

self. They are for the heart rather than the mind. Of course you shall have them. They were written for you. All I have, all I am is yours."

Her face flushed and grew pale again instantly.

"You must not talk so," she said. "Remember."

"I can never forget. I do not know why you say remember."

"On second thoughts, I must not have the verses. I beg your pardon."

"Mary, you bewilder me. I have no right to ask you to explain, except that you speak as if I must understand. What have they been telling you about me?"

"Nothing—at least nothing that—"

She paused.

"I try to live innocently, and were it only for your sake, shall never stop searching for the thread of life in its ravell'd skein."

"Do not say for my sake, Mr. Cumberland. That means nothing. Say for your own sake if not for God's."

"If you are going to turn away from me, I don't mind how soon I follow Charley."

All this was said in a half whisper, I bending towards her where she sat, a little sheltered by one of a pair of folding doors. My heart was like to break—or rather it seemed to have vanished out of me altogether, lost in a gulf of emptiness. Was this all? Was this the end of my dreaming? To be thus pushed aside by the angel of resurrection?

"Hush! hush!" she said kindly. "You must have many friends. But—"

"But you will be my friend no more? Is that it, Mary? Oh, if you knew all! And you are never to know it!"

Her still face was once more streaming with tears. I choked mine back, terrified at the thought of being observed, and without even offering my hand, left her and made my way through the crowd to the stair. On the landing I met Geoffrey Brotherton. We stared each other in the face, and passed.

I did not sleep much that night, and when I did sleep, woke from one wretched dream after another, low crying aloud, and now weeping. What could I have done? or rather what could any have told her I had done to make her believe thus to me? She did not look angry—or even displeas'd—only sorrowful, very sorrowful; and she seemed to take it for granted I knew what it meant. When at length I finally woke after an hour of less troubled sleep, I found some difficulty in convincing myself that the real occurrences of the night before had not been one of the many troubled dreams that had scared my repose. Even after the dreams had all vanished, and the facts remained, they still appeared more like a dim dream of the dead—the vision of Mary was wan and hopeless, memory alone looking out from her worn countenance. There had been no warmth in her greeting, no resentment in her aspect, we met as if we had parted but an hour before, only that an open grave was between us, across which we talked in the voices of dreamers. She had sought to raise no barrier between us, just because we could not meet, save as one of the dead and one of the living. What could it mean? But with the growing day awoke a little courage. I would at least try to find out what it meant. Surely all my dreams were not to vanish like the mist of the morning! To lose my dreams would be far worse than to lose the so-called realities of life. What were those to me? What value lay in such reality? Even God was as yet so dim and far off as to seem rather in the region of dreams—of those true dreams, I hoped, that shew forth the real—than in the actual visible present. "Still," I said to myself, "she had not cast me off; she did not refuse to know me; she did ask for my song, and I will send it."

I wrote it out, adding a stanza to the verses—

I bowed my head before her,
And stood trembling in the light;
She dropped the heavy curtain,
And the house was full of night.

I then sought my friend's chambers.

"I was not aware you knew the Osbornes," I said. "I wonder you never told me, seeing Charley and you were such friends."

"I never saw one of them till last night. My sister and she knew each other some time ago, and have met again of late. What a lovely creature she is! But what became of you last night? You must have left before any one else."

"I didn't feel well."

"You don't look the thing."

"I confess meeting Miss Osborne rather upset me."

"It had the same effect on her. She was quite ill, my sister said this morning. No wonder! Poor Charley! I always had a painful feeling that he would come to grief somehow."

"Let's hope he's come to something else by this time, Marston," I said.

"Amen," he returned.

"Is her father or mother with her?"

"No. They are to fetch her away—next week, I think it is."

I had now no fear of my communication fall-

ing into other hands, and therefore sent the song by post, with a note, in which I begged her to let me know if I had done anything to offend her. Next morning I received the following reply:

"No, Wilfrid—for Charley's sake I must call you by your name—you have done nothing to offend me. Thank you for the song. I did not want you to send it, but I will keep it. You must not write to me again. Do not forget what we used to write about. God's ways are not ours. Your friend, Mary Osborne."

I rose and went out, not knowing whither. Half-stunned, I roused the streets. I ate nothing that day, and when towards night I found myself near my chambers, I walked in as I had come out, having no intent, no future. I felt sick, and threw myself on my bed. There I passed the night, half in sleep, half in a helpless prostration. When I look back, it seems as if some spiritual narcotic must have been given me, else how should the terrible time have passed and left me alive? When I came to myself, I found I was ill, and I longed to hide my head in the nest of my childhood. I had always looked on the Mount as my refuge at the last; now it seemed the only desirable thing—a lonely nook, in which to lie down and end the dream there begun—either, as it now seemed, in an eternal sleep, or the inburst of a dreary light. After the last refuge it could afford me it must pass from my hold; but I was yet able to determine whither. I rose and went to Marston.

"Marston," I said, "I want to make my will."

"All right!" he returned; "but you look as if you meant to register it as well. You've got a feverish cold; I see it in your eyes. Come along. I'll go home with you, and fetch a friend of mine who will give you something to do you good."

"I can't rest till I have made my will," I persisted.

"Well, there's no harm in that," he rejoined. "It won't take long, I dare say."

"It needn't anyhow. I only want to leave the small real property I have to Miss Osborne, and the still smaller personal property to yourself."

He laughed.

"All right, old boy! I haven't the slightest objection to your willing your traps to me, but every objection in the world to your leaving them. To be sure, every man, with anything to leave, ought to make his will betimes—so fire away."

In a little while the draught was finished.

"I shall have it ready for your signature by to-morrow," he said.

I insisted it should be done at once. I was going home, I said. He yielded. The will was engrossed, signed, and witnessed, that same morning; and in the afternoon I set out, the first part of the journey by rail, for the Mount.

(To be continued.)

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Sealed Tenders will be received at this Department, up to Noon of Friday, the 3rd day of February next, for the supply, in bond, of the undermentioned quantities of the best quality of standard white refined Petroleum Oil.

The Oil is required to be non-explosive at a vapor test of 100° Fahrenheit, must burn brilliantly without smoking, until entirely consumed, and not crust the wick, and must be free from all deleterious substances. It is also required to have a specific gravity of 44° Beaume, at a temperature of 68° Fahrenheit. A sample of a quart to accompany each Tender.

The Oil is to be delivered in good order, in iron bound casks, containing from 35 to 42 gallons each. Casks to have staves and heads of white oak, and to be properly prepared inside with liquid glue, and to be painted outside so as to prevent the oil from permeating the wood and evaporating from the surface.

The casks to be furnished by the contractor, and their cost included in the price of the oil. Inspector's fees of Inland Revenue Department and Gauge's fees must be paid by the contractor.

The cartage of the oil from the Railway Station Oil Depot or Vessel, to the Wharf or place where the oil is required to be deposited, must be paid by the contractor.

The Oil to be subject before acceptance to an inspection, test and approval of a person appointed by this Department, and to be delivered at the risk and expense of the contractor, in the locality designated by this Department or its Agent, at the following times and places:

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- do 6000 to 8000 gallons at St. John, N.B., 10th June, 1872.
- do 18000 to 20000 gallons at Quebec, 8th July.
- do 10000 to 12000 gallons at Montreal, 1st July.
- do 3000 to 4000 gallons at Hamilton, 8th July.
- do 4000 to 5000 gallons at Sarnia, 12th July.

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Tenders will also be received, as above stated, for the charter of a suitable Steam Vessel, for the delivery of oil and supplies to the Lighthouses above Montreal, the charter to commence at Noon on 2nd July next, at such part of the Laclaire Canal, Montreal, as may be designated by this Department. The name, size, age, horse power and description of the vessel to be specified in the Tender. A bulk sum should be named for the performance of the service, or the rate at which the vessel is offered per month at the option of the Department.

P MITCHELL,

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