by promising to give her the price of the bowl to carry home to her parents, but on searching this pockets he found only gold pieces there, and the price of the bowl was sixpence. So this "noble British soldier and the handsomest of men," as the posm calls him, thought it would be prudent to wait until he had some smaller change, and made an agreement to meet Joan next day and give her the sixpence he had promised. Next day he was besieged by "dukes" and "earls" beseeching him to dine with them. He, however, with wonderful may nanimity, refused, as he had all have been sixpence that day said Joan should have her sixpence that day. And then, with a great flourish of trumpets, is told how he met the anxiously-expectant child. and, having with praiseworthy caution had one of the gold pieces changed in the meantime, gave Joan her sixpence and walked homewards in serene satisfaction.

The little girl reader, impatient of Sir Williams perfections, and not at all impressed by his generality, threw down the book, exclaim-ing:—"Oh, mamma, if Sir William had been an Irishman, he would have given Joan a go piece at once; and there would be an end of it!"

TAKE CARE OF THE EMIGRANT GIRLS!"

The last words of Father Riordan, of Castle Garden, N.Y., who died during the winter of 1888.)

No hero's last breath upon victory's field As his soul met the spectre's demand; No soldier when forced to the victor to yield E'er uttered a sentence more grand

ther uttered a sentence more grand
Than Erin's dear son, as in liberty's name
He thought of old Ireland's bright pearls;
No dying request more endearing to fame
Than "Take care of the emigrant girls."

The verdure of Erin's dear valleys and hills Shall fade e'er his name be forgot.

It shall live on the hills, the rivers and rills, Be blessed in each hovel and cot. And in ages to come some child of our race. While spurning the lords and the earls,

Will sing the dear words in a spirit of grace, "Take care of the emigrant girls." For glory of God, this request of his heart,
By heeding, our fealty extend,
Kind words from our lips can we often impart,
Though struggling, still let us befriend

The daughters of Erin, who come to our beach Of faith then it its given and pearls, Their virtue illumis and by actions they preach 'Take care of the emigrant girls.

They brightened the past, and the future they'll

bless,
We feel it is Heaven's decree Expels them from home, in the day of distress, To climes of the brave and the free. And the sons of Columbia soon learn to prize The beauties with bright eyes and curls; From depths of true hearts fond affection

Our prelates and statesmen, our soldiers of rank

To "Take care of the emigrant girls."

Slight not the poor emigrant child; In boyhood their mothers, to check a gay prank, Spoke tales of the coan so wild; God bless them, they equal the best in our

land; Guard them in trials and perils; Yes, Father! God rest you; we'll keep thy command, "Take care of the emigrant girls."

Thy name and thy tomb we shall ever enshrine, With hallowed affec i simpress, No child of old Erin she ever decline

To honor that holy re 3 Where pairios dust of 3 chisedech's pride Appeals for the purest pearls; His last words to earth cohe day that he died, "Take care of the emigrant girls."

P. J LEITCH, Montreal.

MY NEIGHBOUR.

There are some trouble-ome neighbors who are the plague of man's life. They borrow your umbrella when you want to go and pay you a visit when you want to work at home, play the French horn when you want to go to sleep, and give a p rty the very evening when you want to finish a rapedy. My neighbor has none of these faults, but he tries to incommode me every moment. He pries into everything in my mom, destroys my papers, and devours my breakfast. Butter, cheese, poultry, game-almost everything is acceptable to him; and he never ears bread when he can get calte. He is neither a land-owner nor elector, At first he paid no heed to her entreaties, but at last his attention being roused, as it might well be by her forlorn appearance, or it may be, by a tone of genuine distress in her critical eye, as if debating to what extent his antirathy to nightly metings with the object of his affections. In other respects his character is good; he is neither a feb nor a bully, and avoids rather than seeks quarrels. He bears no malice towards those who treat him ill, and if you turn him out by one door he will come back by the other. He goes from house to house, making himself comfortable wherever he goes, and staying till he is tired, without ever waiting for an invita-tion. Familiar as he is with your provisions, only take the trouble to put the stoppers in your decanters, and he will not meddle with them He is always well dressed, his boots never creak on the floor, for their soles are made of the floest chamois, and the upper leather of India subber. My neighbor, though he knows I must wear a coat out at the elbows, never wears anything but the softest furs. He never lays in fuel, but apends the cold season in my chimney corner; all this I have to put up with. In fact, I think myself lucky if he does not invite his friends to his nocturnal orgies, but contents himself with abusing my hospital ty, rumaging among my furniture and plundering my larder. My neighbor is one of those per-onages who must be well treated. It is well known that whenever he leaves a residence it is sure to tumble down soon. This very translesome neeighbor, dear reader is—a mouse.

USEFUL DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

BEEF SMOTHERED IN TOMATO.-Cut an onion fine, and try it slowly in one tablesponful of butter in a stew pan. Add one pint of tomaties cooked and strained, one teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper and one pound of beef cooked or uncooked, cut in small pieces. Simmer slowly until the meat is tender.

POTATO TURNOVERS. - Mix about a pint of hot mashed potatoes with one egg, season to taste, and roll in flour. Make it into balls and press or roll it out thin, but a tablespoonful of meat, minced and seasoned, on one-half, fold over and press the edges together and brown each side in dripping 1.

BENESTEAK PATE. - Chop one pound of best rump sneak until it is a soft pulp. Season highly with salt and pepper, add a little of the tender fat, also chopped fine. Mix two beaten eggs with one pint of milk. Pour this slowly into one cup of flour mixed with one teaspoonful of baking-powder. When well mixed stir it thoroughly into the meat. Bake in a moderate oven an hour. Can be eaten cold or hot, but is better hot.

LEMON TURNOVERS .- One grated lemon, the rind and juice, one cup of currents, one-half cup of chopped citron, one teaspoonful of butter and one tablesp onful of cracker dust. Put all the ingredients into a saucepanand stir over the fire until hot. Put a teaspoonful on a small round of rich paste, wet the edges and fold and press the edges together. Prick with a fork and bake quickly.

LIVER RAGOUT.—The fresh liver of a well-fed calf is washed, sliced, cut in thick slices and then into stripes. Next two or three eschalots, some theme themes themes the stripes. some thyme, tarragon, chives and paraley are minced fine and stewed in plenty of butter, pre-vicusly heated, the liver is added with a little salt and stewed until tender, which will require about a quarter of an hour—a prolonged stewing hard-then add some grated bread, and a cupful of wine, or a few slices of lemon without the seeds, and let the whole boil up. Tender beef's liver can be used instead of calf's

FOR THE LAUNDRY.

A teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will greatly aid in the whitening pro-

As far as possible, iron by the thread; pull the material straight, and move the iron in the direction of the thread of the cloth.

To take ordinary ink out of linen, dip the ink appt in pure melted tallow, wash out the tallow, and the ink will come with it. This seldom fails.

To set the black in home-colored woollen goods, to it will not smut, soak the wool or goods over night in sweet milk, ring it out and dry, then rinse well through water, and the

color will be as fast as it can be. Bluing .- Take one ounce of soft Prustian blue, powder it and put in a bottle with one quart of clear rain-water, and add one-half ounce pulverized oxalic acid. A tablespoonful is sufficient for a large washing.

When did General George Washington have his firet die in a public carriage? When MARIANA. | be took a back at the cherry tree.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Mamma's Lionel," said the little boy, raising his beautiful eyes to the sad face above Lord Bayneham was strangely moved by that look; surely in some dream he had seen eyes like those. Then he bent down and kissed the little face, smoothing the bright golden curls as

"I wish I had a little boy like you," he said to the child : "I have no little son, "And I have no papa," replied the child

quickly,
"Lionel," cried a voice familiar to Lord
Bayneham, "where are you?" Your little boy is quite safe," and the earl

courteously.
"I fear he is teasing you. Why, Lord Bayne am—it it possible?"
"Captain Massey!" cried the earl, rising
glad surprise. "I thought you were in in glad surprise.

"I reached home last week," said Captain Massey. "How long have you been away?" inquired

Lord Bayneham.
"Three years," was the short reply; and the earl wondered at the changed, cool manner of his friend.

"I am delighted to see you," he continued, again holding out his hand; but to his surprise the captain affected not to see it.
"Is this your little son?" asked Lord Bayne-

"No." replied the captain, a dark flush covering his honest face; I am not married."
"I never saw a more levely child," continued the earl; "I cannot part with him just yet."

The captain looked anxious and uneasy. "Who is he?" asked Lord Bayncham. must make friends with his parents for the little boy's sake. I am charmed with him, Uapt. Massey made no reply; there was a

constrained, miserable silence,
"Massey," said Lord Bayneham at length, "I
cannot understand you. We parted three years
ago the best of friends—now you will not touch my hand. You look shyly at me; you barely answer my question. What has changed you? in what have I offended you?"
The honest, fearless eyes that met his own had

a deep shadow in them. There is no need for any explanation," he replied shortly. But there is need," said Lord Bayneham. "I liked you, Massey, and have been proud to call you my friend. What have I done that you are

my friend no longer?"
"Does not your own conscience tell?" asked Capta'n Massey gravely.

"My conscience!" said Lord Bayneham in utter wonder; "no, certainly not;; I am at a loss how to understand you. I am very unhappy as I—but on my conscience there rests

"I have no right to speak," said Captain Massey turning away, "Come away, Lionel, it is time we returned home." But the child clung with both arms round Lord Bayneham.

"I like 'his gentleman," he said ; "I will not leave him. Captain Massey's face grew strangely pale. The earl saw his lips move, and he looked on in mute surprise.
"What is it, old friend?" asked Lord Bayne

ham. "What spectre have you raised that stands between you and me?"

Then Captain Massey turned and looked straight into the changed, worn face.
"I would not shake hands with you," he said.
"I do not wish to speak to you; but if you will have it, you must. Answer me, Lord Bayneham! What have you done with your wife?

Lord Bayneham started and looked at his tears as the tender arms clung to him? Why friend with wondering eyes. The question did the sweet, children voice seem to reach the pierced him with sharp pain.
"My wife!" he repeated with white, quiver-

ing lips. "I would give my life this moment to know where she is. I would gladly die if I might look on her face once more."
"But," said Captain Massey, surprised in his turn, "you sent her from you?"
"Never!" interrupted Lord Bayneham. "Only

heaven knows what her flight has cost me? Who told you so cruel a story, Massey? and how could you believe it of me?" "Never mind who told me," said the captain, "if it is not true. I never saw a woman to fair, so true, or so pure as your wife. You should

have overlooked what she could not help -her parentage."
"I knew nothing of it when she left me," said looked that, and much more, for love of my

wife"
"You knew nothing of it!" said the captain, still more surprised. "Then why did you send

"I did not." replied the earl: "her flight was a mystery to me until I stood at her father's death-bed. I understood it then." Captain Massey looked, as he felt, bewil-

dered.
"I do not know what you have heard," contimed Lord Bayneham, "but you are my friend. Years ago, Massey, you loved my wife. I pardon your words; will you listen to me while I tell you—what few know—the

story of my darling's loss?"
With the little golden head pillowed on his

with the tittle golden head philowed on his heart, Lord Blyneham told his story. "I have spent a fortune," he said, " in adver-tisements. I believe all England has been searched, but in vain. Whether she be living or dead I know not. I know one thing, living or dead, I shall he true to her; no one shall ever take her place. I would freely, joyfully give all I have in the world to see heronce again. It was all a mistake, Massey; a terrible mistake. I was jealous and impatient, and most bitterly have I suffered for it. Do you not see that I am old before my time-worn out with sorrow and sus-God keep all from suffering as I have

done."
"It is a strange story," said the captain

musingly.

"No more strange than true," sail Lord
Bayneham. "Ah, Massey, I must reproach
you. What have you ever seen in me that
could lead you to believe me capable of sending my wife from me because her father was
not all he should have been? I should have not all he should have been? I should have but loved her the more for it. I knew nothing of or cared nothing for her family when I married her. How could you think that in the hour of her trouble I should drive her from me? —I who have never ceased praying, with weeping eyes, that I might see her again."

The two friends then sat and talked, uncon-

ecious of the swift passing of time. Lord Bayne-ham thought his friend strangely reserved, even ham thought his friend strangely reserved, even after his explanation. True, Captain Massey gressed his hand and begged his pardon for the suspicions so unjust and ufounded; but, after that he was very quies. He did not seem to enter into or sympathize with any of the earl's plans for the finding of his lost wife. He listened with a far-off look on his face; and

Lord Bayneham, whose heart was in his words, felt pained by his want of interest.

"We must go," said the captain at length, taking out his watch. "Come, Lionel; mamma will be frightened; we have been out three

"You have not told me my little friend's name, said Lord Bayneham, as he unwillingly untwined the little arms from his neck. "I shall be pleased to see him again."

"He is called Lionel," said the captain care-ally. "His mother is a friend of my mother's. leasly. leasily. "His mother is a friend of my nother s. Come and dine with us to morrow, Lord Baynehem; we are still living in the old house at Kew. My mother will be pleased to see you—you were always a great favorite of hers."

"No, I think not," replied Lord Bayneham.
"I have no heart or spirits for visiting. Come

and see me—that will be better. Lady Bayne ham and Miss Earle will be delighted to welcome you home again."
"I shall hold little Lionel here as an induce-

ment," said Captain Massey. "Come and dine with us to-morrow; then you shall be introduced to him in proper form, and perhaps be allowed the privilege of having him on a visita great favor, I assure you. What do you say, Lionel? Do you wish this gentleman to come

and see ms? oried the child, clinging to Lord Bayneham's hand; "do come!"

The pretty chi'dish voice prevailed, and the

earl said, with a smlle, "I will. At what hour do you dine?"
"At seven," replied Captain Massay. "Call for me at my chamber," he continued, giving Lord Bayneham a card, "and we will drive down together."

down together."

"At your chambers!" said Lord Bayneham.

"Why, are you not living at home?"

"No," said the captain, and again a dull flush burned his face. "My mother has visitors in the house, and I have business in London.

[Call for me about five." Call for me about five. They then parted, and Lord Bayneham re-

turned home. CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Lord Bayneham told the countess and Barand of the beautiful little child who was with them; the finest, sweetest child he had ever Lady Bayneham thought him in better He smiled as he described the boy spirits. clinging to him, and his face had not looked so bright for years. Lody Bayneham's eyes filled with tears as she listened to him. "I am thankful for anything that arouses his

interest," she said to Barbara Earle, " but my heart aches when I think that he will never smile upon a child of his own." 'We will hope for the best," said Barbara.

"sorrow endures for a time. Joy generally comes after it, and if not joy, peace."

Lord Bayneham was haunted by the little face; it shown before him all day, he saw it in his dreams by night—the sweet, trusting eyes, the bright clustering curls—and he smiled at his

own folly. "I must be in love with the child," he said. "I long to see him again."
On the following morning the reserved, me-

lancholy Lord Bayneham spent more than one hour in one of the finest toy shops in London and selected a parcel of toys that would gladden the heart of any child. He was punctual to his appointment and found Captain Massey ready

"The weather is fine; we shall have a glori ous drive," said the captain; "but what is this enormous parcel? It came some hours since, to be left here for you?" "It contains nothing but toys for Licrel,"

said Lord Bayneham, blushing like a schoolgirl as he spoke. It was a clorious drive: the sweet May evening was full of beauty; earth and sky seemed to smile. The hawthorn and chestnut were in bloom, the fragrance of spring blossoms filled the air. They said but little, Captain Massey seemed lost in thought and Lord Bayneham was deaming of the May morning years ago when he had first met the fair young girl who seemed

lost to him forever.

It was a sad face upon which Mrs. Massey gazed when she welcomed her old favorite to

the house. "My son told me how altered you were," she said, holding out both hands to Lord Bayne-

ham.
"Life has not been a path of roses for me," he replied.

"Nor for any of us," interrupted the lady.

"I have gathered more thorns than flowers."
Mrs. Massey was a stately gentlewoman, one of the old school, kind and charitable, yet dignified and reserved, and a firm believer in etiquette. If she had a fault, her son declared it was in being too frigidly correct and proper. She was dressed as Lord Bayneham bered always to have seen her, in the stiffest of brocades and the most costly of lace caps. She made many inquiries about Lady Bayneham and Miss Earle, yet her visitor thought there was something unusual in her manner. She talked more than he had ever heard her, and seemed afraid of a moment's silence. It was a relief when the child came in and ran straight

up to Lord Bayneham.
Ab, what was it? Why did his eyes fill with depths of his heart, and stir fountains that had long been sealed and dry?

"My son tells me you have taken a wonderful fancy to this little boy," said Mrs. Massey. "He is a noble little fellow, and we are all fond of him."
"I have never loved a child before," said

Lord Bayneham, and his lips trembled as he spoke; and, in my solitary life, I do not spoke; "and, in my solitary life, I do no think I shall ever care so much for one again. "Would you like to live with this gentleman, Lionel?' saked Mrs. Massey.
"Yes," said the child; "but I cannot, be-cause I cannot leave mamma."

"I am to be introduced in proper form to-ay," said Lord Bayneham; "what is my httle day, friend's name? I shall ask permission to take him down to Bayneham with rae."

the earl could not understand.
"Would you like to see Lionel's mamma, and ask her permission?" said Mrs. Massey.
"Yes," replied Lord Bayneham, "if it would

not be an intrusion. "I can answer that it would not," said the lady. Her face was strangely pale, and Lord Bayneham wondered at the emotion he read

there.
"She is in the boudoir here, said Mrs.
Macey; "go and make your request, my lord."
"Will you not accompany me? The lady is introduction." said

stranger ; I shall need an introduction," Lord Dayneham.

"Go alone," said Captain Massey; and even as he sp ke Lord Bayneham noted the change in his voice—the nervous, agitated expression of his face. "Go alone," continued the captain;

Lionel will introduce you."

A strange tremor seized Lord Bayneham; a atrange, vague hops came to him as he looked in those pale, agitated faces H- tried to speak and ask another question, but his lips seemed

numbed and dumb. "Lionel," said Captain Massey, "go with that gentleman, and take him to your mamina."

The child gently laid his little hand on Lord Bayneham's and led him through the long draw-ing-room. A door at the other and of the apartment led to the boudoir. He turned the handle and opened it, slowly moving, as one whose senses are wrapped in a dream. He saw a small, pretty room, where fragrant flowers were blooming, and golden sunbeams came in through clouds of white lace. He saw-was this a dream? a golden head raised as he entered, a beautiful face, sweet and pure and tender he saw violet eyes full of tears, quivering lips that tried in vain to utter his name; he saw two little white hands clasped as he had seen them clasped years ago, and a thick mist swam before him, a noise as of rushing water filled his ears. A little voice aroused him; the child can

from him to the lady.
"This is mamma," he said, proudly turning to Lord Bayneham.

It was no dream—it was his own wife clinging to him, her tender arms clasped round him, her beautiful face wet with tears so near his own, the golden head drooping on his breast. It was no fancy, no dream, but a real, glorious truth. Once before he had wept like a child t was when he lost her.

Again the strength of his manhood seemed to desert him, and warm tears fell upon the golden

"Clande," whispered a gentle voice.

you ever forgive me—forgive me for doubting you, and leaving you? I can never pardon myself?"
"The fault was my own." he realied: "I

"The fault was my own," he replied; "I was jeslous, and impatient."
"Nobody speaks to me," said a pitiful voice, and a little face looked up in weader; then Lord Bayneham remembered the toy—he had called Hilda mamma. He looked once into her

face, "Who is it?" he whispered-"this little one who calls you mother.

For all answer she placed the child in his

arms.
"It is your son," she said; your son and mine."
"Do not scold me," she said when that honey broken. "do not trance of happiness was broken, "do not scold me, Claude. When I left you, I did not think that Heaven would give me this priceless gift. My baby was born here, six months after I left

rémember all I have told you about your own papa, whom you had never seen—how kind, and brave, and good he was. This is papa, and you must love him."

"I do love him," said the child quietly; "I loved him yesterday, without knowing why."
"I have been too bewildered to ask how you came here," said Lord Bayneham to his wife.
"Let others tell that story for me," she said, quietly; "first let me explain why I left you, Claude. It was all a terrible mistake; we can speak freely now, my oath hinds me no longer, for Captain Massey told me yesterday my father

I was with him," said Lord Bayneham,

"and his last words were for you."
"I cannot tell you how this secret weighed upon me," she continued. "My poor mother sought me at Bayneham; she came there to look at me and die. The poor sick woman who died at Fir Cottage and lies buried in the little

"From the day she told me her story and mine," continued Lady Hilda, "my life was one long sorrow; I was wretched at keeping a secret from you, yet I dared not break my onth. Once, you know, Claude, I asked you what you hard differ manifest and the ladder of the ladde should do if after marriage you found you had been mistaken in your wife, and had taken some

said, such a one must return to her friends."

"But how could I suppose those words applied to yourself?" said Lord Bayneham.

"You could not," she replied. "My father came, and my miserable secret weighed upon my with double force. The hamildesed. me with double force, I was bewildered. He has told you all, Claude? Ah, then, you know He of the notes he wrote to me, of the interview I was compelled to have with him in the Lady's Walk. When you came that morning into my room and said that you knew all, I believed you had discovered my secret, and that your anger arose from that cause."

your night walk. What a mistake it was, Hilda! What tears of misery it has caused using grieve." If you had but trusted me, darling, instead of going away!"

"If there is any excuse," said Lady Hilda,
"It lies in the fact that I was half mad. Three
days after I left home I was taken ill with a severe attack of brain fever, and the snow lay on the ground before I was myself again." "And you have seen nothing of all my adver-

tisements ?" said Lord Baynebam. "No," she replied; "when I left you I left all the world; when shelter was offered to me here I accepted it on the condition that no one should see or hear me, and that the news of the outer world should not be told to me. I thought I should soon die. It seemed to me that I had no right to Lady Hutton's money—no claim upon her fortune. I wanted to be dead to everything

since I could no longer live to you."

"Poor child!" said her husband gently; "but why, at least, did you not tell me of Lionel's "I meant to send him to you," she replied.
"I did not forget that, although my son, he is your heir. I would have sent him in two more years. Remember, it has all been a mistake,

Claude. I thought you would never allow me to return to Bayneham when you knew my secret. A knock at the door interrupted Lady Hilda. "Come in," she said, and Mrs. Massey en tered, her face glowing with smiles.

"Did you know the lady?" she asked Lord ayneham, who met her with a torrent of Bayneham, who met her with b watter thanks. "My son is anxious to know if he may

"Since we owe our happiness in a great mea sure to him," replied Lord Bayneham, "his request is very reasonable Ah, Massey!" he cried, as the master of the house entered. am I to thank you for your great kindness Now explain to me why and how I find my lost

"It is a very long story," said Captain Mas-Bey, "but you shall hear every detail."
"It is rather more than three years since I received orders to go to India on an especial and confidential mission. The day before starting I went to Euston Square to enquire about some luggage sent for me. There was great confusion at the station, owing to the arrival of several trains. I was standing on the platform watching the scene with some amusement, when my attention was attracted by a lady leaving a first class carriage. She were a cloak and a thick veil; she seemed uncertain where to go—lost and bewildered. I saw her go to one of the reats and place berself there. For one whole hour Captain Massey smiled a strange smile that she rested there, and I watched her. She did not appear to be waiting for any one, and no one took any heed of her. Then she rose, and stood for a few minutes as though uncertain what to do. 'She seems bewildered with troubl,e' I said to myself; 'I wonder if I could

help her? help her?'
'I went very respectfully up to her, and,
raising my hat, asked if I could be of any service
to her. She did not seem to understand me.
When I repeated the question she drew back her veil, and looked at me with wild, wofu eyes. Imagine my horror at recognizing in this grieving, bewildered lady no other than the young Countess of Bayneham, Lady Hutton's

ward

ward

"'Lady Bayneham,' I said, 'do you not know me? I am Captain Massey, your husband's friend.'

"'Yes, I know you, she replied; then she laid her hand on my arm. "'Viti you help me, Captain Massey,' she said humbly; I have left home and my husband forever. I feel very ill; my brain is on fire, I believe. Can you take me somewhere where I can lie down to die?" somewhere where I can lie down to die?"

I looked at her in utter amaze; the lovely,
brilliant Lady of Bayneham, here in this de-

"'Does Lord Bayneham know? I began but she interrupted me.
"'If you cannot take my word on trust,' she said, 'leave me : I can bear no questions-I cannot endure the sound of his name. If you will befriend me, take me from here.'

plorable state!

"Her face was deadly pale, and her eyes burned with a wild, strange light; she trembled violently. My only fear was lest she should fall; she looked like a bruistd, broken lilly. "I will befriend you, Lady Bayneham," I said; 'iry and walk a few steps with me. I will take you to my mother's and leave you in her

charge"
"As I have told you, on the morning followin; I was to start for India; time, therefore, was very precious. We walked out of the station yard, and then I took a cab. It was a long drive to my mother's house here at Kew. Lady Bayneham never once spoke. She sal white and cold and still as a marble statue.

"My dear mother was amazed to see me re-turn so accompanied, and her amazement was increased when she knew it was Lady Bayne ham whom I had brought to find shelter under "That night Lady Bayn ham told us part of her story. She laid no blame upon you, but much upon berself. She said she had left home

because you knew the story of her parentage and were displeased : she would not wait unti you sent her away; and she seemed so fear fully agitated at the mention of return that we agreed it was better to defer it until she should have regained health and strength. 'Lady Hilda made a compact with us; we pro-

mised entire and perfect secrecy as to her place of concealment—we promised that under the shelter of our roof she should be hidden from the outer world she dreaded so much, and that no news of it should be told to her. She was to be as one dead in life. We promised all she asked. My mother dared not oppese one word, so critical was her state. In the event of her death, you, Lord Bayneham, were to be sent for. She begged us to call her by her mother's name of Hurst, and we did so. fer,

mother's name of Hurst, and we did so.

I "I never saw her from that night until a few days ago. I set sail for India, and the news came to me there that the unhappy lady was lying ill of brain fever, and the doctors described of her life. rying in or oran lover, and the doctors despended of her life.

Tor many long weeks she lay unconscious of all around her. Then I heard that under the

shall always believe Providence led me to the gardens yesterday. But for that the mis-take would never have explained. When I

take would never have explained. When I reached home and told your wife your story, I know how much she loved you."

"God bless you, Massey!" exclaimed Lord Bayneham; "you are the truest friend man ever had. Thank you, and you, madame," he continued, turned to Mrs. Mussey; "thank you for your care and love for my dear wife."

"She has been like a beloved daughter to me," said the old lady; "having lived with her, I am at a loss how to live without her. To ten fancied that the advertisements I read so constantly applied to her, but I dared not mention them; I wished her to grow quite strong and well before again discussing the subject of her return."

Lord Bayneham looked anxiously in his wife's face. It was very pale and thim no withat the

face. It was very pale and thin, no wthat the bright blushes had faded—more beautiful than

died at Fir Cottage and hes buried in the little graveyard—she was my mother, Claude."

"How could you ever dream that I should love you less for that?" he said, kissing the beautiful face raised to his.

"From the day she told me her story and mine," continued Lady Hilda, "my life was I twas an evening of unclouded happings."

It was an evening of unclouded happiness.
'I shall not return to Grosvenor square without my treasures," said Lord Bayneham resolutely.

"Had you not better prepare Lady Bayne-"Had you not better prepare Lady Bayneham and Miss Earle for the surprise?" suggested Mrs. Massey.

"No," replied Lord Bayneham; "I dare not trust Hilda from my sight again. They must return with me. It can be easily managed; there are no servants in the London house who have suffered as the sorrow we have suffered.

know anything of the sorrow we have suffered or its cause. Those with us will think that, as I have been absent the greater part of the day, I have been to fetch their lady home."

"It is so sudden," said Mrs. Massey; "our house will have lost its sunshine."

Walk. When you came that morning into my room and said that you knew all, I believed you had discovered my secret, and that your anger arose from that cause."

"I saw it afterward," said Lord Bayneham. "I must take Hilda and Lionel with me. I could not leave them, and Lionel with me. I could not leave them, your night walk. What a mistake it was, worninght walk. grieve."
"Never mind packing up, mother," said Captain Massey; "Lord Bayneham is quite right; his wife and child must go with him."

Then Hilda drew near her husband, and whispered something about her fear and dread at seeing the countess again.

"Hilda," said Lord Bayneham, "my mother having the counters again.

blamed herself most bitterly for not having loved you more. She knows all your story, and, believe me, who never spoke falsely to you, she loves you the better for it." The farewell was not token without many tears. In the midst of her happiness, Indy Hilda sorrowed at leaving the friends who had

Hilda sorrowed at leaving the friends who had been so kind to her. Eve y one in the house was grieved at losing the beautiful, gentle lady and her child; but Lionel was too happy with his new papa to care for anything else.

Lord Bayneham with his fair young wife, with the little child, drove home in the calm of the sweet spring evening. Never to them had the stars shone so brightly; never had the soft breeze told a sweeter story; never was spring evening so holy, so happy as this.

"You are at home," said Lord Bayneham, as the carriage stepped at the door—"at home once more; and, dear Hilda, it shall not be my fault if, for the future, home is not heaven for

fault if, for the future, home is not heaven for

Lady Bayneham and Miss Earle sat alone in Lady Bayneham and Miss Earle sat alone in the drawing-room in Groavenor Square. The clock had already chimed ten, and Lord Bayneham had said he should not be late.

"If you are tired, aunt," said Miss Earle, "I will wait for Claude—he will not be long."

"I prefer waiting," said Lady Bayneham.

"My boy's face was brighter when he left home than I have seen it for many years.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

than I have seen it for many years. I am waiting, hoping to see that bright look again." It was not long before the roll of the carriage was heard and the loud knock that resounded through the house assured the countess of her son's return. She arose from her seat, to greet

him. His face, as he entered the room, struck her with amazement.
"What is it, Claude?" she asked. "Why do you look so? Have you good news?"

"I have brought friends home with me, mother," he said, "and want you to welcome

them.

"Tnat I will," said Lady Bayneham. "Who are they? "A lady and a little boy," he replied; and his mother noticed how his voice faltered over the

"A lady and a little boy!" she echo A beautiful child now came into the room.
"See," said Lord Bayneham, "this is my vouncest guest."

"What a lovely boy!" cr'ed the countess, raising him in her arms. "He is like one of Murillo's angels,
"Kiss him, mother," said Lord Bayneham kiss him, and welcome him home."

Lady Bayneham's face were a startled look.

"Home!" she repeated; "what do you mean, Claude? Have you adopted him? Who is be?"
"Draw near to me, mother; and you, Barbara, faithful friend, listen while I tell you who he is. The boy with a cherub's face is my son, Lionel Earle Bayneham, Viscount Hulsmeer,

and his mother is waiting for your welcome Shall I bid her enter?" Lady Baynebam could give no answer in words, but the care-ses she lavished up in the

child were answer enough. At last the wish of her heart was fulfilled she held her son's child, the heir of Bayneham in her arms. The grand old race was not doomed to extinction after all. She found words, however, when a beautiful woman with golden hair and shy, blushing face entered the room, and going up to her, said, "Can you par-don me, mether, for all the trouble I have caused you?"

For the first time in her life Lady Bayneham

clasped her son's wife in her arms. "It is I who should ask pardon from you," she said. "You shall be to me for the future as my dearest and best beloved daughter. Never let another secret stand between us."

"Am I quite forgotten?" said Barbira Earle, as she clasped Hilda's hands warmly in her "But," said Lord Bayneham, "I do not quite understand; is this lovely boy your son, Hilda?"

"He is mine," replied the proud, fair mother.
Lionel had made himself quite at home with
Barbara, and Lady Hilda knelt down to kiss
him as he sat upon her knee. Lord Bayneham thought he had never gazed on such a group. Then came eager and hurried explanations. Lord Bayneham told eloquently the story of Captain Massey's generous and noble conduct, and Barbara Earle's eyes grew dim with tears. This man, who in the darkest hour of Lady Hilda's life had come to her rescue, was the one who had hopelessly loved her long years

Long after midnight they sat, unwilling to end that happy meeting, and the golden-haired child slept in his father's arms, for Lord Bayne-

ham could not endure to part with him. They agreed that every explanation should be made then, and Lady Hilds related the history of her parents. Lord Bayneham told of Stephen Hurst's death, and then the whole subject was to be banished forever. In Ludy Bayneham's heart the last remnant of pride had died cur. She forgot her prejudices, and felt nothing but proud happiness when she gazed upon her son's beautiful wife and his noble little heir.

Three days afterward the May ann shone upon a beautiful scene enacted at Bayneham. The lord of the castle, with his wife and son, was returning home it was said from a foreign tour. Triumphal prohes were every where erected. "Welcome to Bayneham!" where erected. "Welcome to Bayneham!"
"Welcome Home!" met the eye at every turn; My baby was born here, six months after I left your house. I meant to send him to you when he was old enough to leave me."

"Hush!" said Lord Bayncham; "do not say such words as those, Hilda, darling. This is a golden hour—we will not spoil it."

Then Lady Hilda, taking the little one, said, "Lionel, you must love this gentleman. You it has been sacred to your wife. I will say unconscious of flags and banners waved among the frees; flags and through the sweet fragrant air came the say such words as those, Hilda, darling. This born. I returned a few days since, and found him a beautiful, noble little fellow. I would lied, the slung shining—there was no fairer scene from the little fellow. I would lied, the slung shining—there was no fairer scene.

"Lionel, you must love this gentleman. You it has been sacred to your wife. I