

YEARNINGS.

(From the Danish of Helene Nyblom.)

BY NED P. MAIL.

Yes, I would I were the tempest,
When through thunder clouds it crashes
And foam-flecked, writhing ocean lashes,
Till it dance to its shrill note!
When 'twixt mountain peaks it rushes
Furious—and the fowls of ocean,
Panic-struck at the commotion,
Give hoarse cries of terror throat!

Or the sunshine! Rather sunshine!
When, after rainfall, back it renders
To the earth its summer splendors,
As the warm rays fall from heaven.
Here a plant and there a creature
Direct the grateful warmth with pleasure.
Naught that is, its might may measure
With the power to sunshine given!

Yet I know of something greater,
Stronger than the tempest raging,
When it bursts from heaven, raging
War upon the frightened earth.
Warmer even than the sunshine,
Though its generous gifts it fling us—
Life and light un-tinting bring us—
Giving peace and gladness birth!

Before all, then, I would rather
Be a word of power, burning,
Planting feeling, life, and yearning
In the cold and stony breast—
Or a word of simple kindness,
Full of health for hearts that languish
In their woe, despair, and anguish—
Rousing hope and giving zest!

WHY ARE YOU WANDERING
HERE, I PRAY?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLANCHE SEYMOUR," ETC.

PART I.—(Continued.)

Every vestige of color left her face, and she almost staggered back against one of the lichen-covered trunks, as she exclaimed:

"Oh, that was my father! Can you tell me anything about him? I wondered and wondered why I was so attracted by your face."

At her passionate cry of recognition every one had stood still; but after a momentary pause Colonel Verschoyle, hating a scene and already jealous for Georgie, took the basket from her unresisting hand, and made a movement as if to go on.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you much about him," he said in a quiet low voice, which had the effect of calming her excitement; "he was only a distant cousin, and was years older than me. But he was a real good fellow; that I have always heard."

"Oh, he was. I was sure he must have been, though uncle George will never speak of him."

"Ah, there was some hitch about the marriage. I remember hearing of it."

"Yes, uncle George didn't like it. Mattie says I am like my father. Do you think I am? Did you ever see him?"

"I may have done so as a boy, but I haven't much recollection of him. I daresay you are like him though; you have a strong look of all the Verschoyles."

Long before they reached the turning towards Beechlands he was acquainted with the main facts of her simple life, and she had learned in return that his mother and sister were expected in a few days, and that they would supplement the details of the family history which he had already given.

"And meantime I may come and see you?" he asked.

Her newly-found happiness was suddenly dashed. A visitor was a thing unknown at The Lodge, and what would her uncle say! but to refuse to receive her father's cousin was an impossibility.

"If I mayn't see him indoors, I will come out and walk up and down with him."

So she answered with queenly dignity:

"Yes, certainly. Uncle George may not be very nice to you, perhaps; but you won't mind that, as you come to see me, not him."

"Certainly not. I shouldn't mind anything I did for your sake."

"And I may come and see you too?" requested Julia, "and you must come to us. We are going to have a calico ball when Edith Verschoyle comes next week—"

"A calico ball?"

"Yes; every one is to wear calico, or satin-ette, if you prefer it."

"I don't think I ever wear anything but calico," answered Georgie, laughing.

"Then you will be all right for our ball."

"Oh, but I couldn't go to a ball. Why, I can't even dance."

Julia politely suppressed all sign of surprise.

"Never mind that," said Colonel Verschoyle. "You must do me the honor of being my partner, and I will pilot you safely through any number of dances."

"It would be delightful. I know that," she exclaimed with simple rapture; "but I'm afraid Mattie will say I have no dress fit."

They had reached the turn to Beechlands, and Georgie stopped.

"You can't miss your way from here. I go in this direction."

But Philip absolutely refused to leave her.

"I couldn't think of letting you walk home alone."

Georgie smiled at the idea of her needing a protector, but felt no hesitation in accepting his companionship. This acquaintance, begun not

an hour before, had already shot her life with gold. The setting sun was gilding the tree-tops, nightingales were pouring forth floods of song, as the two walked along, Philip Verschoyle glancing from time to time at the sweet eager face, upturned to his with the rapture of one to whom a sympathetic friend had long been wanting. Her freshness, simplicity, and charm were all as new to him as they were delightful, and he listened with a look of tender admiration on his dark face which considerably deepened the impression he had already made on her.

"I had little idea Providence had anything so pleasant in store for me when I came down here yesterday," he said, retaining her hand when they reached the corner where parting was inevitable, unless they meant to run the risk of encountering George Arnold's eagle-eye.

That eye had, however, already seen them, for Mattie, never easy in her mind at Georgie's long absences and solitary roamings, was this evening more than usually anxious, owing to the presence in the neighborhood of a band of gypsies. In vain Georgie assured her that the vagrants were her very good friends. Mattie, convinced against her will, was of the same opinion still, that it was not safe for her treasure to wander alone so far from home, so when six o'clock came and no Georgie, it was borne in on her that she must speak to "the master."

He had not been quite free from some uneasiness on the subject himself lately. Interested chiefly in the development of the girl's mind, he had paid but little attention to her appearance, till one day it suddenly became apparent to his astonished perception that this forest flower, unnoticed, lonely, and wild, was of a rare and exquisite type of beauty; bright yet tender, with a fascinating grace about her which even his accustomed eye could not ignore. Was it well to leave such a flower unguarded?

Mattie, to her surprise, met with more sympathy than she expected in the uneasiness she expressed that evening. George Arnold got up from his books and wandered into the forest, looking about and listening more anxiously than he almost liked to confess to himself.

Suddenly he heard voices, sweet rippling laughter, and then the deeper tones of a man, and out into the setting sunlight, from the shadow of the trees, came his niece and her newly-found cousin, Philip Verschoyle, carrying her basket, and she accepting the service like one used to the devotion of a squire of dames. A sharp pang shot through the old man's heart at the sight. Vague memories of sorrows long since assuaged stirred within him: memories of the days when Georgie's mother had left him for a stranger, not so unlike the one now before him, soft-voiced, blue-eyed, and with that same glossy black hair.

Meanwhile Philip took a tardy leave, and Georgie, too happy to wish even to see Mattie, sat down under a spreading beech to think over her newly-discovered bliss.

Living alone as she did, with the flowers and birds for her chief companions, she was in the habit of seeking among them for emblems of the few people she knew.

Nellie Shergold was a daisy; Mattie the furze blossom, always bright, always in season, and for whose sweet motherly care and tender love Georgie thanked God, as Linnaeus did for the loveliness of the flower which the girl thought typical of her. Her uncle George was a rush, slight, stiff, and pithy. The poppy she had always held to be emblematic of her father, the idea being suggested by Mattie's enthusiastic description of him in his uniform.

"He did look grand, my dearie, in his red coat; so tall and stately, and with his glossy black hair."

"Yes; making such a good contrast, like the beautiful red poppies with their jet-black stamens."

And now, as she sat watching Philip Verschoyle's figure, the simile transferred itself to him.

"How splendid he would look in his uniform. It is red too; and his hair and moustache are so glossy and black!"

She stood up, unconsciously almost, and yet with some vague idea of keeping the receding figure still in sight, when a voice startled her.

"Pray, why are you wandering about here, Georgie?"

It was the first time he had ever questioned her about her coming in or going out, and amazement struck her dumb.

"What are you doing?" he repeated, himself hardly knowing what he was saying, with those memories stirring at his heart.

Alarmed at his manner, and her thoughts still running on Philip in his uniform and her emblematic device, she made answer nervously:

"I was looking for some flowers, uncle George—red poppies and things."

"Poppies!" he repeated sarcastically, casting a glance as he spoke down the path where Philip's stately figure was just disappearing. "I should have thought such a rover as you are would have known by this time that poppies grow in the fields, and not here in the forest. Fie, child, fie! Don't try to put me off with such tales as those." And he turned abruptly away.

Georgie stood utterly confounded, overwhelmed with shame and confusion. She had told a lie, the first in her life, and to her uncle of all people; to him who, his belief in her truth once shaken, would never trust her or respect her again. The lie had been an unconscious one, it is true; her lips had merely given utterance to meaningless words while her mind was full of

other thoughts. Not the less did she feel degraded in her own eyes. Had she then had nothing to conceal? Could she at that moment have spoken to her uncle about Philip Verschoyle? No, a thousand times, no! His cold, sarcastic, curt tones would have struck a chill to her soul. As it was, they had done so, and ashamed, confused, alarmed, at the dawning passion in her heart, so new to her, so incomprehensible, she burst into a storm of tears.

PART II.

"Tell me again," the old man said, "Why are you wandering here, fair maid?" "The nightingale's song, so sweet and clear, Father," said she. "I've come to hear." "Fie, fie!" was the old man's cry; "Nightingales, all, so people say," Warble by night, and not by day."

George Arnold, for his part, went home too much disturbed to settle to his books again. It was many years since the even tenor of his life had been ruffled by such a tide of emotion as now swept over him. Anger, surprise, jealousy, all had their part in the storm that raged within him. That insane desire to be the whole possessor of the affection he valued, which had wrecked his young sister's life, was at work again in his heart—Georgie its victim this time. Naturally he felt himself the injured one. She had deceived him; she, the child he had brought up and loved; and he tortured himself with the quest on, "Why?" What had he ever denied her that she should not have trusted him, that she should have tried to put him off with a lie too childish to deceive a very fool? Who was the man? Where had she met him? How long known him? And Mattie? But, of course, that adept in deception was in league with her to hoodwink him. He paced up and down the walk outside his bookroom, endeavoring to calm himself, and half-ashamed of the passion which was sending the blood surging through his veins. Suddenly a cry—sharp, tremulous with feeling—struck his ear.

"O Mattie, Mattie! I've found some one who knows all about my dear father; at least, he didn't know him, he only thinks he saw him; but his mother knew him, and is going to tell me all about him; and his name is Philip too—Philip Verschoyle; and he is my cousin, he says. It was in the big bog; they all got lost, and I showed them how to get out. His mother and sister are coming next week to Beechlands, and he is coming to see me to-morrow. He walked home with me this evening, and I was so happy, and forgot everything till uncle George came, and was so unkind and disagreeable. And, O Mattie, I told him what wasn't true! I wasn't thinking, and he asked me what I was doing; and my head was full of a beautiful red poppy, with its glossy black points, and I said I was looking for poppies; and now he will never believe me again."

It was all said in a breath, regardless of any relation between pronoun and antecedent—though George Arnold had always been precise in his instructions on that subject—and with that note of passionate feeling in it which had gone straight to his heart.

A chance word often reveals us to ourselves in a new light. He had never thought of himself as either "unkind" or "disagreeable." All that Georgie was and should be to him was in his mind frequently enough. It had never occurred to him to reflect on what he was and should be to her, never till this moment, when that cry, carrying a revelation with it, struck his ear. The dullest perception could not have missed the tone of outraged feeling and long-suppressed affection in it.

What right had he had to ignore her natural desire to hear about her father and his family?

The spirit of sarcasm and cynical hardness in him was, for the time at least, laid to rest, and he went back to his book-room a better man, perhaps, than he had left it.

She had not deceived him either. That headless, tailless, pronoun-outraging story to Mattie had one merit; it was truthful and spontaneous; even his scepticism could not doubt that. How much this last consideration had to do with softening his anger it would not be easy to say.

Georgie did not see him again that night. Her self-respect was wounded, and she felt resentful towards the man who had, as it were, alarmed her into that involuntary falsehood. The vision of Colonel Verschoyle's dark poetic face was the last she saw before closing her eyes, and the first when, too happy for sleep, she woke early on the following morning.

Unable to settle to her usual occupations, she walked about after Mattie, telling her, for the twentieth time, the whole story; and then, still dreading to meet her uncle, wandered out into the forest, and so on to Fritham Plain, where hundreds of larks were making the air vocal. The floods of song seemed to be literally flowing down from the arched sky, and to be clothing the rich incense-breathing earth like a garment. The soft wind was intoxicating in its freshness and elasticity; heather and furze, in the zenith of their bloom, made the plain a glory of colour, toned into exquisite harmony by the bracken, whose tender green had not yet become "hard."

Here and there tiny lakelets, born of the recent rains, which had left great patches of common still under water, shone golden in the morning sun. Every leaf and spray and frond was a manifold prism, reflecting a thousand rainbow tints, and everywhere about generations of picturesque forest ponies—mother, daughter, and straddling grand-daughter—were eagerly nibbling at such short grass as they could find.

The granddaughter, with long, gracefully ungraceful, delightful legs, seemingly too weak to support her queer, rough, shaggy body, would canter off unsteadily on little exploring expeditions of her own, till a soft whinny from her more sober mother would bring her shambling back to the bosom of her family.

"And God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good," rose to Georgie's mind, as she stood bareheaded, drinking in the delicious freshness, bathed in the odors of that glorious time and place.

While she was so standing in a halo of sunshine, she saw a figure coming to her across the plain, in the many-colored morning light, and a face that she had seen in her dreams. To her infinite surprise, in spite of her dreams, her chief sensation now was a desire to run away, to hide herself anywhere from those poetic-looking eyes, and thus in spite of her yet-far-from-satisfied curiosity about her father.

As ashamed of the feeling, and unaware, notwithstanding her scientific training, that it was probably a revival of the old days of wife-hunting and bride-chasing, she conquered it, and stood her ground like a woman. Indeed, under the circumstances escape would not have been easy. Unless she had crept under a dwarf holly-bush or hidden behind a fern-leaf, she could not well, on that open plain, have avoided observation.

A smile of glad recognition was on Philip's face as he came rapidly towards her, raising his hat and holding out his hand.

"I was thinking of you," he said, with direct simplicity, "when I suddenly saw you standing here. You may imagine that I lost no time in coming across to you. I'm delighted to see you again so soon; for though I was certainly coming to call, I suppose I could hardly have done so before the afternoon, could I? I shall call all the same, of course. Have you prepared your uncle for the meeting?"

He was holding her hand "just a little longer," looking with tender admiration at the graceful head and delicately noble features. It took but a few minutes to make him acquainted with the woe state of affairs at the Lodge, with her uncle's question, her own answer and consequent remorse.

The recital amused him infinitely.

"Why poppies of all flowers?" he asked, laughing.

"Oh, because I am so fond of them," she answered naively; "with their lovely red leaves and black stamens, they are so beautiful! And I thought of you in your red uniform, and with your jet-black hair. I should so like to see you in your uniform!"

"So you shall at the ball. I was very savage at having to wear it,—thought it such a bore,—and only consented because Edith scolded me into it."

"Who is Edith?" asked Georgie quickly.

"My sister. She keeps me in trimming order, I can tell you, and lectured me no end about masculine laziness and selfishness; till, for peace' sake, I consented to dress up for this ball. And now—with a gay smile—"you see the happy result, and virtue smites with its proper reward."

"How?" asked Georgie, inexperienced in the language of compliment.

"You say you wish to see me in my uniform."

"Oh?" with which monosyllable Miss Verschoyle blushed, she did not know why; and Colonel Verschoyle thought her all the more lovely for doing so. "I should like to see you, certainly. I think you would look so handsome; only I shouldn't like you to be troubled or bored."

A heart of stone must have been melted at this too-innocent flattery; and Philip's, which was not adamantine, straightway fell into an absolute state of solution within his bosom.

"Nothing that gives you the least pleasure could possibly bore me," he answered, with sudden tenderness; "I would do any mortal thing in the world to please you." Then, after a pause, "If I were to adopt your plan, and compare my friends to flowers, I know what I should call you."

"What?" curiously. "I never thought of giving myself a name."

"Traveller's Joy. I came here, expecting nothing particular, because Edith insisted; but now, since I have met you, everything is changed. So you see the name is very appropriate, and I think the flower lovely. Do you approve of my comparison?"

"It is a very pretty idea," she said shyly, and looking down. "I shall think of you now when I see Traveller's Joy."

"You will think of me sometimes, I hope, without seeing it," quickly.

"I shall indeed. It would be odd if I didn't. You have made me happier than I ever was before in my life; in fact, I shall think of you so much, that I hardly know what I shall do when you go away."

He looked at her wistfully for a second or two.

"I'm not going away yet. I have to see your uncle George first, you know."

They had sat down on the trunk of a felled tree on the edge of the forest, while out of the sky above them came that flood of music,

"Like an embodied joy, whose race is just begun."

"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou spriggest,
Like a cloud of fire,
The deep blue thou winnest;
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest."

quoted Philip; and Georgie listened entranced.