

us move about at least. I cannot stand here doing nothing."

The minutes passed slowly on. I looked at my watch.

"Twenty minutes more, Courage, Cis! Only twenty minutes. Where are your thoughts now?"

"I was thinking of the dear old time. Listening to his talk about the great world, it lay over there, you remember, behind the harbour and the hill. Wishing I had been a man, to go with him and fight the world beside him."

"Five years ago, Cis! Why, Leonard may have lost his faith in his own power, and—"

"Don't, Laddy. Not now. It is all we have to believe in. And—Laddy—please—do not tell him what you told me."

"I understand, dear Cis. I have forgotten that I ever told you."

"Not but that you made me happy—happy and proud: any girl would be proud to think of having had, if only for a day, such a hope and such a love. But he must never know. And yet I should be ashamed to hide things from him."

"Until you tell him yourself then, Cis."

I looked at my watch again. Heavens! had Time tumbled down and hurt himself, so that he could only crawl? Only a quarter past eight. Fifteen minutes more.

"Where are you now, Cis?"

"I am thinking what difference he will see in us, and we in him. Why, I was only a child, a girl of fourteen, then, and you were only fifteen."

"At least," I said, "he will see no difference in me. I am no taller and no straighter. But you—oh! Celia, if you only knew how beautiful he will think you!"

"That is only what you think, dear Laddy. Beautiful? Oh! If I ever have any thoughts that are not common or mean it is because you have put them into my heart. What should I be now, if I had not had you, all these five long years?"

She stooped, and kissed my cheek.

I could endure that now—I could kiss her in return—without that old passionate yearning which, a very little while before, had been wont to set the blood tingling in every pulse at the very sight of her. The months of old were quite right in one thing, though as a Protestant I am bound to think that they had a very confused and imperfect sort of perception. I mean that you may, by dint of resolution and patience—she would call it prayer and penance—capture the heart and entirely subvert any inclination of the heart or intellect. They started with the supposition that every man was bound to fall in love with every woman. That is absurd, but an intelligible position on the score of monkish ignorance. I, for my part, was only in danger of falling in love. Having seen, known, and learned the sweet nature of one woman, it was not possible that I should ever fall in love with another.

We kissed each other on the lips, and then we sat with clasped hands upon the sleeping bank, waiting. At last the clock struck the half-hour, and we turned together and looked across the green.

Suddenly came a figure, a ragged figure, walking swiftly across the grass.

Yes, as I had prophesied, by the backward fling of his head, by the proud carriage, by the firm and elastic walk, we knew him.

Celia clasped my hand convulsively, and I held her before she sprang to her feet she whispered,

"See, he is ragged! he is poor! he has failed. Not a word, not a look, Laddy, to let him see what we feel. Oh, my poor Leonard! my poor Leonard!"

She made a little moan, and then ran forward to meet him. For it was Leonard himself and no other who, at sight of us, came bounding up the grass slope with quick and eager step, and in a moment was with us, holding Celia by both his hands, and gazing in her face with eyes that spoke of love—of love of love. Who could mistake that look? Not Celia, who met the look once, and then dropped her eyes shamefaced. Not I, who knew by sad experience what love might be, how strong a king, how great a conqueror.

In one glance we caught the melancholy truth. He was in rags; there was no petty pretence of genteel shabbiness; there was no half failure, he was in rags absolute. He wore a battered old felt hat, the brim of which, partly torn, hung over his right eye; he had on a coat which was a miracle for shabbiness; it was green where it ought to have been black; shiny where it had once exhibited a youthful gloss; and it had a great hole on the left shoulder, such a hole as would be caused by carrying a bundle on a stick. The coat, an old frock, was fastened by the two surviving buttons, across his chest. One could see that he had no waistcoat, and his trousers were in the last stage of dilapidation and decay. He wore neither collar nor necktie. But it was Leonard. There was no mistake about him. Leonard came back to us on the day that he promised. Leonard, dressed as a beggar, and stepping like a prince.

"Celia!—Laddy!"

"Leonard!"

Both hands; not one. And as he clasped her tight she drew nearer to him, and like a child who holds up his face to be kissed, she looked up at him. But there was no kiss. Men, as Celia said, are not like children, always wanting to kiss. Oh! Cis, as if you knew! Man's love is like the morning sun, which, falling on his bride, the earth, draws up sweet mists which rise to hide her blushes. Leonard was come back, and now I understood how in her mind

Leonard was to make all straight, because Leonard loved her, and she loved Leonard. And he a beggar.

He got one hand free, and gave it to me.

"Laddy! Well? You at least are not changed. But look at Celia!"

"Take off your hat, Leonard," she said. "Let us look at your face, Laddy! He is just the same, except for that." She laughed, and patted her own upper lip with her fingers. Leonard had grown a great moustache. "And his face is bronzed. Where have you been, sir, to get your face so bronzed? Fie! what a hat band! A great hole in the side of it, and look what a coat to come home in! Dear, dear, before we take him home to the Captain we must dress him up. What a pity he is too tall to wear your things, Laddy. Now we have found him again, we will never let him go. Will we? He is our prodigal son, Laddy, who has come back to us—back to us," and here she broke down, and burst into tears. "We have so longed for you, have we not, Laddy? And the time has been so weary, waiting for you."

"But I am come at last, Celia," he said, with eyes that filled—I had never before seen a tear in Leonard's eyes—"I have kept my promise. See—in rags and tatters, with empty pockets." He turned them out.

"What does it matter," she cried, "so long as we have you, how you come?"

"And the Captain?"

"He is well," I told him, "and waiting at home for us all. Come, Leonard."

He hesitated, and looked with a humorous smile at his ragged habiliments.

"What will the Captain say to these rags? Dear old boy, it is not as he expects, is it? Nor as you expected, Celia."

"No, Leonard, I am sorry for your ill-success. But it wasn't your own fault?"

"No, certainly not my own fault," he replied, with a queer look. "Not my own fault. I have done my best. Celia and Laddy! How jolly it is to say the two names over again with their owners in the old place! And how often have I said them to myself, thousands of miles away,"—he had been a traveller, then—"Suppose you two go first to the Captain, and prepare him. Will not that be best? Say that he must not be surprised to find me coming home in a sad plight—all in rags, you know—tell him about the hat, Laddy, and then I will only be a quarter of an hour after you—he won't be so very much shocked. Will you do this? Good! Then, in a quarter of an hour, I will be there."

He caught Celia's hand and kissed it, looking her in the eyes half lovingly, half amused, and ran down the slope as lightly as if he was come back a conquering prince.

We looked at each other in stupefaction. Was it really Leonard? Was it a strange dream?

"Can you understand it, Celia?"

"Not yet, Laddy, dear. Do not speak to me just now."

"His hands were white," I went on, unheeding. "Like the hands of a gentleman; his boots were good and new, the boots of a gentleman; and his face—did that look like the face of a beggar, Celia?"

"Always the same face, Laddy. The dearest face in all the world to you and to me, isn't it? Poor and in rags. Poor—poor Leonard!"

"I don't know," I replied, "whether your face isn't dearer to me than Leonard's. This is because I have seen more of it, perhaps. But why is he in such a dreadful plight? He said he had been thousands of miles away. He must have been an emigrant in America, and failed."

"Of course that was it. He must have gone to America as an emigrant and failed."

We crept slowly and sadly back, like a pair of guilty children. What were we to say to the Captain? Who should break the news?

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Captain, dressed in his Sunday blue uniform coat and white ducks, was sitting at his table, pretending to read. At least he had a book open before him, but I observed that it was upside down, and it was not usual with the Captain to read with the book in that position. But it was getting dark; the sunset sun had gone half an hour before; and the twilight of the longest day was lying over the garden and the smooth waters of the Mill Dam. Perhaps, therefore, the Captain could see to read no more, and his eyes were not so good as they had been. The candles were on the table, but they were not lit; and the cloth was laid for supper. He had been listening to our footsteps, and when we came in looked up with a gentle air of expectation which changed to disappointment.

"You two?" he cried. "Back again?—And alone—alone?"

We had pretended, all day long, not to know who was coming in the evening, but the pretence broke down now.

Celia threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"Dear old Captain," she whispered; "yes, he has come back—our Leonard has come home again."

He started to his feet trembling.

"Where is he, then? Why do you look at me like that? Why does he not come to me? What is it, Laddy?"

"Perhaps, sir, he is ashamed to come."

"Ashamed? Leonard ashamed? Why?"

"Suppose," said Celia, laying her hand on the Captain's shoulder, "suppose, Captain dear, that our boy, after he had promised his friends to come back triumphant, found the world too

strong for him, and had to come back—in poverty, and not triumphant at all?"

"Is that all?" cried the stout old Captain. "Leonard has failed, has he? That is nothing. Many a lad fails at first. Give him rope enough and no favour, and he'll do in the long run. It's the confounded favour plays the mischief, ashore as well as afloat. Leonard has not had fair play. Where is the boy?"

And at this moment a step in the hall, and a scream, and a shuffle showed that the "boy" was arrived, and in the arms of the faithful Jeram.

"Oh, my beautiful boy—oh! my bonnie boy. Let your old nurse kiss you once again—and you so tall and brave."

The Captain could restrain himself no longer. "Leonard," he shouted, breaking through Celia's arms, "Leonard, ahoy! Welcome home, my lad."

We caught each other's hands and trembled, waiting for the moment when the Captain should discover the rags and tatters.

"Shall I light the candles, Laddy?"

"Not yet, Celia. Yes—do—it will be best so. The Captain must know all in a few minutes."

They were in the hall, laughing, shaking hands, and asking each other all round, and all at once, how they were, and how they had been.

"Supper at once, Mrs. Jeram," cried the jolly old Captain. "Supper at once. Such a feast we will make. And none of your fanteegs about not sitting down with Miss Celia, Mrs. Jeram, if you please. Now, then, Leonard, my boy, come and talk to Laddy and Celia. Lord! how glad I am, how glad I am!"

We looked at each other. One moment, and the rags would be visible to the naked eye.

"Poor Leonard—Oh, poor Leonard!" Celia whispered.

Then we started and cried out together, for the Captain and he came in together, the Captain with his hand upon Leonard's stalwart shoulder, and a face which was like the ocean for its multitudinous smile.

But where were the rags?

They were gone. Before us stood the handsomest man, I believe, in all the world. He was nearly six feet high, his light brown hair lay in short crisp curls upon his head, his eyes had the frankest, loyalest look in them that I have ever seen in any man, and at that moment the happiest look as well. I declare that I have never seen in all my forty years of life so splendid a man as Leonard was at five-and-twenty. As he did not look half so splendid in rags, one is bound to admit that clothes do improve even the finest figure. And as he stood in the doorway with the Captain I was dazzled by the beauty and vigour of the man. As for his dress, it was nothing but a plain black coat, with light summer trousers, just as any gentleman might wear.

That was it: any gentleman.

He had succeeded, then.

"I beg your pardon, Celia, and yours, Laddy," said Leonard. "The foolish thought came into my head to see how you would receive me if I were to return in poverty and rags. So I masqueraded. I meant to come on here and see the Captain, too, just as I was. But I had not the heart when I saw the pain it gave you. So I made an excuse, and gave up the silly trick. Forgive me, Celia."

Her eyes, which had been frank with pity, looked more shyly into Leonard's as she listened.

"What is there to forgive, Leonard? If we were glad to have you back again any way, how much more glad ought we to be that you have come back—as you are."

"But you do not know me—as I am."

"Come, come, no explanations now," cried the Captain. "Supper first, talk afterwards. I am so glad. Here's something I found to-day in your room, Master Leonard. See if you have forgotten the old tune."

Of course he had not forgotten it. It was the old life on which he used to play the "Roast Beef of Old England" every Sunday before dinner. Leonard laughed, took up his position at the door, and piped lustily while the maid brought in the supper.

We all sat down, I at the end, Celia at the Captain's right, Leonard at his left, and Mrs. Jeram next him. I don't think we ate much at that supper, though it consisted of cold fowls and ham, the Captain's fixed idea of what a supper ought to be. But we had a bottle of champagne, a drink looked upon in those days as a costly luxury, to be reserved for weddings, Christmas dinners, and such great occasions. What greater occasion than the welcome home of the exile?

"No explanations till after supper," repeated the Captain. "Celia, my pretty, not a question. Take another wing, my dear. No? Then Leonard shall have it. Leonard, my boy, here's to you again. Your health, my lad. After supper, you shall tell us all. I am so glad."

Supper finished, I began.

"Now, Leonard."

"Not yet," said the Captain. "The Bible and Prayer-book, Laddy, my boy."

Putting on his glasses, the old man turned over the pages till he found what he wanted.

Then he laid his hand upon the place, and looked up.

"Before I read the chapter," he said, "I wish to say that I thank God for my two boys, and for the trust that has always been with me, firm and strong, that the one who was away in the world would turn out as good in the matter of duty as the one who stayed with me."

And then, to our extreme discomfiture, he proceeded to read the story of the Prodigal Son.

What on earth had the Prodigal Son to do with us at this juncture? Prayers despatched—he was always brief, after the manner of sailors, over prayers—he made another little speech.

(To be continued.)

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CARTOON.—The legend under the cartoon sufficiently explains its scope and import.

BISHOPS OF THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The memoirs of these prelates will be found under a separate heading.

THE LATE CANON BANCROFT.—This venerable clergyman, who was for several years a valetudinarian, died last week at the age of 59 years. He was long associated with Trinity Church in this city, having devoted his time and talents, and sacrificed his health to its welfare. His funeral, on last Thursday, the 29th inst., was a deeply impressive ceremonial. The Churchwardens have had the galleries, pulpit, lectern, reading desk, organ, chapel and school-room of Trinity Church draped in deep mourning out of respect to the late lamented rector. The present incumbent arranged that the services on Sunday last should be appropriate to the mournful occasion. The funeral service in the morning was preached by the Very Rev. the Dean, and in the evening by Canon Baldwin, two of the late rector's warmest friends. Trinity Church will remain draped in mourning until Christmas Day. Dr. Bancroft officiated for the last time in Trinity Church on the 30th of April, 1876, the second Sunday after Easter.

RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT AT THE ELYSEES.—This picture represents President Grant calling to pay his respects to Marshal MacMahon at the Palace of the Elysees, where the President of the French Republic resides.

INSPECTION OF THE QUEEN'S OWN.—This is a familiar scene, but we like to reproduce it, first because it stimulates the military sentiment, and, secondly, because the Queen's Own of Toronto are second to no militia corps in the Dominion.

WRECK OF THE U. S. STEAMER "HURON."—One of the most appalling calamities that has occurred in the history of the American navy happened on the morning of November 24th. The United States steamer *Huron*, Commander George P. Ryan, at about one o'clock A.M., on that date, went ashore near Oregon Inlet, on the North Carolina coast, and was speedily broken to pieces under the fierce assaults of an unusually heavy sea. Out of 138 officers and men, only thirty-four were saved. There was a life-saving station on the coast near the scene of the disaster, but for some reason it was not manned. On the day previous the *Huron* had left Fortress Monroe on a cruise to Havana and the West Indies. The storm-signals had been flying for three days, and it is thought strange that the warning should have been disregarded. A fierce storm raged all that night along the coast, the wind blowing at the rate of seventy miles an hour. The theory of those well acquainted with the coast is that the *Huron* got caught in the height of the gale, and, while trying to hold on head to the wind, her machinery gave way, her sails were useless, and she drifted ashore. The *Huron* was a sloop-of-war, one of the eight iron vessels built in 1875, by contract, under the direction of Secretary Robeson. Since she was launched, her history has been one of almost incessant repairs. By the navy officers she was regarded with extreme distrust.

LA FORNARINA.—While we make it a point to sketch current events as much as possible, our aim also is to favour the circulation of works of art, and many of our readers take particular interest in our art pictures. These will naturally be pleased with the engraving of LA FORNARINA, an authentic sketch of which has lately been discovered at Venice, having been lost sight of for over 300 years. La Fornarina figures largely in Raffaele's works, as Clio in the painting of Parnassus; as also in the Transfiguration and the fresco of Heliodorus. The present sketch is well preserved, and the sonnet underneath, in the handwriting of the master, confirms the identity of the discovery. As the lines are rather hard to read, we transcribe them.

Come la veggio e chiara sta nel core,
Tua gran bellezza il mio pennello franco
Non è in pittura egual e viene manco,
Perchè debil rimar per forte amore.

Si mi tormenta lo infinito ardore!
Il volto roseo, il seno colmo e bianco,
Con lo rotondo delicato fianco
Ha di vaghezza che abbaglia di splendore.

L'insieme allo pensier tutto commosso
Che atto non fe' il saper perciò nemica
Fecce la man che al ben ritrar non mosse.

Ognor fisso studiar in dolce amica
Quella beltà che in ciel credea sol fosse,
Fia che il desiar compirà la mia fatica.

DEER-HUNTING.—This fine study is introduced here as appropriate to the season, and should be studied in connection with the graphic paper on Deer-Hunting, signed F., published in our last number.

SOUND in air moves at the rate of 1,100 ft. a second; sound in water moves at the rate of 4,000 ft. a second; light in ether moves at the rate of 120,000 miles a second, and electricity in free wires moves probably at the same rate. The nerves transmit their messages at the rate of only 70 ft. a second, a progress which in these quick times might well be regarded as intolerably slow.