

THINE EYES.

(From the German of Heine.)

Thou hast diamonds and pearls of rare beauty,
Thou hast all that the heart can admire,
Thine eyes shine far brighter than jewels—
What more can my darling desire?

On thine eyes, bright as stars of the evening,
Have I written, and tuned to my lute,
Whole volumes of rapturous songs—
What more can my darling desire?

With thine eyes of unquenchable splendour
Hast thou kindled my heart into fire,
And loved me to kneel, as thy suitor—
What more can my darling desire?

J. F. B.

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THE DAVENANTS.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

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CHAPTER III.—Continued.

A new interest stole into Georgina Davenant's beautiful face. The image of Dr. Delamare rose up before her, and the hope of seeing him again dawned suddenly upon her. Near the Richelieu! She remembered it was in that part of Canada his home was located. He had frequently spoken of its fine scenery in that brief period of happiness she had lately enjoyed coming out from England.

"Do you really think I can obtain the situation? But I fear not! nothing good ever happens to me." The new hope died out of Georgina's face, and the tones were again petulant and despondent.

"Dr. Seymour said he would write at once about it; he seemed confident of obtaining it for you."

"Oh, I shall be so sorry to lose you, Georgie! why will you go away?" and Clara's sightless eyes filled with tears, as she clung fondly to her younger sister.

"Georgie will be happier away from home. She takes no interest in our affairs." There was sadness mingled with reproach in Emily's tones.

Georgina bowed her head till her face was hidden by the glittering golden curls. She felt the reproof was merited.

"I shall be sorry to leave you, darling," she said, caressing her little sister.

"And papa, too, Georgie?"

"Yes, and poor papa!" There was a softening in the tones of the young girl at the thought of leaving home.

"And Emily!" urged the blind child. "You will be sorry to leave her, too, won't you, Georgie?"

"Emily is too cross! She is so perfect herself she cannot feel for the failings of others," replied Georgina, snappishly.

"I do feel for you, Georgina; but I would wish to see you conquer that too great affection for an unworthy object which is destroying your happiness and rendering you culpably indifferent to every other interest and duty."

A deep resentful flush and a haughty look of surprise broke over Georgina's face, as she raised her head suddenly, and fixing her brilliant eyes upon her eldest sister, demanded what she meant.

"You cannot misunderstand me, Georgina. I do not mean to wound your feelings, but I would point out to you the evils of cherishing an unrequited affection."

"I am not cherishing an unrequited affection," said Georgina, haughtily emphasizing the adjective.

"Then, why did Delamare leave without any explanation?"

"How do you know that he left without an explanation?" demanded Georgina, angrily.

"Because you never told me, never said anything on the subject?"

"Do you really suppose I would select you for a confidante," asked Georgina, scornfully, then, as if to get rid of the painful subject, she suddenly left the apartment and took her seat by her father's sick-bed, leaving Emily doubtful as to the truth of what she had intimated relative to Delamare. But after considering the matter she came to the conclusion that it was a poor pretence of the unhappy girl to hide the humiliation she felt at her lover's desertion. How the strong-minded elder sister pitied the poor young creature who had poured forth the wealth of a first passionate attachment before an unworthy shrine. Any allusion to it she saw irritated her, she would therefore never allude to the distressing subject again, Georgina must bear alone the burden of her secret sorrow; her proud sensitive nature rejected all sympathy. Emily hoped she would obtain this situation of governess. New scenes and occupation would break the gloomy train of thought in which she now indulged and divert her mind from her first great sorrow.

Georgina Davenant had the misfortune to be born a beauty. I say misfortune, because it has been justly remarked that "the mantle of beauty is a dangerous gift," and the page of history records the melancholy fact that the most beautiful who graced this earth were unfortunate. Even in every day life homely women often fare better than their handsomer sisters, and among the class of old maids one will meet more attractive women than those who have no pretensions to beauty. This is perhaps some divine law of compensation which makes up for homeliness by imparting happiness. How many, I wonder, of the fair sex would choose the latter at the expense of beauty!

Georgina was indeed singularly beautiful. Her style was a blonde; soft shining tresses of golden hair curled about a brow and neck of transparent whiteness; eyes of azure, clear and brilliant, shaded by dark silken lashes; her nose and mouth rivalled those chiselled by a Grecian sculptor, a rich roscate hue coloured her polished cheek; her figure rather tall, perfect in its proportions, while a stately grace marked its every movement. At a glance one would pronounce her faultless, but that glance would also reveal a proud consciousness of her own attraction and a haughty indifference to the opinion of others.

CHAPTER IV. THE NEW HOME.

AFTER the expiration of a week, Mr. Davenant had recovered from his illness and was enabled to enter upon the duties of the situation Dr. Seymour had procured for him. That was a happy afternoon when he returned to his humble boarding-house after the labours of the day, revelling in the consciousness that he was again in a position to support his family in a respectable sphere.

"We must leave these lodgings immediately, Emily. I have been looking at a house in St. Antoine Street which I think will suit, it is small but convenient."

"Do you intend to keep house, papa?"

"Yes, it will be more comfortable, and not more expensive than boarding. One can never feel at home in lodgings."

"But how is the house to be furnished? Will it not require a considerable sum for that outlay?" she asked, anxiously.

"Dr. Seymour has volunteered to supply the means, the loan to be paid by instalments when convenient. It was he who suggested this plan. How much we owe that benevolent man! he is our good angel!" added Mr. Davenant, in tones of fervent gratitude.

"Have you seen Dr. Seymour to-day?" broke in Georgina, eagerly. "Has he heard anything more of that situation he wrote about?"

"Oh, by the by! he desired me to tell you that he had failed to procure it for you."

"I expected as much. I knew I wouldn't get it just because I wanted it. I should have been more surprised if he had been successful," muttered Georgina, a look of gloomy discontent clouding her gorgeous beauty.

"But it needn't grieve you so much, Georgie. It is not now necessary you should leave us," said her father, tenderly.

Georgina had vanished. Unable to subdue, she was unwilling to display, the bitterness of her disappointment. The bright hope of meeting Delamare which she had been lately cherishing was now disappointed, and she must again endure the hopelessness of her sorrow.

The following week was a busy time, full of happy excitement to Mr. Davenant and two of his daughters. Even Georgina was for the time drawn out of her selfish indifference by the happy change in their circumstances, and left off brooding over her secret grief, to assist Emily in the lighter arrangements of their new home. The house on St. Antoine Street was taken and the necessary furniture purchased. Emily was busy from morning till night nailing down carpets, putting up beds, &c., in which laborious work she was assisted by a red-haired good-natured immigrant girl hired to be maid of all work. She had not yet assumed the airs of a lady and was a valuable help. Blind Clara's sad face wore a happy look as she stole silently about the house passing her small thin hands over every article of furniture as if by the sense of touch to take into her mind's eye its appearance. She felt at home again, and that feeling constituted the child's happiness.

The arrangement of the parlour—drawing-room would be too fine a word—was Georgina's peculiar care. At her request her father had gone to some expense to furnish it. A handsome carpet—bought at an auction quite cheap—covered the floor; crimson hangings shaded the window, a mahogany sofa filled up one corner, while a small stand, graced by a pretty work-box, stood tastefully conspicuous in another. A few chairs and a centre-table completed the furniture, and when Georgina surveyed the small apartment when her arrangements were finished, it pleased her fastidious eye.

Emily's labours in the common sitting-room were not less successful, though more difficult. The articles of furniture destined for this room seemed to have been dragged forth from the lumber-room of an auction warehouse. As so much had been expended in show in furnishing the parlour the dining or sitting-room had to suffer in consequence. Still the ingenuity of Emily supplied all deficiencies, and she succeeded in giving this

apartment not only an appearance of comfort, but a cheerful home-like look, what she most desired. A neat cover concealed the stains and scratches in the old dining-table. A new chintz replaced the tattered covering of the old-fashioned couch. An arm chair was cushioned for Mr. Davenant's use, and the little rocking chair for blind Clara was not forgotten by the kind eldest sister; it had its cushion with a covering of chintz. Emily had just concluded her arrangements and was setting the table for tea when the door-bell rang, announcing Mr. Davenant's return. The next moment Clara was groping her way to the hall-door to admit him. Seizing his hand she was going to lead him to the dining-room to show him all the improvements, but Georgina anticipated her.

"You must first see my room, papa," and throwing open the door she ushered him into the little drawing-room, as she persisted in naming it. She smiled as she saw the pleased look with which he surveyed it.

"The *compartiment* is very pleasing," he said; "you have shown your usual taste in arranging the furniture."

"But, papa, one thing is wanted; we can scarcely do without it."

"What is that, my dear? I do not see how you can crowd more furniture into this small room."

"Oh, it wouldn't be in the way! it could be placed over the mantle-piece, a mirror there would look so well."

"I dare say it would, but I cannot afford to buy one; the idea is absurd, Georgie, in our present circumstances; I have already laid out too much to gratify your expensive taste, and a mirror is an article we must dispense with."

"But the mantle-piece looks so bare," urged Georgina, "and we have no ornaments to put on it. What a curse the want of money is! One can never gratify a luxurious taste."

"You have an innate love of what is beautiful and luxurious, Georgie, and that without the means of gratifying it will, I fear, be a source of unhappiness to you."

"But I may be rich some day, papa, and then you will see how I shall make the money fly and buy all kinds of expensive things."

"I know you will be very extravagant if you ever possess riches, Georgina," observed her father gravely; "I wish you were more like Emily, economical and inexpensive in all her ways."

"Oh, Emily is a paragon!" was Georgina's ill-timed remark. Her father's frequent praise of her eldest sister was distasteful to her, and she had not yet forgotten her severe remarks relative to her unhappy attachment to Delamare. "But what is to be done with that bare-looking wooden mantle-piece?" she continued irritably. "If it were marble it might do without ornaments, but as it is merely painted wood it requires something to set it off and take away the bare look."

"Why not put some of those beautiful and rare shells Walter Avenel sent us from India?" suggested Mr. Davenant.

"Really that is a good idea; they will be better than nothing," and Georgina flew upstairs to procure them, while Clara led her father to the door of the sitting-room, there pausing a moment to let his eye take in all the improvements which had been made in his absence during the day.

"What a metamorphosis! Really, Emily, you have done wonders! When I left you this morning in the midst of confusion I did not think that even your skill and perseverance could effect such a change—could give to such furniture a respectable appearance and produce a comfortable home-like look in this back region; Georgie's room is all for show, yours for comfort!"

It was with feelings of heart-felt gratitude that Mr. Davenant seated himself in his arm-chair and began this evening to enjoy once more the comforts of home. A bright fire burned on the hearth, adding its cheerful blaze to enliven the room, while its ruddy glow fell on the happy face of the blind child rocking herself in her little chair, enjoying its pleasant warmth. Emily was busy preparing tea, and Georgina had come in from the drawing-room—having arranged her shells to her satisfaction—and seated herself on the rug before the fire, for the evening was chilly. It was a pretty home-scene, such as would have gladdened the heart of Dr. Seymour could he have glanced in upon it. He would have felt that the happiness this family now enjoyed was, as it were, his gift. They were indebted to his kindness and generosity for it. What a pity there are so few Dr. Seymours in the world! so few philanthropists like him to lighten the burden of life which presses so heavily on the masses.

"I had the pleasure of being introduced to Mrs. Seymour to-day," observed Mr. Davenant. "I met her with the doctor in Notre Dame Street."

"What kind of person is she?" inquired Georgina eagerly, while Emily's eyes asked the same question.

"She seems very agreeable, is fine-looking, too, with a pleasing countenance and courteous manner. She is, I understand, a French Canadian. She inquired when my young ladies would be prepared to receive visitors."

"Ah! she intends to call then!" was

Georgina's joyful exclamation. "I am glad of that. She will, I hope, introduce us into society." And again hope sprung up in the girl's heart. In society it was not improbable that she should meet Dr. Delamare.

"Has Dr. Seymour any family?" asked Emily.

"I think not. There was a young man with him to-day, a nephew of Mrs. Seymour's, the doctor said as he introduced him. His name is Lascelles. His father was an Englishman of good family. His mother and Mrs. Seymour were sisters. Both his parents are dead. He would be a good *parti*," added Mr. Davenant, significantly looking at Georgina.

"Is he handsome?" she asked carelessly.

"I can't say he is; he struck me as being particularly homely; he is, however, very gentlemanly."

"He will just suit Emily; you know she does not admire handsome men," observed Georgina, with something of her old playful manner.

"Well, Eugene Lascelles is plain enough to please her peculiar taste," rejoined Mr. Davenant, smiling.

"Eugene!" repeated Georgina, "what a pretty name! Does he live in Montreal?"

"No; he resides on the other side of the St. Lawrence, in the Eastern Townships, near St. John's. What a beautiful country Canada is!

I really had no idea it was so well worth seeing," Mr. Davenant continued, after a pause. "and Montreal is so romantically situated on the banks of a magnificent river, with that picturesque mountain in the background."

"It does not equal Quebec in grandeur or scenery," remarked Emily.

"I allow that, but its situation is excellent for commercial advantages; it will one day be a great city. The view from the foot of the mountain is really fine. I walked in that direction this afternoon. You see the whole city below you—that splendid French Cathedral recently built looming up proudly above the other architectural piles—the majestic St. Lawrence and the remote mountains beyond looking so blue in the distance! But I see tea is ready, and I am anxious to partake of some of the good things Emily has provided for my walk has given me an appetite."

CHAPTER V.

NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

The next day Georgina excused herself from attending to any more household duties on the plea that Mrs. Seymour might call, and she must not find her *en deuil*. Dressed in her best attire, she seated herself in the drawing-room to wait her arrival. The hours of the afternoon passed wearily away, and carriages drove past the house, but none stopped at Mr. Davenant's door. For two days—during which Georgina sat in state, irritable and impatient—she was doomed to disappointment, but on the third afternoon Dr. Seymour's handsome equipage was seen to stop before the house, and Georgina was no longer to suffer from hope deferred. Emily, always neat in her appearance, made but little alteration in her dress before she joined the visitors. The difference between the two sisters struck the doctor forcibly as he contrasted their style of dress, and confirmed him in his first impression that if Georgina was the beauty of the family, Emily was assuredly the "Angel of the household." Mrs. Seymour was a kind-hearted woman, worthy to be the wife of the benevolent physician. She seemed much pleased with Emily, but was evidently fascinated by Georgina. When she rose to receive her as she entered the room she burst upon her sight like a poetic vision. She thought she had never seen any one so radiantly beautiful. Georgina saw the impression she had made, and determined to improve it. All the evil points in her character were thrust back far out of sight, and she tried to appear very amiable to her new acquaintance. Mrs. Seymour expressed a wish that the sisters would often visit her, and offered to call next day and take them for a drive round the mountain. Georgina gladly accepted the offer, but Emily excused herself as she had yet many little duties to attend to which could not be neglected.

"What a superb girl that Georgina Davenant is!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour as she and the doctor drove from the door. "She is a perfect angel!"

"Not much of an angel, in my opinion, though she is so beautiful," drily observed her husband. "Emily is nearer akin to such celestial beings. You do not show your usual discernment, Hermine."

"Oh, I allow the eldest is a sweet, interesting creature; but Georgina is peerless! I am sorry Eugene was not with us to-day, he will certainly fall in love with her."

"He will do no such thing, or he is not the man I take him to be! Eugene has sense enough to prefer her more amiable sister."

"Well, time will show which opinion is correct. There are few men who would not be captivated by such dazzling beauty."

If Mrs. Seymour could have peeped behind the scene when her carriage drove from the door, Georgina would have lost much attraction in her eyes.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VISIT.

THE next day Mrs. Seymour called, and the two sisters were seated in her carriage for a drive round the mountain. Georgina was radiant with joy, and Emily was not less so. They had longed for this opportunity, and they were now enjoying it. The scenery was indeed beautiful, and the air was cool and refreshing. They drove for hours, and the mountains rose before them in all their glory. The sun was shining brightly, and the birds were singing merrily. It was a most delightful day, and the sisters were both in high spirits. They had not seen each other for so long, and they were both glad to be together again. The drive was very pleasant, and they were both enjoying it very much. They had not seen each other for so long, and they were both glad to be together again. The drive was very pleasant, and they were both enjoying it very much.

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