

SONG.

Thou wert a ray of sunlight,
Through clouds with no touch of ruth;
Mild the smiles and gloss of fashion,
Thou wert a word of truth:
But the storm rolled on in its anger,
And shadowed that gentle ray;
While the truth from the din of falsehood
Passed on its heavenward way.

Thou wert a clear writ sentence
On a blotted page of life;
Thou wert a tear of pity
In the midst of deadly strife;
But the pitiless time-wind rushing,
Swept over that single page;
And I caught not that tear of pity,
In the midst of the battle's rage.

In the slime and sand of ocean,
Thou wert a priceless pearl;
Full worthy a life's devotion,
Thou wert a peerless girl;
But I was no daring diver,
So another that pearl was won;
Still thou art earth's sweetest daughter,
And I am earth's saddest son.

Montreal.

BARRY DANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

Once upon a time, a long while ago, there was a young girl, the daughter of an army officer, General Thomas Thurlow. Cecil Thurlow was the very prettiest girl in all the Point. Pearls and diamonds did not exactly come out of her mouth, but her eyes were like stars, and each time she opened her rosy lips she showed a row of little teeth whiter than any pearls, while her complexion was better than any amount of *blanc de perle* and *poudre de Ninon* could either make yours or mine.

General Thomas Thurlow set great store by his pretty daughter. He kept her under his own eye, well guarded from ravaging wolves in the shape of the young cadets and the lieutenants who haunted the house and made the general's life a burden to him; he held them in as much abhorrence as Miss Trotwood held donkeys. The situation was becoming too much for him, so he took into friendly counsel an old crony (people said she had been an old love of his) and asked a word of advice.

"I have only one to give," said Madame Snuffin. "Marry her to my son Tumley."

"God bless my soul! I never thought of that!" answered the general, staring hard at the old lady.

"Men seldom think of what's under their nose. Tumley has adored Cecil all his life; he is ten years older, has a fine income—he'll have more at my death."

"But, Tumley—are you sure about him? He's said nothing to me."

"But he has to Cecil. Your girl is a coquette, general; she trifles with my boy and won't give him an answer. I think you had best take the matter into your own hands; it would be a pity if we couldn't be happy in our children, general."

"It will make up for the way you broke my heart," said the general, with old-fashioned gallantry, but he was evidently non-plussed. He went home with a grave face. "I can't believe my girl will take him; Tumley is an exceedingly good fellow, but he's not what women fancy."

He certainly was not. A tall, ungainly-looking man of thirty, with a long thin face, straight black hair, an awkward mouth, and a hesitating manner; his eyes were his best feature; they were good, kind, brown eyes, honest and true, and they lit up a face which his warmest friend must have called ugly.

He was using these eyes to some purpose when the general got home; he was pleading his cause with Cecil, and love made him eloquent. It is not the first time Cupid made the dumb speak.

"God Almighty save us! the man won't let any one have a word but himself!" moaned the general, as Tumley poured out his tale. The floodgates of passion were let loose with a vengeance.

"And what does my darling say?" and he took the girl in his arms.

"What would you like, papa?" she whispered.

"It would ease my mind to see you happily settled, my pet. If your old father's taken from you, what's to become of you?"

Cecil clung closer.

"I shall never be so happy as I have been with you, pappy."

"I don't suppose you will, my child. But Tumley's an excellent fellow; I can entrust you to him in all security; and he'll never separate you from me."

This argument prevailed. Cecil lifted her bright eyes from the general's shoulder and turned them on her lover. She began to laugh.

"You must cut your hair, Tumley; it's much too long. And you are not to interfere with my waltzing and flirting; just a little; and, if you are very good and not a bit cross or disagreeable, and if your mother never speaks on the subject—well, I'll give you an answer this day six months."

It was no use—prayers and pleadings would get nothing more; and with this Tumley was fain to be content. He had one gratification—his princess allowed him to give her a bouquet every day. She also rode a splendid blood mare, which he had trained expressly for her, and occasionally allowed him the privilege of lifting her into the saddle; otherwise she treated him worse than the youngest cadet. She laughed at him unmercifully, teased him beyond the limits of human patience, drove him frantic with

jealousy, and vented all her girlish caprices upon him; it would seem as if she were trying to disgust him; but, if so, it was labour lost. Tumley bowed meekly before his tormenter; the worse she behaved, the more he adored her. It was a species of insanity, his mother said, and no doubt it appeared so.

One day he asked her to ride out to his place. She hadn't been there for years, and he wished to show it to her. Cecil tossed her head when he spoke of it as her future home, but she agreed to go.

It was a lovely summer day, and the old place looked its best, with the sun shining through the trees and casting shadows from the broad oaks across the home park. It was, doubtless, a pleasant offering to lay at any woman's feet, and Cecil felt a throb of natural pride as she cast her eyes over the domain waiting to call her mistress, and saw the servants bowing before her, and Tumley standing on the steps to bid her welcome. But a cloud came over his face when he saw that she had brought with her a couple of silly girls and a little train of her and their admirers. It was not well done, he felt, but he showed no annoyance. He would not hurt her by any coldness to her friends, and by-and-by they took to their own devices.

"It was a shame to tease old Tumley—such a good fellow!" they said; so they scattered through the place, and got themselves out of the way one by one, and left the two alone. Then he took her into the garden, not the new-fashioned one, the gardener's delight and pride, where the beds were all in symmetrical order and the range of green-houses and forcing-houses, guarded like some Eastern harem the rare plants within. But beyond this lay the old-fashioned garden within four walls; you entered it through a primitive green door. Here the roses clustered thickly over the walls, and there were whole trees of verbenas, and hedges of sweetbrier, and square little beds partitioned off with box, full of stocks, and gilly-flowers, and shepherd's purses, and all the sweet-scented flowers our grandmothers loved to water and care for themselves. Cecil gave a little cry of pleasure. She drew a deep breath and her eyes met Tumley's with a soft look in their violet depths.

"I like this!" she said, simply. "It reminds me—yes, it is the old garden we used to play in long ago."

"Where I used to call you my little wife," Tumley answered, gravely, as they went up the straight walk together and paused at the old-fashioned sun-dial where the rays of the sun cast a truth-telling shadow across the broad path. "I brought you here, Cecil, that you might give me my answer. The six months are out to-day."

Miss Thurlow grew very pale. She had been holding up the skirt of her riding-dress and showing her dainty feet, but she dropped it quickly, and counted on her fingers. What he said was true.

"I don't want to make a point in my own favour, but I must tell you, Cecil, your father is an embarrassed man. The bank in which all his savings had accumulated has failed, and there are the boys to be provided for. In such an important step as marriage money ought to be the last consideration. Much as I love you, I would not take your dear hand in mine knowing that you were in any way influenced, and therefore I have placed a sum of money in your name equivalent to your father's loss. Here is the script; it is my first wedding gift, if so be you can like me a little; if not, it is a free gift from your oldest and most loving friend."

Cecil was moved. She put her hand in his. "I should be most ungrateful if I did not like you; you deserve a far better wife than I shall ever be; however—" The rest of the sentence was lost, but no doubt the finish was equally satisfactory.

As they were leaving the garden Tumley asked his fiancée to give him a rose. "I shall keep it till my dying day," he said, "as a memento of the happiest moment in my life."

Cecil gave the rose, but she sighed a little as she did so.

So it was all settled, and every one was pleased but the mammas who wanted the rich young man for their daughters and the daughters, who wished to sit at the head of his table. They had a great many unkind things to say, and one young lady of mature years who boasted a sarcastic tongue christened the pair "Beauty and the Beast." Cecil was very indignant when this pleasant remark reached her, but Tumley only laughed. "I shall never change into a handsome prince." He was too happy to be angry, and he had too little vanity to take a joke like this to heart.

By-and-by an invitation came for Cecil from a married cousin living in New York. She had pertinaciously ignored the girl, but now that she was blowing into a rich matron she became most cordial. Cecil, however, elected to accept the proffered kindness; she had her *trousseau* to buy, and the invitation came *apropos*. Tumley grew a little thoughtful when he heard of the acceptance, but he couldn't give himself airs like other lovers, so he acquiesced and Cecil went away rejoicing.

The cousin, Mrs. Crawshaw, kept a gay house. Young men came and went, and there was a perpetual round of pleasure. The wedding clothes progressed slowly; never was there a *trousseau* so long a choosing. Tumley sank very much into the background. Each day there came a letter and a bouquet. The letter was not always answered, the flowers were seldom worn. Cecil had found another lover.

Colonel William Montague was the handsom-

est man in the city by long chalks; splendidly handsome, delightfully *nonchalant*, with a face with a story in it, Cecil said. This remark was repeated to the colonel by Mrs. Crawshaw and it pleased him. The next time he saw the girl he took notice of her—a deviation from his usual role, by which he confined his attentions to married women. They grew to be friends. The colonel heard her story from herself, and it gave him a languid interest; he played off all his tricks upon her, and Cecil, flirt as she was, was caught in the same trap in which she had taken so many. She believed the sighs and the innuendos; the hand pressures which conveyed so much and meant so little; the songs that breathed a love he was too wise to put into prose. For a few weeks Cecil lived in a sort of delirium, and then came the awakening.

One night they were at the opera, Cecil and the colonel, side by side; she wore his flowers, while poor Tumley's reposed in a vase at home; he was whispering—she listening. What he said might have been published the next day for all to read; it was so thoroughly innocent; but he looked voluble. He bent his dark eyes upon her and leant over her chair, and comforted himself in the fashion of a favoured lover. Suddenly Cecil drew back. Two kind eyes had met hers, and the reproach, the sad despair, in them struck her like a blow.

"It is Tumley!" she said, in an awed voice. But the eyes had disappeared, and, search as she would for them, they were not to be seen. The pleasure of the evening was gone.

That night Cecil slept very little. A grave seemed to have opened under her feet. Whenever sleep came to her aid the sad eyes were there looking reproachfully at her. She got up tired, harassed, out of sorts. She felt sorry to think she had to go to a lawn-party that day, and yet she would meet the colonel.

Mrs. Crawshaw was a little put out.

"Here is a letter from Colonel Montague, excusing himself. He is going West. Did he say anything to you last night?"

"No," said Cecil, faintly.

"Don't look as if you were going to drop. Her cousin was a little blunt when she was annoyed. 'I hope you have not lost your heart to him. He is not a marrying man.'"

"You forget I am engaged," said Cecil.

"Upon my word, you don't seem to remember it yourself, sometimes," answered her cousin.

Cecil's head was so bad that when the time came for starting she couldn't go. As her faithful chronicler, I am inclined to think she remained more in the hope that Colonel Montague would call to say good-bye—she couldn't believe he would go away in that fashion. She kept watch all through that long summer's day; she could do nothing but walk from the clock to the window and back again; but no one came. The day waned, the shadows lengthened, the milk-cart went its rounds, the lamps were lit, there was no more hope. About nine o'clock a loud ring drove all the blood to her heart. She stood up, listening anxiously; the door opened, and a telegram was handed to her by the butler. Cecil's hand trembled so she could not hold it. She gave it to the respectable functionary, who read it without a tremor in his voice:

"FROM MRS. SNUFFIN TO MISS CECIL THURLOW."

"Tumley is dying. Come at once if you wish him to die in peace."

With a loud scream the poor girl fell back, but she did not faint. She collected herself in a few minutes, and amazed the respectable butler by her promptness.

"She was admirable. He'd never seen such a lady," he said, in speaking afterwards on the event of the evening.

In half an hour she was ready to start; in three hours she was at home. In spite of all things the sight of her home gave her the first pleasant feeling she had had for days.

"Papa will make it all right," she thought. But the general was not at home; that accounted for his not sending the telegram. So she went to Mrs. Snuffin, late as it was.

The old lady received her with fierce politeness.

"You do us too much honour," she said, "in coming to the house of sickness. A fashionable lady like you, with so many lovers! Why didn't you let my boy alone?" She went on, turning to Cecil with fury. "Would nothing suit but my only son, that you should take his heart and break it at your pleasure—his noble heart! Oh, may God punish you as you deserve! May the curse—"

But at this moment the bell rang up-stairs and she hurried away. Cecil would have been indignant, only she was so utterly worn out and crushed. The house was as silent as the grave, no sound save the ticking of the clocks—it was unbearable. She stole up-stairs softly and sat down on the staircase. Presently she heard a little whining snuffle, and Crib, poor Tumley's dog, came smelling about her; his wet nose seemed like a friend's greeting. She took him in her arms, and, laying her head upon his rough coat, burst out crying. She was still sobbing when the door of the sick room softly opened, and Jennings, old lady Snuffin's *factotum*, came out, treading, as it were, upon eggshells. She nearly fell over Cecil.

"Dear heart! Miss Cecil, how you frightened me!"

"How is he, Jennings? Oh, dear Jennings! it's not true that he is dying?" And, as the woman turned away, she clung to her, repeating the same words mechanically.

"Don't take on so, deary; sure it was all along of his love for you. I never saw its equal; it was worship—just that and no mistake; he never raised his head from the day you left."

"But it wasn't that altogether, Jennings; there must have been something else." Conscience pricked her woefully; the remembrance of the unanswered letters, the discarded flowers rushed like accusing angels to her mind.

"The doctor said it was fever," Jennings continued, "and that he was to be kept quiet; but the day before yesterday he would go to town. His mother and I were glad. 'He'll see Miss Cecil,' we said, 'and that will cheer him up a bit,' but he came back as if he had been struck for death. He has raved all day and night, and it is now the fever is leaving him when he is dying."

Just then the door of the sick room opened, and some one called to Jennings.

"That's for you, miss; the master wants you."

"I can't go," said the girl, shuddering. She felt like his murderer.

"There is nothing to startle you; he is as quiet as a lamb, poor gentleman! Surely you wouldn't grudge him a last look at you."

The mother passed out as Cecil entered. She and her lover were alone. It was true what Jennings had said—there was nothing startling. He lay back in an armchair. He was deadly pale, but the kind eyes lit up like lamps the dying face, and the love that was stronger than death shone in them, and gave them a strange beauty.

Cecil fell upon her knees beside his chair. "Forgive me!" was all she could say—"for give me!"

"For what, my own darling? For making me for one short moment the happiest man on earth? It was presumption, Cecil—I see it now—to chain your beauty to my ugliness. It was worse than the poor beast in the fairy tale."

"No, no!" she sobbed; you were always too good, far too good to me."

There was a pause, and then he began again, only this time with a little effort.

"I sent for you, my own love, to ask you not to fret for me. I know your tender little heart, and that you will believe what my mother, in the first madness of her grief, will say; but it is not so. I never could have been a long-lived man, and, after a little time, Cecil, my own, you will turn to that other. I hope he deserves you. I have taken care that in fortune you—"

"Oh, Tumley! dear Tumley! most generous, best of friends, what madness possessed me to throw away a true heart like yours? Live for me—give me but a little time that I may prove—"

Her tears were falling like rain; her bright head was buried in the cushions; her whole frame shaking in an agony of grief.

Tumley laid his hand upon the soft, shining hair. Over his face came a great wave of joy.

"You would wish me to live?" he asked.

"You would still? I had thought otherwise. I fancied—"

"They were fancies," Cecil answered, looking up quickly; "mere delusions. I am yours, and yours only; and as soon as you are well we will be married."

Tumley asked no more. He was too weak for much love-making, but he kissed the little hand that crept into his. From that time he rallied, and as happiness is better than the whole faculty put together, his recovery was rapid. Cecil was radiant. She developed an extraordinary faculty for nursing, and, like all true women, grew to care for her patient. By the time he was well she would let no one find fault with him but herself, and she thought him grown quite handsome! They were married before the autumn, as it was deemed desirable for Tumley to winter abroad. The only sign Cecil gave of remembering her short flirtation was sending a newspaper with the full account of the wedding to Colonel William Montague.

Let us hope it spoiled his dinner!

THE GLEANER.

THE question whether Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' *fiancé* is or is not an alien, will soon be decided by the Lord Chancellor. Should the question be decided affirmatively the marriage may be expected to take place forthwith.

M. GAMBETTA ten years ago was one of the handsomest men in France. His face was a face of fine lines and spiritual contours; his figure was lithe and graceful. He is still a man of striking presence, but he has no longer the almost poetic good looks of his youthful days.

MR. LANGTRY, the husband of the "Jersey Lily," will, it is announced, shortly sail for America on business, and it is extremely probable that he will bring with him his beautiful wife. As all the new beauties of the London season now come from New York, writes the correspondent of the *World*, on the modern principles of reciprocity it is only fair that England should send you one in exchange.

MARRYING and giving in marriage among aged English people.—Lord Malmesbury, the Dean of Ripon and Mr. Massey, who are about to take to themselves wives, have each passed their seventieth birthday. And Archdeacon Chase, who is generally regarded as the Nestor of the Low Church party, and who contemplates a speedy union with a wealthy widow is over eighty years of age.

"Throw physic to the dogs."—Shakespeare. —To invalids and sufferers from many of the ailments to which mankind are subject the Holman Pads come as a boon, and hundreds are testifying to their success when everything else has failed.