

## THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
That stirred our hearts in youth;  
The impulse of a wordless prayer,  
The dream of love and truth;  
The longings after something lost,  
The spirit's yearning cry,  
The striving after better things—  
These things shall never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid  
A brother in his need,  
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,  
That proved the friend indeed;  
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,  
When justice threatens high,  
The sorrowing of a contrite heart,  
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,  
The pressure of a kiss,  
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,  
That made up for a first bliss;  
It was a firm, unchanging faith,  
And holy trust on high,  
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,  
That wounded as it fell,  
The chilling want of sympathy,  
We feel, but cannot tell;  
The hard repulse that chills the heart,  
Whose hopes were bounding high,  
In an unfeeling resort kept,  
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand  
Must find some work to do,  
Lose not a chance to waken love,  
Be firm, and just, and true;  
So shall a light that cannot fade  
Beam on thee from on high,  
And angel voices say to thee,  
These things shall never die.

## BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRYANT.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

"TINY."

Dull as Julia had been throughout the day for want of company, she would gladly have dispensed with the company of her cousin Everard. He was courteous to her—gentle, even; he never made an allusion to those old times when he tried to make her love him, and Laurence Drayton himself could not have treated her with more delicate consideration; yet Miss Temple could not bear the presence of Mr. Grantley's presence. The subtle undercurrent of evil power made itself felt, and her instinct shrank from it.

"I was to have met Brakenbury and some other men," he said; "but I was late, and missed them. So I thought I would give the evening to you and Mr. Drayton, Julia. I should like to know him better, as you are so soon to be related. I never was a favourite of his, I know; but I suppose I may count upon a show of welcome, and that, after all, is as much as one really gets anywhere."

Mr. Grantley could not be less than cynical in his kindest mood. The world to him was as he saw it through his own hard, want of faith—and to him affection meant selfish passion; friendship, selfish interest; of love in its higher, purer sense, he knew nothing. Friendship, as has come down to us in tradition, grand, devoted, and self-sacrificing, he never had believed in, or he had forgotten his belief.

"Laurence will be glad to find you here," she said, "or he would not have accepted your invitation to Brookdale. He never says more than he means."

"Rarely as much, my dear cousin; simplicity is not his most remarkable characteristic. Will you give me that rose, Julia, unless it is destined for another purpose?"

Julia gave it him without meeting his gaze. The time has passed when the deep meaning attached to his most careless words affected her.

"I broke it from the stem unthinkingly," she said, "and you may have it."

She left the conservatory then, and went into the drawing-room. He followed her with the flower, which he placed in a tiny Sevres vase. He evidently intended to stay.

"Drayton went to Southampton in the hope of seeing Eugene," he said. "I am afraid he will be too late. The Osprey sailed yesterday morning. It is as well they did not meet. Eugene had better have his way in this—he will settle down more contentedly when he returns."

"So Laurence said."

"You seem to thoroughly appreciate your intended, Julia; I like him better than I did. But, seriously, you ought to think with deep consideration before you take the final step. There was much good common-sense in Eugene's advice, and you will see it in later years better than you do now. Your position as the lady of Brookdale is not to be lightly thrown away."

"That is a subject to which I would rather not listen," Miss Temple said, with grave decision. "I would rather marry Mr. Drayton if he were ever so poor than another if he were ten times as rich as the master of our old house."

"Within six months," said Grantley, referring to the time Laurence had fixed for the marriage. "What if Eugene should not have returned by then?"

"It will make no difference to us."

"Well," he said, with a sigh, "I only hope for your happiness, Julia. Mr. Drayton is one with whom any woman might be happy. He is handsome, too, in his way, and the difference between his life and yours is not greater than I have seen. His disposition is all that could be desired, and if his position were assured I would accept him without reserve. But, Julia, as your oldest living relative, I must protest against so early a date. Your father loved and trusted me; he left you and Eugene in Margaret's care and mine, and I should be doing less than my duty if I did not give you my advice in this. I say it in the purest kindness: he is not by birth or position the man you should have chosen."

Julia's large eyes lit up with an indignant remembrance. It was in her heart to ask what mattered it whether he was born in a palace, or the smallest tenement ever rented at three-and-sixpence weekly, so that he had the soul, and brain, and body of a true gentleman. Grantley saw the angry pride in her face, and heard the impatient tapping of her little foot on the floor.

"It is a tender topic, I know," he said, deprecatingly. "I would say nothing, but all the future is at stake. Apart from his profession, which is the most preposterous of all, his nature is a small one. You could hold no place in society."

"I never cared for society," said Julia, quietly. "I never spent a season in town without feeling miserable weariness. The sole aim and end of life seemed to be to make toilettes and visit—make toilettes and be visited. There is nothing so empty, nothing so purposeless, as the form of existence society prescribes."

"Philosophical little soul! You have taken quite a Platonic tinge already, I see. It is the most misanthropic assertion I ever heard made by a beautiful young girl. With your turn

of mind, you will be a confirmed coquette when you are thirty or so."

Miss Temple chafed at the relationship which gave him the right to speak to her in that way. A little while with Everard was the direst penance which could have been inflicted upon her.

"If you could always keep out of society," he went on, "you might retain those little oddities which are so charming now. But you cannot keep out of society, Julia. You are as innocent as a child as yet, and have a child's independent turn of thought; but when you have once been drawn into the charmed circle, you will be as other women are. You are beautiful, and men will tell you so. You will feel your power, and you will use it. You will measure your husband by the men you meet, and you will find him somewhat out of, and you will wish, perhaps, that you had not been so eager to have the fetters riveted."

"Never while Laurence loves me, and he always will love me."

"Most likely. He is thirty and some odd years now; his hair is going gray, and he is grayer in deportment than some men of forty-five. You are barely twenty, and have a quarter of a century of beauty before you. You have your most dangerous and fascinating time to come. Your passions are in their infancy, your power untried, and when your passions and your power have grown, you will be in danger, especially with such a man."

"Why should I be?" she asked, listening against her will. "Why should I ever change?"

Mr. Grantley laughed—a deep, subdued laugh. His irony made her almost doubt herself.

"Because you will be older and wiser. You

will have breathed a poisoned atmosphere, and grown to like the poison. Men will make love to you."

"When I am married?"

"My dear cousin, the men of society scarcely think it worth while to make love till a woman is married. Immortal girlhood is as free from peril as Uta was with the lion by her side. Men will make love to you, and you will like it. Your bitterest regret will be when your time is past, and men no longer think you worth the trouble or the risk."

"You have no right to tell me this, Everard, even if it be true."

"I am to blame for anticipating the pleasure of the discovery, my dear cousin; but you will be no worse for a little worldly knowledge. Had you had more of it, your choice would be different, believe me. You will never think me for telling you this, Julia; but some day you will be sorry that you did not take my advice, and marry a well-bred man."

"Are you a well-bred man, Mr. Grantley?"

"Do not be angry, my dear cousin, please. If I play the leucist in reference to your here, it is for your own sake. Jealousy has a larger share in his organization than you know at present."

"Why tell me this in his absence?"

"Good taste would not permit me to say it to him personally. I speak to you in confidential confidence. You will have no reproving, proud, sternly particular husband, who would be angry if you looked or smiled at another."

"If there is so much peril in society," said Julia, "Laurence shall keep out of it altogether."

"It he can. I think you would tire of a literary hermitage. Silent genius is very well in its way; but when you transform a bookish man into a husband, you make either a fool or a tyrant of him. I believe you make him both with considerable success, as a rule. Life shows its prosaic side even to an author's wife. It is not all poetry and dreams."

In spite of herself, in spite of her deep and steadfast love for Laurence Drayton, this cold and selfish cynicism threw a shadow of doubt, and trouble, and discontent on her spirit. She had heard other men speak in the same strain, and, worse still, she had heard one of her own rank, and beautiful like herself, talk of the holiest things with a laugh, as if there were nothing left to reverence.

"Marriage is one of those things to which you cannot serve an apprenticeship," he went on, with a merciless want of pity for the fair illusions he was breaking down. "The inducements are not to be cancelled, except under extreme circumstances, generally attended by the intervention of Lord Penance, and those disagreeable persons who give one publicity in the newspapers. The bond is for life. A man might put up with seven years of Leah if he could go in for Rachel at the expiration of that period; but we do not, unfortunately, manage things in that way now. What a hard time poor Leah must have had of it, by the way, when Rachel took the reins!"

"Please choose some other subject, Everard?"

"Out, demurette, with pleasure; but what better can I choose? All I have said bears directly or indirectly on your love, and I am not disparaging him. I can endure the tendency he has to preach at me, because he employs a decent tailor, and does not let his hair run wild. If it were not a certain indescribable something which suggests the pen and the midnight oil, one would not very much mind walking through Pall-mall with him. I could tolerate him in

any shape, except as the husband of my cousin, Miss Julia Temple, of Brookdale."

Grantley's slow, deep hatred of Julia's betrothed would not be entirely suppressed. It peeped out in the undertone of irony in his voice, in the veiled sarcasm of his eye. There was something singularly cruel in the man's nature, and it carried him away in spite of his high breeding and strong self-control. He was torturing Julia, and took a delight in it, though he knew it was not wise.

She was praying inwardly for Laurence to return, when he made his appearance. If he was surprised or displeased at finding Everard there, neither emotion found expression. Before this man he was always on his guard.

"Julia tells me you have been to Southampton," said Grantley, rising to shake hands with him. "You had your journey for nothing, I fear?"

"Securely for nothing. I wanted to see Eugene, if possible, and I was just a little too late. The Osprey sailed yesterday."

"So I understand."

"I thought at the last moment Eugene might change his mind," Laurence said; "but he did not. I heard of him at the Queen's Hotel; saw his name, in fact, in the visitors' book. He wore the same coat in which he left Brookdale—at least, I should judge so by the waiter's description."

"There can be no doubt that he is gone," said Mr. Grantley. "His course of life is settled for the present at least, and it is my opinion he will not be seen in England for a long time."

"Why should you think so?"

"I have that impression, Mr. Drayton. The reason for it is scarcely worth giving."

"I have an impression that he will be seen in England soon," said Mr. Drayton, looking Grantley calmly and steadily in the eye. "I had some important information to give him when I went to Southampton, of such a nature as I think will bring him back, so I sent it after him."

"Where did you send it to?"

"A messenger by the Atlantic cable. The New York police have instructions by this time to watch every soul who lands from the Osprey, till they find Eugene, and then give him my message."

Had he placed the point of a sword to Everard Grantley's breast, and driven it slowly in, the effect could not have been stronger. He turned deadly pale, and seemed to shiver with his pallor. He grasped the arm of the chair in which he sat, and tried to rise, and then sank back again.

"You are ill, Everard," said Julia, quietly.

"No; it is nothing. If you will give me a glass of water, please. Your room is very hot, Mr. Drayton. I am not accustomed to an atmosphere so close."

"I am sorry," said Laurence, lowering one of the windows from the top.

He left a silent thrill of exultation. He had touched his enemy at last.

"I thought of staying an hour or so," said Grantley, when he had partly drunk the water; "but when I have this kind of attack I am not well indoors. You will bring Julia home, Mr. Drayton; and as the season is so far advanced now, could you not spend Christmas with us?"

"Thanks, I will."

From the bottom of his heart Mr. Grantley had prayed for the rejection of that invitation.

"No one will be more welcome," he said. "We can cultivate each other better than we have done. It will prepare us for the new relationship."

He had his overcoat on then, and his hat in his hand, Laurence accompanied him to the door, and said—

"You will see us, then, at Brookdale on Tuesday."

"Yes, you will meet a few nice people, but not many. By the way, what has become of your dog?"

"Brutus? I have placed him in the care of a friend, as I anticipated leaving town for some considerable time. I will bring him with me if he will not be in the way."

"By no means; there are plenty of kennels."

"The Brutus is not used to a kennel," smiled Mr. Drayton. "He must be where I am, or where something of mine is, if it be but the oldest of old coats. He is gentle enough. The mastiff, when bred from a bloodhound, is the most faithful and docile dog you can have."

"Is he bred from a bloodhound?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, so that you can answer for him, bring him by all means. There will be nothing at Brookdale likely to rouse his instincts."

They shook hands on the step, and parted so. Mr. Grantley went to a West-end chemist, by whom he was well known apparently.

"I have a very savage dog in the country," he said, after some few minutes of polite gossip, and the purchase of two or three useless trifles for the toilet; "a poor, faithful brute enough, but a serious trouble when we have a houseful of visitors. Chins and staples are a mere fiction to him; he is sure to break them sooner or later. I want to get rid of him."

"Why not have him shot?"

"It would be an easy way, certainly; but I have a morbid horror of putting him out of the way by violent means. I should like him to die a painless death—one that would not disgrace him either."

The chemist smiled. He was an experienced surgeon, and a profound toxicologist; but his skill was not so profitably employed that way as in dispensing tonics and restoratives, cosmetics, face-powders and paint, hair-dyes, bath-washes, and alcoholic nerve drugs to the ladies of Mayfair.

"You wish to poison him?" he said. "Strychnine would suit you best; but the penalty is heavy—in fact, I could not sell you any."

Mr. Grantley looked at him in dignified surprise.

"I should have thought such a law would only have applied generally." Then he smiled in depreciation of his own *honesty*. "That law, Mr. Jones, will not let you supply me with a drug for a dog, but you may supply a common photographer with a sufficient quantity of deadly chemicals to depopulate a parish."

"It is absurd, when you put it in that light. Is the dog a large one?"

"Very—a mastiff, bred from a bloodhound."

"Rather a dangerous animal to have loose amongst strangers," said the chemist, taking down a bottle, the contents of which, by their pale, metallic tint, Everard recognized as prussic acid. "Is he fond of sweets?"

"I think so. I have seen him catch sugar, piece after piece, when it has been thrown to him in play."

"That would be the best to give him this, then—in fact, the only way—and dogs' scent is so

intense and passionate love of children. He could be mercilessly and deliberately cruel to his fellow men, but he had a kindly smile for the most unattractive village urchin that might chance to come in his way.

This little one who stole in now was perhaps seven years of age, plump, pretty, and well-cared for, and with no distinctive stamp such as seems to grow upon patrician children even in their cradle.

"A little visitor to one of the servants," he thought holding out his hand, as she glanced shyly at him with her round brown eyes. "Come here, dear."

She went to him frankly enough. He lifted her to his knee, and patted her cheek. She took first to studying his watch-chain, and then to studying his face with a child's grave curiosity. Then she made the result known to him.

"I like you, but you are not like my father."

"We will hope not," he said, feeling in his pocket for some silver, and finding two half-crowns, which he passed into her dimpled hand as he rang the bell. "Now, what will you do with that money?"

"Buy a big doll."

She put up her pretty, innocent face for a kiss, and he gave her one, wondering at the time at the holy instinct that tells children in whom to find their friends. Mrs. Barrill entered at the moment, and paused to look at him.

"You are a nice little girl," he said, putting her down. "What is your name?"

"Jenny."

"Tiny, sometimes—Tiny Hawkins."

He pushed her chair back, and swept a glance so fierce at Ada Barrill that she glanced the child in her arms and recoiled.

"Not," he said, "not the child of the man who—who fell—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Barrill, "I fetched her yesterday. You wished her to be taken care of, and I brought her here till we can arrange what is to be done with her."

"Take her away, please, and never let me see her again. I have an objection to strange children in the house. I thought you knew it."

"I am sorry, Mr. Grantley. She is a poor, homeless little thing, and you seemed interested in her. I did not find her in the best of care. She has no father or mother."

"He was scarcely close to her," said Everard, musingly to go. "See that she is kindly treated, but keep her out of my sight, please."

Margaret came in five minutes later. He was sitting with his forehead in his hand, and his heavy eyes fixed upon the carpet. The mighty task he had set himself—and him sometimes.

"You are very pale, Everard," she said. "Does your head ache?"

She drew his head to her shoulder, and laid her cool hand on his brow. He let it rest there, glad of so much sympathy for once.

"You could not be paler, Everard, if you had seen a spectre."

"I have seen a spectre, Margaret. The dead have their revenge when they leave living memories behind them. Science will tell you there is more nerve-destraining power in a nightmare than in the worst of physical dangers, and I had a nightmare not long ago."

He said no more then, and Margaret did not question him. Constant tension must tell upon the strongest nerves, and the recent strain upon his had been protracted and heavy too.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

AN ALTERNATIVE.

Later in the evening, when Everard had rested, and slept undisturbed for about two hours, he took Margaret somewhat more into his confidence. Proud even in his crime, he had tried to bear the weight of his task alone, and to keep his sister guiltless even in knowledge; but there was in one case he could trust. He knew that she would help him, though she might shudder at what she had to do.

"Send Edward to me," he said to her. "I am closely watched, Margaret. I have so vigilant a foe, that I shall be glad when the struggle is over."

"We should have been happier had it never begun," said Miss Grantley, with a remorseful sigh. "It was a sinful ambition, and I have feared lest it should tempt you into crime. I thank heaven from my heart that it has not done so yet."

If Everard could have thanked heaven, it would have been because she did not know what crime he had been tempted to.

He had a brief interview with Edward Danvers Temple. That gentleman was in the middle of a game of billiards with the Hon. Mr. Colburn, whom he was beating easily. He put down his cue with a reluctant air when Everard's summons reached him.

"A defence of a nuisance, you know," said Mr. Colburn, who, like most small gamblers, cherished a hope of coming in at the death look after every chance was gone, "sending for you in the middle of a game. Wouldn't you, you know, if I were you. 'Pon my word, Temple, you know, it looks strange to see him send for you in your own house; you give way to him too much—'pon my word you do, you know. Any one might really think he was master here and not you. They really might, you know—"

"I owe so much to him," said Edward, gratefully. "I can afford to overlook any mistake he makes in that way. Besides, he is many years older than I, and he looks upon me as a sort of younger brother. Mr. Barrill will take my cue—won't you, Uncle George?"

Uncle George was the playful pet name the new master of Brookdale had found for Ada's husband, and Uncle George took his cue with pleasure. He was twenty points better than his young patron, and about forty better than the flickered victim, whose guineas might as well to all intents and purposes have been transferred to his pockets without the preliminary trouble of playing.

"You did not return till last evening," said Everard, looking at Edward Danvers Temple with his heavy brows lowered; "how was that?"

"I lost the train, Mr. Grantley."

"It was an error to lose the train, Mr. Edward Danvers Temple," said Grantley, with something suppressed and savage in his tone, "and we cannot afford to perpetrate errors just now. The carriage went for you to St. Leonard's station and returned without you. You, of course, came on to Hastings, and then hired a fly."

"Who told you so?"

"No one. I know your blind neglect of the trifles that make safety and success too well to need telling what you would do. I send a close carriage for you to a station that, though scarcely two miles farther, is ten times less public and more remote, and you come down to the main station, where you are known, where every guard and porter touches his cap to you, and you not see your peril, you paraded, mischievous? Have you not sense or soul sufficient to know that your position, your future, your very life—hangs upon your strict attention to the merest detail of my instructions? I have staked the present and lost salvation over the game I have to play, and then I find myself endangered by your careless disregard."

Edward Danvers Temple cowered before him.

One part of this man's singular nature was an