

had once been her father's. More than once she murmured "he *wondered* if I would go to him!" and a bright smile would play about her mouth, and a quick flush steal over her cheek.

It did me good to see her as she flitted about, even though I knew all this spoke to me but of separation; but I was content when I thought of her happiness,—so highly prized because so long waited for.

Mabel's packing up did not take her very long. No delay in her journey was necessary, for she had few preparations. I used to think before, and I knew then, that she had tried always to be ready, so if the summons came she might go at once. Well, it had come now! When all was done my mistress came and sat down by me, and collected all that belonged to me together; then she began to talk softly to me, calling me "Poor Dickey!" she had given me that name, and often talked to me as if I was some pet of hers.

"Ah, Dickey," she said, "I am sorry to leave you, so sorry! But then I know Annie needs you so much, and when I am with *him* I shall not need you to make me think of his great love for me, as you have so often done; and Annie will make you a

good mistress, Dickey. I know she will." She laid me tenderly down, and went to her own room, turning at the door to look round and see she had forgotten nothing.

She was up early next morning, and went to bid Kate good-bye before breakfast, that she might be sure of seeing Charlie; then she came back to me for the last time, and, wrapping me up, took me to Annie, and gave me to her as a parting gift. I shall never forget the last look I had of my sweet mistress as she stood at Annie's door, in her simple travelling dress; her face glowing and her eyes shining through the tears that would come at parting with her friend.

It seemed as if all the sunshine had suddenly been shut out of my life when the closing door hid Mabel Merton for ever from my sight.

Yet I grew to be contented with my new mistress, though my greatest joy was in Mabel's letters, which came regularly, and which Annie loved to read to her old father; such sweet content and happiness they breathed, they always made me rejoice, though Mabel's gain had indeed been my loss.

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## LOST ELEANORE.

BY TERENCE TYRRWHYTE.

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I sit by the water's edge, where wild the waves are  
 beating  
 In everlasting anger 'gainst the shore;  
 I sit there lonely, wearily repeating  
 The name of the lost fair one Eleanore.  
 But she, the fair, the lovely Eleanore  
 Hath passed away, and will return no more.

I look out to the water, and I hear the song of seamen  
 As they reef their flapping sails before the sun is set.  
 How they sing to one another the jovial songs of  
 freemen;

Their mirth but makes my grief the deeper, sorer, yet;  
 For *she*, too, loved their music, the gay songs of the  
 sea,  
 Now she is gone from all, but chiefly gone from me.

The wind comes o'er the rock, and o'erhead the sea-  
 gull screameth,  
 Flapping his heavy wing, and seaward takes his way;  
 I sit there long, at last the moon outbeameth—  
 I never mark the closing of the day.  
 I sit there and I weep, on the dreary rocky shore:  
 Weep for the dear and lost, the peerless Eleanore.