

house of his memory, to follow the consequences of each evil deed with a gaze that for a moment sees and understands the widening circles of baleful influence that have emanated from each and every act that has stained his soul. To stand for the brief moment convicted before himself and the awful Unseen, the reality of whose being is for that instant of time as undisputed by his nimble cynicism as his own individuality. The mood fades and leaves no influence behind. I awake neither heart nor conscience, and is looked back upon with a smile of incredulity that ever it could have existed.

Whatever Macer's precious history might have been, it was evident that memory was busy with him to-night. He disregarded the various summonses to meals, and his footsteps echoed monotonously as he paced to and fro across the narrow limits of his apartment; his dark eyes flashing sombrely through the gloom, and his arms folded across his massive chest. The moon sank, and ghostly shadows filled the room. The night reached its black arms, jewelled with stars, across the city, and the silence fell upon the house and street. Then the dewy breath of morning stole freshly through the open window. The sun sparkled on the hoar-frost that lay like diamond dust on the streets and bare boughs of the trees. Railway whistles shrieked goblin-like, and factory bells rang clearly calling the mighty army of workers to their toil at glowing furnace, or whirling lathe. Two little girls on shaggy lower Canadian ponies, cantered swiftly past for an early "constitutional," their cheeks crimson with the bracing air through which they rode.

The hotel awoke to life, and after breakfasting in Androsia's sitting-room, Archie escorted the two girls to a cab waiting at the door to convey them to the steamer. Mike was already on the box smoking sedately at a short villainously black oil pipe that was Mr. Murphy's chief treasure.

Androsia was more than usually silent. There was something in Captain Frazer's manner that puzzled and confused her beyond expression, yet that certainly did not displease her. What could be more courtly and tender than his care of her and Winona? Was there word, look, or act that she could wish altered? And yet his presence this morning tied her tongue in chains of silence. What was altered, was he kinder now than he had heretofore been? That was impossible. She could only feel that there had suddenly stolen some great change over him. Winona's sombre eyes, of late full of unfathomable and infinite meaning, and a fire that smouldered ready to burst into devouring flame, took cognisance of the alteration. In the lore of the feelings this dusk-browed Indian girl's soul was wise, and while Androsia only felt the change, she saw and comprehended. For the first time during their knowledge of each other, Archie saw a smile of grave pleasure on her lofty face. Regarding Androsia with a fervent and devoted tenderness, Winona seemed particularly tenacious where she was concerned, and in her grave, meditative way had made a quiet study of Captain Frazer during the time they had been thrown together. That he had loved her foster-sister from the first, she had at once divined, but there had been an air of uneasiness and constraint marking his intercourse with Androsia that had rendered her doubly watchful of him. The change that the last few hours had produced in him was simply that this constraint had disappeared from his manner. Of course neither she nor Androsia knew of his engagement to Cecil and its, to him, fortunate termination, which had left him free to look in Androsia's eyes without trembling lest she should guess his secret, free to dream that she might yet be his!

Winona stood gazing listlessly at a flight of snowy pigeons circling in the pale blue of the morning sky, while Archie placed Androsia in the cab. They flew over the hotel roof fluttering and whirling, and she turned and looked up at them with a longing, mournful gaze such as he of the olden time might have worn, when to the sounding of his harp rose up the cry, "O, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest." The gleaming wings disappeared, and letting her listless glance wander over the front of the building, she was about to turn away when her gaze became suddenly rivetted on an upper window that stood open, with the curtains fluttering out and flapping on the wind.

"Come, Winona," called out Mike, in a mild roar, "don't ye perceive that it's twist the Captain has spoke to ye to get into the keb."

Winona turned round, and with a hasty movement drew the heavy folds of her veil over her face.

Without touching Archie's extended hand she sprang into the cab, and as it whirled from the door she flung herself back into her corner and gave herself up to one of those dumb moods which of late distinguished her.

Archie was so fully occupied in watching the play of Androsia's features and listening to her naive remarks and exclamations of fresh delight at every object they passed on their way to the wharf, that he never once thought of Winona. Indeed, he had become so accustomed to her wayward moods that had he noticed her present silence he would not have given it a second thought.

It was Winona's own wish to assume the every day garb of the nineteenth century, and it was marvellous with what ready grace she adapted herself to her new surroundings.

In her brighter moods one could have fancied her an embodiment of Longfellow's ideal Indian maiden, the lovely Minnehaha; but in her frequent hours of gloom and abstraction, she was terrible, ominous and inexplicable. Her intense love of Androsia and the frightful peril she had risked for her, pleaded strongly in her behalf with Archie; but he could seldom look at her without remembering with a faint thrill the fire-lit vision of the terrible-eyed woman standing on Joe Harty's hearth, with the reeking scalp clutched in her extended hand.

It was an anomaly that he could not comprehend that this wild, dusky child of the woods should at once evince so decided a determination to exchange the unquestioned freedom of her former life for the restraints of civilization, and he could not help speculating curiously as to her future fate, dowered as she was with a dusky beauty that was almost marvellous.

That Androsia should at once feel at home in her new position was no matter of wonder; in her case it was simply a resumption of the habits of her people; but Winona was issuing from the dark recesses of many ages of custom and superstition, laying prostrate at her feet the traditions of her savage ancestors.

(To be continued.)

## ASPIRE.

Aspire to greater things,  
With heaven's sealed eye—  
With steadfast tread, and bearing high,  
And hope on joyful wings.  
There's not a victory won below,  
But points to other work undone;  
And ever as Time's currents flow,  
We find new shores still to be won.

Press on, with purpose pure,  
Nor cast one look behind;  
Ambitious still to store the mind  
With truthful love that shall endure.  
There's not a height by man yet gained  
But shows another height to win;  
There's not a truth by man maintained,  
But bears some greater truth within.

Oh, seek the good and great!  
Man's mission on the earth  
Is progress, ever, from its birth;  
Nor should he e'er in seal abate.  
Oh! who would, tamely lingering, see  
Such boundless prospects for the mind,  
And, clinging to mortality,  
In guilty sloth be left behind?

Aspire to better deeds!  
With hope and love entwined,  
Let emulation fill the mind,  
And ever haste when duty leads.  
Man's holy mind, if trained aright  
To such a height of good would grow,  
That spirits pure and angels bright  
Might mingle with us here below.

## NUTS WITHOUT KERNELS.

"This is the third empty one I have cracked; it is really too bad," said Mrs. Constant, across the table to her husband.

"Types of humanity," said Mr. Constant. "I shall lecture Brown and Bright well," said Mrs. Constant, cracking a fourth and a fifth, and throwing down her nut-cracker in great disgust.

"And they will look astonished, though they probably knew they were selling empty shells, and will tell you they are more grieved than they can express—that they will make complaints to their factors—in short, that the whole business of the firm shall be suspended till you are informed how it came about that they were so unhappy as to be imposed upon, and were so exceedingly more unhappy as to have imposed upon you!" said Mr. Constant.

"Why, what an opinion you have of them!" said his wife; "I don't call them dishonest."

"Simply shells without kernels," said Mr. Constant. Mrs. Constant was provoked about her nuts, and not at all reconciled to her disappointment by her husband's remarks. She was not of a figurative turn of mind, and saw no likeness between her grocers and their nuts.

"I shall call to-morrow," she said, gathering the defective and condemned nuts into a bag. "Maria," said Mr. Constant, "sometimes I consider you as a nut without a kernel."

"You are always talking some nonsense, Mr. Constant," said the lady.

"Maria," said Mr. Constant, as she was leaving the room, "the next time I detect you in one of your practical glosses, I shall call you an 'empty shell'!"

Mrs. Constant didn't wait to hear the threat; she was on her way to her store-room to deposit her bag.

But she returned hastily. "Can anything be more vexatious?" she exclaimed. "Such a party coming up the walk. I saw them through the hall window, and I had dinner early on purpose that I might see the trimming put on my dress by daylight!"

"Why didn't you do that this morning?" asked Mr. Constant.

"How could I when the skirt was not finished?" she replied, peevishly.

"Let us hope they also have dresses to trim, and then they will be in as great a hurry to go as you will be to get rid of them," said he. Then, taking a glance through the muslin curtain, he added, "One, two, three, four!—absolutely four, Maria! It is—yes, dear, it is Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Treddles, and Miss Rosemary."

"Then they will never go!" exclaimed the poor lady, throwing herself despairingly into a chair; "I wish—I wish I had told Thomas to say I was particularly engaged."

But it was too late; a loud knock, a door closed, and talking in the hall, announced the fatal fact that the invaders were safe in the drawing-room, even before Thomas solemnly delivered himself of their names to his disconcerted mistress.

"They are thorough bores—always bores—but to come to-day!" exclaimed Mrs. Constant, almost crying.

"Mr. Treddles is there; I will go and entertain them till you recover your spirits," said her husband, departing on his errand.

When Mrs. Constant made her appearance a few minutes after, it was with an urbane smile and a cordial welcome: "It was so kind of Mrs. Treddles to call, for she knew she was in her debt!"

Mrs. Treddles looked amiably satisfied that she had performed a good action, and immediately began a little run of small talk—telling Mrs. Constant town news which she knew already, and desiring her opinion on various matters in which she was not interested; but Mrs. Constant received the news, and gave her opinion with a gusto that succeeded in convincing Mrs. Treddles she was affording her a world of pleasure. Mr. Treddles being quite deaf, and Mr. Constant not understanding finger, talking, he had set him down to the inspection of some beautiful photographs of foreign buildings, and then betaken himself to Miss Rosemary, for it was a principle with him always to talk to the governess, if he had a chance, having a right to expect from her the most sense, information and amiability of the party. Miss Treddles was occupied in prompting her mamma, lest anything should be forgotten that ought to be said.

Every now and then Mr. Constant cast a look towards his victimised wife, and although Mrs. and Miss Treddles were happily deceived, he detected the irritation and despair that lurked under the pained, forced smile and restless eye. "Her heart is on a founce or a puffing," he thought to himself.

"Mamma, it is surely near Mrs. Constant's dinner hour," said Miss Treddles at length.

"How thankful she will be," thought Mr. Constant.

"Oh, pray do not hurry; Mr. Treddles has not finished his book," said Mrs. Constant, with a voice and look as bland as she could command.

Upon which Miss Treddles began to make signs to him to make haste, but he merely smiled and nodded and looked back on his book. Whereupon Mrs. Treddles bethought her of a new theme of discourse as lively as the last, and Miss Treddles prompted with renewed vigor. All her little ones had had measles; all that they had done and suffered, what they had said, how they had looked, were all faithfully related.

"But we are tiring Mrs. Constant, love," said Mrs. Treddles at last; "and we shall be late for Miss Rosemary's duties. Do make your papa understand we must go."

Mrs. Constant would not for the world interfere with Miss Rosemary and duty; but as to being tired, she never grew tired of hearing about children—little dears.

So Mr. Treddles shut the book, looking sorry to leave it, and Miss Rosemary finished her agreeable talk, wishing she more frequently met with such company; and Mrs. and Miss Treddles spent the last minute in imploring Mrs. Constant to call soon, which that lady, relieved by the prospect of deliverance, promised to do with an alacrity and warmth that might have led them to expect her immediately after breakfast the very next morning.

"Maria!" exclaimed Mr. Constant, as his wife was hurrying up-stairs.

"Oh, pray don't stop me!" she replied.

"Only, dear, remember when you scold Brown and Bright, that they are not the only folks that sport empty shells," he said.

"Would you have had me tell them what I really felt?" she answered, as she went on her way. "How can you be so absurd?"

Notwithstanding the invasion of the Treddles family, the dress was finished in time for Mrs. Constant to wear it that very evening at a lecture given by Dr. Gong to a select party of friends.

"I wonder, Mr. Constant, what made you accept this invitation," said the lady, as she stood shivering in her company dress, waiting for the carriage. "Of all things, I hate lectures; and of all lecturers, I hate Dr. Gong. We shall have a delectable evening—and such a subject, too! 'Memory.' What do I want to know about memory? I never forget anything that I want to remember."

Mr. Constant shrugged up his shoulders: he was sorry; he would even now go alone, and take an apology from his wife, that she was not disposed to go out.

"Yes, very likely; and set Mrs. Gong's tongue going about my ineivility all over the town," she replied.

"If you get very sleepy, I will give you a pinch of snuff," said Mr. Constant, as they got into the carriage.

"Whatever you do, don't seat me by Mrs. Treddles—they will be there—nor within half-a-dozen paces of Miss Blaze. I cannot endure her rhodomontade any more than the little-tattle of the other."

"You shall choose your own seat, if I can enable you to do it," said Mr. Constant, and they drove off.

The lecture-room was nearly full when they

arrived; but Mrs. Gong was in a small reception-room, into which the guests were ushered as they came, where Dr. Gong was taking coffee.

"Fortifying yourself, sir?" said Mr. Constant, going up to him. "It is very kind of you to take so much trouble for us."

"Oh, so very kind, and such an interesting subject," said Mrs. Constant.

Mrs. Constant looked at her.

"Dr. Gong is so unfortunately popular as a lecturer, that I am afraid he will never give up the calling while he has a voice," said Mrs. Gong, a little pompously.

"We owe our talents, however poor and small, to the public, my dear," said Dr. Gong, still more pompously.

"Do you think," said Mr. Constant, very glad of the cup of coffee which Mrs. Gong had presented to him, "that your audience will be able to enter into your subject, so as to enjoy as well as profit by it?"

"Some; some not," said Dr. Gong. "You know I can furnish information, but not intellect."

"This subject is quite Dr. Gong's forte," remarked Mrs. Gong, impressively. Mr. Constant took out his pocket-book and made a memorandum. The doctor and his lady supposed it to be of the sentiment he had uttered, but it was merely to the purport of his having found another empty shell, "for here," thought, "is a man who professes to spend himself in doing good to the public, and chooses a subject which he believes they won't understand, purely because it is one in which he thinks he shines as a lecturer."

Happily Mrs. Constant escaped Miss Blaze and Mrs. Treddles; they were both far off her seat; but young Mr. Gong was at her elbow, and not a single yawn could she place herself with behind her handkerchief, he was so pertinacious in commenting in a whisper upon all his uncle's remarks.

Wherefore, whenever Mr. Constant looked round at her, he found her staring vehemently, or frowning very wisely, or smiling with all the animation she could muster, at the dull witticisms with which the lecturer interlarded his lecture.

At last it was over, and some who had been in a shady place and enjoyed a sound nap, looked very lively, but with rather a frightened expression as they joined in the plaudits of the company. Others, who had merely nodded occasionally, and had neither been blest with the sweets of sleep nor the merits of wakefulness, looked doubtfully towards Mrs. Gong's seat to discover if she had watched them; but all, from the best to the worst behaved, were thankful it was over, and very sincerely applauded the doctor for leaving off, if for nothing else.

"I wish you had come earlier, dear," said Miss Blaze to Mrs. Constant; "I kept a seat for you a long time, but was obliged to give it up."

"Thank you a thousand times," said Mrs. Constant.

The vehement nods of the Treddles family, and looks of regret that they had not approximated with her, were truly affecting, as were hers in return.

"I'm sure we can never thank Dr. Gong enough," said Mrs. Constant, as they were taking leave, "can we, dear?" and she appealed to her husband, who was writing in his note-book.

"Oh, I have such a headache! Now, Mr. Constant, I do beg you will never expose me to such a trial again," said the lady as they drove home.

"Why didn't you go to sleep, as many did who were as energetic as you were in saying how they had enjoyed the evening, with considerably more truth than you, my dear?"

"Sleep! I should have been thankful; but how could I with that odious boy at my elbow, buzzing all sorts of stuff into my ears, as if his uncle wasn't torment enough?" said Mrs. Constant.

"Why, Maria, you told Mrs. Gong you were quite charmed with his attentions, he threw such a light upon the lecture!" said her husband.

"Did I? I don't know what I said. He wouldn't give me a moment's peace, I know that."

"Shells without kernels," said Mr. Constant. "How you talk! Am I worse than other people?" asked his wife, impatiently.

"Not at all, I am afraid. When I looked round on that audience, and saw how many were pretending to understand and didn't, how many to be amused and weren't, how all wished to be considered wide awake and half were asleep, I said to myself, 'Here is a bag of empty nuts!'"

"I'm sure I'm not more insincere than Mrs. Treddles and Miss Blaze," said the lady; "they neither of them cared a pin for it; and how they flattered and praised the doctor to Mrs. Gong!"

"And how they pretended to love you, when you know they care no more for you than they did for the lecture?"

"Yes, I believe it. What a world it is!" said Mrs. Constant, quite shocked at the picture thus presented.

"A bag of empty nuts," said Mr. Constant.

"Well, I'm sure people would save themselves much trouble if they would be sincere," said his wife.

"Certainly. When Mrs. Treddles told her daughter they must call here to-day, Miss Treddles said, 'Oh, mamma don't; Mrs. Constant always keeps us such a time, and she owes us a call; pray don't go.' And when Mrs. Treddles said, 'It's kind my dear; it's a great sacrifice of time now the little ones are poorly, but I know she gets huffed if she's neglected, and one must keep up acquaintance,' she was as much on the fidgets to go as you were to get rid of her, and no