

beth's horror-stricken face frightened the pasteur, who felt as if he was in a dream, who had let himself drift along with the feeling of the moment, who did not know even now if he had done right or wrong, if he had been carried away by mere earthly impulse and regard for his own happiness, or if he had been led and directed to a worthy helpmeet, to a Christian companion, to one who had the means and the power to help him in his labors. Ah, surely, surely he had done well, he thought, for himself, and for those who depended on him. It was not without a certain dignity at last, and nobleness of manner, that he took Miss Gilmore's hand, and said,—

'You called your mother just now, Elizabeth; here she is. Dear woman, she has consented to be my best earthly friend and companion, to share my hard labors; to share a life poor and arduous, and full of care, and despised perhaps by the world; but rich in eternal hope, blessed by prayer, and consecrated by a Christian's faith.' He was a little man, but he seemed to grow tall as he spoke. His eyes kindled, his face lightened with enthusiasm. Elizabeth could not help seeing this, even while she stood shivering with indignation and sick at heart. As for Anthony, he got up, and came to his father and took both his hands, and then suddenly flung his arms around his neck. Elizabeth found words at last:

'You can suffer this?' she said to Anthony. 'You have no feelings, then, of decency, of fitness, of memory for the dead. You, mamma, can degrade yourself by a second marriage? Oh! for shame, for shame!' and she burst into passionate tears, and flung herself down on a chair. Monsieur Tournour was not used to be thwarted, to be reproved; he got very pale, he pushed Anthony gently aside, and went up to her. 'Elizabeth,' said he, 'is this the conduct of a devoted daughter; are these the words of good-will and of peace, with which your mother should be greeted by her children? I had hoped that you would look upon me as a friend. If you could see my heart, you would know how ready I am, how gladly I would love you as my own child, and he held out his hand. Elly Gilmore dashed it away.

'Go,' she said; 'you have made me wretched; I hate your life and your ways, and your sermons, and we shall all be miserable, every one of us; I know well enough it is for her money you marry her. Oh, go away out of my sight.' Tournour had felt doubts. Elizabeth's taunts and opposition reassured him and strengthened him in his purpose. This is only human nature, as well as pasteur nature in particular. If every thing had gone smoothly, very likely he would have found out a snare of the devil in it, and broken it off, not caring what grief and suffering he caused to himself in so doing. Now that the girl's words brought a flush into his pale face and made him to wince with pain, he felt justified, nay, impelled to go on—to be firm. And now he stood up like a gentleman, and spoke:

'And if I want your mother's money, is it hers, is it mine, was it given to me or to her to spend for our own use? Was it not lent, will not an account be demanded hereafter? Unhappy child! where have you found already such sordid thoughts, such unworthy suspicions? Where is your Christian charity?'

'I never made any pretence of having any,' cried Elizabeth, stamping her foot and tossing her fair mane. 'You talk and talk about it, and about the will of heaven, and suit yourselves, and break my heart, and look up quite scandalized, and forgive me for my wickedness. But I had rather be as wicked as I am than as good as you.'

'Allons, taisez-vous, Mademoiselle Elizabeth!' said Anthony, who had taken his part, or my father will not marry your mother, and then you will be in the wrong, and have made everybody unhappy. It is very, very sad and melancholy in our house; be kind and come and make us happy. If I am not angry why should you mind; but see here, I will not give my consent unless you do, and I know my father will do nothing against my wishes and yours.'

Poor Elizabeth looked up, and then she saw that her mother was crying too; Caroline had had a hard day's work. No wonder she was fairly harassed and worn out. Elizabeth herself began to be as bewildered, as puzzled, as the rest. She put her hand wearily to her head. She did not feel angry any more, but very tired and sad. 'How can I say I think it right when I think it wrong? It is not me you want to marry, M. Tournour; mamma is old enough to decide. What need you care for what a silly girl like me says or thinks? Good night, mamma; I am tired and must go to bed. Good night, Monsieur Tournour. Good night, M. Anthony. Oh, dear! sighed Elizabeth, as she

went out of the room with her head hanging, and with pale cheeks and dim eyes. You could hardly have believed it was the triumphant young beauty of an hour ago. But it had always been so with this impetuous, sensitive Elizabeth, she sniggered, as she enjoyed more keenly than anybody else I ever knew; she put her whole heart into her life without any reserve, and then, when failure and disappointment came, she had no more heart left to endure with.

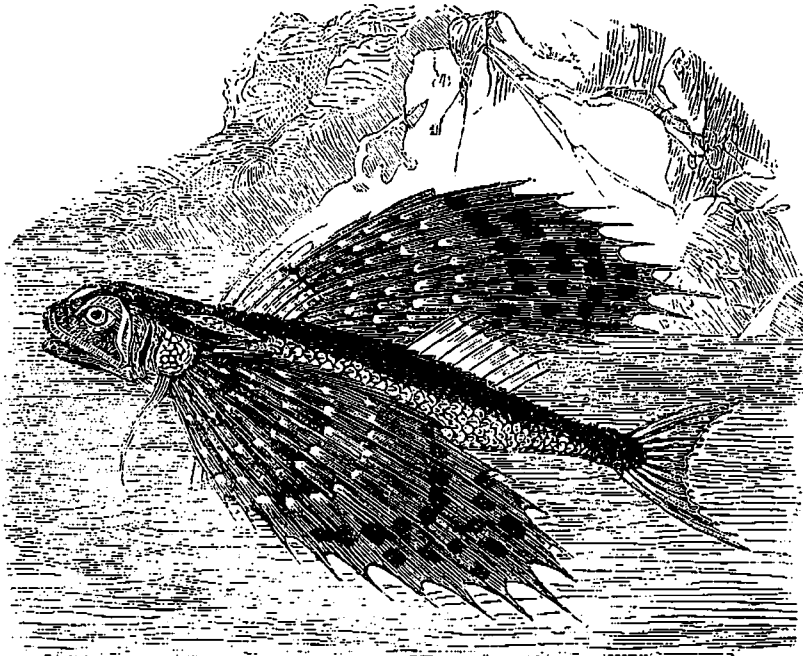
I am sure it was with a humble spirit that Tournour that night, before he left, implored a benediction on himself and on those who were about to belong to him. He went away at eleven o'clock with Anthony, walking home through the dark, long streets to his house, which was near one of the gates of the city. And Caroline sat until the candles went out, till the fire had smouldered away, till the chill night breezes swept round the room, and then went stupefied to bed, saying to herself, 'Now he will learn that others do not despise me, and I—I will lead a good life.'

## CHAPTER III.

A low, one storied house standing opposite a hospital, built on a hilly street, with a great white porte-cochere closed and barred, and then a garden wall; nine or ten windows only a foot from the ground, all blinded and shuttered in a row; a brass plate on the door with Stephen Tournour engraved thereon, and grass and chickweed growing between the stones and against the white walls of the

poor Elizabeth yawned since that first night when M. Tournour came to tea? With what distaste she set herself to live her new life I cannot attempt to tell you. It bored her, and wearied and displeased her, and she made no secret of her displeasure, you may be certain. But what annoyed her most of all, what seemed to her so inconceivable that she could never understand or credit it, was the extraordinary change which had come over her mother. Mme. Tournour was like Mrs. Gilmour in many things, but so different in others that Elly could hardly believe her to be the same woman. The secret of it all was a love of power and admiration, purchased no matter at what sacrifice, which had always been the hidden motive of Caroline's life. Now she found that by dressing in black, by looking prim, by attending endless charitable meetings, prayer meetings, religious meetings, by influencing M. Tournour, who was himself a man in authority, she could cut of the food her soul longed for. 'There was a man once who did not care for me, he despised me,' she used to think sometimes; 'he liked that silly child of mine better; he shall hear of me one day.'

Lady Dampier was a very strong partisan of the French Protestant Church. Mme. Tournour used to hope that she would come to Paris again and carry home with her the fame of her virtues, and her influence, and her conversation; and in the meanwhile the weary round of poor Elly's daily existence went on. To-day, for two lonesome hours she stood leaning at that window, with the



FLYING FISH.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

house. Passing under the archway, you came into a grass-grown courtyard; through an iron grating you see a little desolate garden with wall flowers and stocks, and tall yellow weeds all flowering together, and fruit-trees running wild against the wall. On one side there are some empty stables, with chickens pecking in the sun. The house is built in two long low wings; it has a dreary moated-grange sort of look; and see, standing at one of the upper windows, is not that Elizabeth looking out? An old woman in a blue gown and a white coil is pumping water at the pump; some miserable canaries are piping shrilly out of green cages; the old woman creaks away with her sabots echoing over the stones; the canaries cease their piping, and then nobody else comes. There are two or three tall poplar-trees growing along the wall, which shiver plaintively; a few clouds drift by, and a very distant faint sound of military music comes borne on the wind.

'Ah, how dull it is to be here! Ah, how I hate it, how I hate them all!' Elizabeth is saying to herself: 'there is some music; all the Champs Elysees are crowded with people; the soldiers are marching along with glistening bayonets and flags flying. Not one of them thinks that in a dismal house not very far away there is anybody so unhappy as I am. This day year—it breaks my heart to think of it—I was nineteen; to-day I am twenty, and I feel a hundred. Oh, what a sin and shame it is to condemn me to this hateful life. Oh, what wicked people these good people are. Oh, how dull, oh, how stupid, oh, how prosy, oh, how I wish I was dead, and they were dead, and it was all over!'

How many weary yawns, I wonder, had

along the uncarpeted passage, came the big-nailed boots of the pupils; and then at the dining-room door there was Clementine in a yellow gown—much smarter and trimmer than Elizabeth's blue cotton—carrying a great, long loaf of sour bread.

Madame Tournour was already at her post, standing at the head of the table, ladling out the cabbage soup, with the pieces of bread floating in every plate. M. Tournour was eating his dinner quickly; he had to examine a class for confirmation at six, and there was a prayer-meeting at seven. The other prim lady sat opposite to him with her portion before her. There was a small tablecloth, streaked with blue, and not over clean; hunches of bread by every plate, and iron knives and forks. Each person said grace to himself as he came and took his place. Only Elizabeth flung herself down in a chair, looked at the soup, made a face, and sent it away untasted.

'Elizabeth, ma fille, vous ne mangez pas,' said M. Tournour, kindly.

'I can't swallow it!' said Elizabeth.

'When there are so many poor people starving in the streets, you do not I suppose, expect us to sympathize with such pampered fancies?' said the prim lady.

Although the sisters-in-law were apparently very good friends, there was a sort of race of virtue always being run between them, and just now Elly's shortcomings were a thorn in her mother's side, so skilfully were they wielded by Mrs. Jacob. Lou-lou and Tou-tou, otherwise Louise and Therese, her daughters, were such good, stupid, obedient, uninteresting little girls, that there was really not a word to say against them in retort; and all that Elly's mother could do, was to be even more severe, more uncompromising than Madame Jacob herself. And now she said,—

'Nonsense, Elizabeth; you must really eat your dinner. Clementine, bring back Miss Elizabeth's plate.'

M. Tournour looked up—he thought the soup very good himself, but he could not bear to see anybody distressed. 'Go and fetch the bouillie quickly, Clementine. Why should Elizabeth take what she does not like? Rose,' said he to his sister, 'do you remember how our poor mother used to make us breakfast off—porridge, I think she called it—and what a bad taste it had, and how we used to cry.'

'We never ungratefully objected to good soup,' said Rose. 'I make a point of never giving in to Lou-Lou and Tou-Tou when they have their fancies. I care more for the welfare of their souls than for pampering their bodies.'

'And I only care for my body,' Elly cried. 'Mamma, I like porridge, will you have some for me?'

'Ah! hush, hush! Elizabeth. You do not think what you say, my poor child,' said Tournour. 'What is mere eating and drinking, what is food, what is raiment, but dust and rottenness? You only care for your body!—for that mass of corruption. Ah, do not say such things, even in jest. Remember that for every idle word—'

'And is there to be no account for spiteful words?' interrupted Elizabeth, looking at Mrs. Jacob.

Monsieur Tournour put down the glass of wine he was raising to his lips, and with sad, reproachful glances, looked at the unruly step-daughter. Madame Jacob, shaking with indignation, cast her eyes up and opened her mouth, and Elizabeth began to pout her red lips. One minute and the storm would have burst, when Anthony upset a jug of water at his elbow, and the stream trickled down and down the table-cloth. These troubled waters restored peace for the moment. Poor Tournour was able to finish his meal, in a puddle truly, but also in silence. Mrs. Jacob, who had received a large portion of the water in her lap, retired to change her dress; the young Christians sniggered over their plates, and Anthony went on eating his dinner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend.—When enemies gather around—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power who never have loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.