GOD'S NOBLEST WORK.

Bel Arden one day gave out through his realm,
That a thousand chickels and a jeweled dirk
Should be his who the best answer gave to this!
Which of all is Allah's noblest work?
So the wise magicians, and learned ones all,
The necromancers and alchemists,
The grave philosophers, hermit's gray,
And sages worthy, a good yaist—
Studied and pondered the question long,
Weighed and balanced the subject well;
Consulted nature, science, his craft,
And aught to inform in his way that fell.
Three days and nights they sleepless spent,
Then on this all-important day
Before Bel Arden they each appeared,
A learned procession in grave array!

First spake scientist bent with age—
But his dim eye kindled into a glow:
"Of Allah's works, this beautiful earth
Is by far the noblest of all we know,
With its isles and continents clothed in green,
Which ever old ocean's arms enfold,
And its geologic record writ
In the solid rocks that are aeons old."

Said a wise astronomer: "What! the work
More grand and noble in Allah's plan
Than the stars, the skill of His handicraft,
The sun and moon whose cycles we span;
Or Orion leading his glittering host,
The Pleiades set 'mid the bright array,
Venus, the torch of the heavenly throng
Or the star-paved road of the milky-way?"

He ceased, and each in turn set forth
The noblest work in his mantel view,
Till the day was nigh spent, and still
Greater and grander the subject grew,
When at last a white-haired hermit rose,
His form was bowed, and his features wan.
"Of all created things," he said,
"God noblest work is *an honest man*!"

"Thou hast well said," Bel Arden cried;
"Father, the gold and the weapons thine,
For the earth shall fall, and the stars shall fall,
The sun and moon shall cease to shine,
The wisdom of mortals come to naught,
Forgotten the crown and the sceptred rod,
But truth and virtue shall live for aye.
An honest man is akin to God!"

"After Long Grief and Pain."

BY ALICE HORLOR.

CHAPTER IV.

In spite of myself, as it often seemed to me almost unconsciously, my steps turned in the direction of Miss Weston's house whenever they were free to wander unchecked. The road past Rose Cottage led across a breezy down into a wood little frequented, and there I was accustomed to pace gloomily up and down, my mind busy with sad thoughts, for I could not crush down the ardent passion of my heart; I could not forget the woman, whose presence would have been a paradise, yet which to me was as unattainable as was that lost Eden to our first parents, when the angel's fiery sword was drawn across its threshold.

I trod this green path day after day, but never saw the queenly figure of my dreams within its dim shades, and never was the face I longed to gaze upon presented to my yearning eyes. But when the days grew into months, and the bright freshness of the waving trees was growing glorious with the hues of autumn, I met her at last, face to face. The long desired hope was attained, as so often happens in life, just the moment when it seemed least likely. I was coming through the wood at sunset, when every nerve of my body was thrilled by the sound of a stifled sob. I stole over the grass, my footsteps falling all unheard, and there, seated on a fallen tree, her body bent in sorrow, her face hidden in her hands, was Corona.

Forgetful of aught save that she was in grief, I laid my hand upon her shoulder with some tender, inquiring words.

She sprang to her feet with a cry of fear.

'Oh, it is only you, Dr. Clare!' she panted. 'I did not expect to see—' and there her voice grew inaudible in a deep, heart-piercing sob.

I flung myself at her feet, wildly clasping her hands to my breast.

'Corona, my dear, dear love! what is it troubles you thus? Oh, let me shield you from all sorrow with my life!' the words burst forth, almost without my knowledge.

The effect on her was startling; she grew white to the lips, so that I thought for the moment she would faint, then threw herself back from me with a look of terrible anguish.

'Do not turn away,' I cried. 'Little as I intended to make this avowal when I came this way, I can only say that I have truly expressed the devotion I feel, for I have loved you from the first night I saw you. Have pity on me—say that I may hope to call you wife.'

Her eyes grew stern—her brow troubled.

'Hush,' she said. 'Dream not of such a tie between us. Never, never, can I wed you or any other man.'

I would have pleaded for some hope in the future of winning her love, but she stopped the words.

'Do not misunderstand me,' she said. 'Bitterly I regret causing you this pain, but the refusal I give this hour is final, unalterable. Dr. Clare, crush out this foolish desire of gaining that which would but prove a curse.'

'A curse!' I ejaculated.

She went on hurriedly, as though determined to break down the castle of my dreams.

'I have a shameful secret in my life—a blight lies upon my heart and soul.'

For a moment this admission struck me dumb. Was it not all this that Graysmeade was saying of her—that Corona Davenant's reserve came from the committal of crime?

But true love has perfect faith.

The pathos of her voice, the whole drooping attitude of her figure, touched me inexpressibly, while I felt with sure and certain instinct that her soul was free from stain.

'Corona, trust yourself to me, and I will never inquire into your past history until you voluntarily give me your confidence,' I said. 'I am quite sure that you have committed no act which would disgrace my name.'

She shook her head.

'Love or marriage is not for me. I am set beyond all that forever. It is useless to argue the question, Dr. Clare. Let us part here, and may you make some happier woman your wife.'

'One moment,' I cried, impulsively. 'In pity tell me are you free? Has any man a claim upon you?'

She trembled visibly. A burning blush swept across her face, leaving it as white as death.

'I have no husband,' she said sadly. 'I am quite alone in the world; but I beseech you build no false hopes on the fact of my being free. No man who knew my past would wish to link his fate to mine.

The wild, miserable look in her beautiful eyes as she breathed these words maddened me; heedless of her anger, forgetful of all save that I loved her with intense passion I grasped her hands tightly in mine, and held them for one delirious moment close close against my beating heart. The next instant I stood abashed at my deed, and Corona was gazing at me with the bitterest reproach. I dropped to my knees at her feet.

'Forgive that wild act,' I cried. 'Dearest, I am half mad at losing you, and a man's love is hard to hold on forever. But no outward demonstration shall offend you again, though my heart break under the restraint which I must now lay upon its passion. You have rejected my hand, and I can but abide by your decision; but while life lasts, Corona Davenant, I shall love you; never look for a wife beyond you, and never marry any other woman—this is the solemn vow I make this hour. And as you have heard my firm resolve to keep my heart to you and you alone, surely I may ask you to grant this one favor, that if trouble should be hard upon you in the future you will seek my aid?'

'I cannot,' she replied: 'you and I must meet no more.'

'Are you determined to keep to this cruel intention,' I groaned.

'I must. Dr Clare, I leave this village shortly, and I ask, as a gentleman, never to seek to know my destination.'

I grasped her hand; I looked straight into her eyes.

'It is your wish, then, that we should become utter strangers?'

Her eyelids drooped—a quiver stirred her beautiful lips.

'Oh, do not misjudge me,' she cried. 'You have been everything that is generous and kind. Had things been different, Dr. Clare, I might have placed my hand in yours and been a happy woman by your side—but now believe this final parting—this adieu which sets our faces far from one another on different paths, is best for you—is best for me.'

I turned my face away and buried it in my hands; for in spite of my manhood, the tears were gathering thickly in my eyes, and this farewell was like the bitterness of death. I felt her hand fall lightly on my shoulders—I heard a murmured 'God bless you,' and when I lifted up my head I stood alone.

Before that week was out Corona left Graysmeade, and for years I never heard of or saw her again. How I endured those years I cannot tell you; even now in thought I can scarcely dwell upon them, for it was a time of desolation without relief. The thought of her I loved, with no strong arm to shield her, battling with all the storms of life, was almost unendurable agony. Could I but have watched her from a distance, I should have been, comparatively speaking, happy; but even that poor comfort was denied. She was lost to me, it seemed, for ever.

CHAPTER. V.

A great grief came into my life then; I lost by death the sister who had shared my home, and been my companion for so many years. After she died, the house where I had been wont to see her became a dismal abode; and I resolved to sell my practice, and live in Bristol where I fancied there would be more distraction for my sad thoughts. I took a small villa at Cotham, a pleasant abode enough it seemed; but there, as at Graysmeade, I found that when the heart is full of one absorbing memory, no change of place or scene will bring peace. I took long walks into the country, striving to lose there the haunting thought of Corona, but it was ever present to my soul. I mingled with the crowd in the busy streets of Bristol, and still my eyes were vainly seeking the one face that I hungered to see.

But at last we met again in so sad a fashion that it almost broke my heart. I was walking moodily past the cathedral when my eyes were caught by a woman's figure leaning back against one of the seats in College Green. I thought she was asleep, but on approaching closer perceived she was quite insensible. With an exclamation of horror I bent over the prostrate figure, for here before me, white, attenuated, fainting with the exhaustion of famine as I saw only to well, was the woman I loved. Lifting her in my arms, I bore her across the road to a chemist's shop and administered a strong restorative. Slowly her pallid eyelids opened, while one word that cut me to the heart fell from her half unconscious lips—'Food!' Oh, cruel, bitter knowledge, that while I had all the comfort of life, this beautiful, noble creature had been starving!

'Good heavens!' cried the chemist.

And in another instant he was at her side with biscuit and wine.

I saw the famished way in which she grasped the food, and turned my head aside to hide the drops of agony which started to my eyes at the sight.

Then I bent over her to say:

'Will you tell me your address? I am going to take you home in a cab.'

She murmured some faint objection but I said firmly:

'You are evidently very ill, and must be cared for now.'

She shook her head, but as I persisted, at last, as though too weak to struggle against my will, she named a poor locality where only the lowest sure want to restort.

I repressed the shudder which ran through me at the mention of such a place as her abode, and with cordial thanks to the kindly chemist, I bore her wasted form to the cab which was awaiting my orders.

Arrived at the destination she had mentioned, Corona struggled to her feet.

'I can walk quite well myself now,' she said, holding out her hand as though to bid me good-bye

Will you ask me to enter?' I inquired.

She colored hotly with confusion

'It is such a miserable place,' she urged.

But I put aside all objections and went in.

It was indeed a wretched abode. I shuddered to think of my dear love existing in such a scene of squalid destitution. Dirty children, clad in rags, clustered about the broken staircase, staring at us with wondering eyes. Here and there a hole in the flooring threatened destruction to unwary feet; and the rickety planks composing the stairs creaked ominously beneath our tread, as Corona slowly led me up to her room. A bare, comfortless apartment; no fire in the rusty grate, although the month was February; no superfluous ornament on mantel-shelf or wall; and the small dark window in one corner had a broken pane through which the chill wind was making its way. Corona sank into a chair, hid her face, and began to cry bitterly.

'Dr. Clare, Dr Clare, oh, why did you persist in coming here? Could you not see how I wished to hide my poverty from your eyes?'

She was trembling from head to foot; my professional knowledge told me that in all probability a dangerous illness would ensue; the change in her manner, the almost hysterical weakness, which made so great a contrast to the self-possessed reserve I remembered so well in my former patient, was sufficient to show how much she was in need now of kindly care. I laid my hand on her throbbing forehead; I took her quivering finger to my lips.

'My poor girl, why seek to conceal aught from me?' I asked. 'Do you not know that I am your true friend?'

'But—'

And she blushed.

I guessed what she would say.

'Let us speak out,' I said. 'You and I know that I desired a dearer tie than friendship between us, but you have declared that to be impossible, and to that decision I have submitted; but, Corona, though you reject me for a husband, my love remains unaltered. It will be silent, but it cannot die; and so I cannot permit you again to pass beyond my ken. Be not alarmed; I ask for no affection in return, nor shall I trouble you with mine. As a brother might protect a sister, for the future I watch over your life.'

'But I have told you the shadow of crime has fallen on my past,' she said in a low voice.

'Not from any sin on your part, I am sure,' I earnestly responded. 'My belief in your innocence remains unshaken still, and keep it in silence ever, if you wish, for I shall never ask further of your past.'

Little by little I then drew from her the account of her present ill-health. She had been employed as a teacher of singing until constant exposure to the weather brought on a severe attack of cold, which had compelled her to relinquish her pupils. With that went her only means of obtaining a livelihood, until she at last had come to complete destitution.

Why did you not send for me?' I asked, reproachfully.

'Dr. Clare, it is useless to conceal the truth. I did not wish to see you again. I know how ungrateful you must deem these words after all your kindness, but how can I help that? Cold as I seem, I have a woman's heart within my breast—a heart which has throbbed, God knows, with a love as intense as your own, and this told me further intercourse between us could only bring you deeper pain. I knew it was far better we should meet no more. I feel it still, but chance has thrown us once again together, and I am now too weak to struggle.'

She ceased. The constant hacking cough which had often interrupted her words, came on with frightful strength, until at last she leant back quite exhausted. I saw that nourishment and warmth must be obtained without delay. I summoned the landlady from the room below, and she soon had a fire burning in the rusty grate and the broken windows stopped with paper, while I induced Corona to swallow some hastily prepared food.

'Get her into bed at once,' I said to the woman, slipping a sovereign in her thin hand.

Then I leant over Corona to say:

'I am going now to make arrangements for your removal to some comfortable lodgings, and shall be here again to-night. In all probability a friend (a lady) will accompany me, so rest in peace, with no fear of people talking scandal about us.'

She sighed wearily.

'You are so good to me, Dr. Clare, but I feel almost too weak to thank you. Indeed, the trouble you are taking is in vain. I do not think I have long to live.'

Her words struck to my heart, though, pressing her hand, I said:

'Courage! People only die when they have made up their minds not to struggle for life any longer. Keep up your spirits and all will be well.'

But the cheerful look I had assumed, vanished as I closed the door behind me, for my knowledge of the human frame made me fully aware in how critical a situation Corona was placed; her life was at stake, for I feared the seeds of rapid consumption were even then sown in her already weakened constitution. Had I found my love only to lose her again in an eternal parting?

For a few minutes my heart went down like lead; then hope re-established its sway. If human skill could avail, it should be a hard fought battle between love and death.

There was but one person in Bristol to whom I could apply in my present state, and to her I determined to tell Corona's story. She was a lady no longer young, no longer fair (if she ever had been so), designated 'an old maid' by many a careless tongue, but owning the truest, kindest heart that ever beat in woman's breast.

I betook myself to Portland Square, for here, in one of the oldest houses, Miss Delmar resided.

I was ushered into a cosy sitting room in which the gas was not yet lit, though it was growing dusk My friend was seated by the fire; the ruddy light falling on her cheerful face and comely, plump figure, as leaning forward she stroked with gentle hand the fur of her favorite cat, who was seated on a chair near the hearth. At my entrance she started up with extended hand.

So glad to see you, Dr. Clare. Take a chair by the fire, it is bitterly cold to day. Ann (to the servant), light the gas, please I was sitting in the twilight, thinking over many things when you came in.'

I took the chair she offered, pondering how to commence the history I was com to tell, but her first remark opened the way for me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 11th May, 1889. may 22 26i

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