

## FORGOTTEN DAYS.

"What is the burthen of thy song,  
O! little brooklet, say?"  
I asked a tiny rivulet.  
I wandered by to-day.  
"What is the murmuring of thy voice,  
Or of thy gentle lay?"  
A tale forgotten as 'twas told.  
Faded with yesterday?  
Couldst thou not dye some painter's brush  
With all thy golden sheen?  
Or furnish some poor simple bard  
With an all glorious theme?  
Nay! tell me not that now a thought  
Of old romance is vain,  
Awake the lays of by-gone days,  
And sing them once again.  
Call on the hills, the trees, the skies,  
The sun's imperial glow,  
To paint again the magic scenes  
Of many years ago!  
Awake, again, the noble lays,  
Nor let forgotten be,  
The good old days of fame renowned,  
Heroic chivalry!  
Perhaps, e'en here, where now I stand,  
Some Roman Chieftain strayed,  
Or e'en some rude phalanx drew up  
In iron force arrayed.  
Some Roman camp, or tent been pitched  
Here on this very lea,  
Or some inglorious skirmish fought  
Unknown to history.  
Yea, perhaps, e'en from thy crystal fount  
Some dying warrior drank,  
As on the bloody field of war  
In agony he sank.  
Or, perhaps, some fair-haired Saxon came  
To meet his maiden here,  
Or plucked some pale forget-me-not  
To give unto his dear.  
A maiden, with a blithesome step,  
And with a bosom fair,  
A maiden with a rosy cheek  
And coils of silken hair.  
She comes! she comes! to meet her love,  
With joy she cannot speak,  
But, the only welcome she needs give,  
Is painted on her cheek.  
She comes! she comes! with downcast eyes,  
To this enchanting scene;  
He stretches out his willing hand  
To guide her o'er the stream.

The golden gleams of sunshine kiss  
This lonely valley wide,  
And strangely peaceful seems it from  
The busy world outside,  
Save for the distant crows of  
The black crows shrilly cry,  
And the young birds sweetly twittering,  
And the streamlet rushing by.

[These lines, furnished us by a leading citizen, are the composition of a girl just entering her teens, and, as such, are worthy of much praise.—ED. CAN. ILL. NEWS.]

## BENEATH THE WAVE

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Miner's Oath," "Annabel's Rival," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER XX.

AMONG TYPE.

Hayward went down to Southampton Buildings on the following morning at ten o'clock, and saw Mr. Newcome. It was a dismal morning, and it seemed a dismal place. It was in one of the smaller streets near Covent Garden Market that the printing offices of Messrs. Salkeld and Newcome were situated, and here (after climbing up the dark, dusty staircase) he was ushered into Mr. Newcome's presence.

Mr. Newcome looked sourer than ever. He was sitting correcting proofs at his desk, and his brown, curly, wig-like hair was rough, and his face was flushed, and he had a pen thrust, as it were, indignantly behind his ear.

"Oh, it's you," he said, looking up as Hayward appeared. "Well, so you think you can do this sort of stuff, do you?" And he dashed his hand down expressively on part of the proof before him as he spoke.

"If you give me a chance I will try," answered Hayward, with a smile.

"It's nothing to smile about I can tell you," continued Mr. Newcome, pettishly. "Why people write such stuff—why women who ought to be engaged making puddings—anything useful—waste ink and paper as they do, I cannot conceive!" And Mr. Newcome once more dashed his hand indignantly down on the proofs.

"Well, it's not all stuff," said Hayward.

"Well, not all," unwillingly admitted Mr. Newcome. "But it's no use talking of it," he added. "I want a man to take my place for a time. Do you think you can do it?" And then with both shrewdness and cleverness he explained what he wanted to Hayward. As he went on, he saw he had got hold of the right man. Hayward had a clever face, and a clear head. He understood at once what Mr. Newcome wished to convey.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I think I can do it," after Mr. Newcome had finished his explanations.

"Then begin to-morrow," said Mr. Newcome; and thus Hayward became "reader" in the printing establishment of Messrs. Salkeld and Newcome.

It was not, as Mr. Newcome had told him a very interesting or instructive employment: The firm printed novels almost exclusively, and so from morning until night Hayward was immersed in a world of fiction. Oh, the involved sentences he had to wade through before he came to the happy or miserable

dénouement of many plots! Lost often, both author and "reader" apparently became, in mazes and entanglements which seemed to have no end. But, on the other hand, fresh and bright there came to him sometimes glimpses of fresh, bright minds. The men and women who but lived on paper grew realities to him, and he seemed to pass through scenes pictured by subtle pens.

Mr. Newcome had no imagination, therefore imaginative works had no attraction for him. Hayward, on the contrary, read with eagerness the writings of those who could pourtray what he felt. Once with grim amusement Mr. Newcome stood unseen a few minutes behind his new "reader," watching him sitting literally wrapt in some proofs lying before him. Hayward's soul was not in the dull, dusty office. It had passed away from beneath the leaden November sky above; from the roar and din of traffic around him. He was following the temptations of another man's heart. He was standing on the seashore and hearing the waves, whose cadence broke at the spell of the writer's words. Newcome, sour and practical, looked with astonishment at the expression of Hayward's face. Then he gave him a sharp tap on the shoulder, and at his touch the dusty office, the dreary sky, the din around, came back to the "reader's" mind.

"You don't say you can really interest yourself now in such bosh?" asked Newcome.

"This is not bosh, sir," answered Hayward, with kindling eyes, laying his hands on the proofs before him. "I would give all my life to be able to make men and women live as this man does."

"It's just a trick," answered the cold, practical printer.

"A trick of the hand, perhaps," said Hayward, "which draws the pictures that the soul has seen. These men and women," he went on, again touching the proofs, "that now live for us, have lived for their creator. The passions that he makes them feel, he has felt; their struggle, their disappointments must all have passed through the writer's heart!"

"Pity him then," pitifully observed Newcome, shrugging his shoulders.

"Oh! no sir!" said Hayward with enthusiasm. "How can we pity one who must have such inward consciousness of power? Who can look in a man's face and weigh him justly in a balance, who sees so far beyond what we see, that the very thoughts of those around him flow from his subtle pen?"

"Don't believe it," said Newcome. "D'ye tell me now that one of these writer fellows—aye, the best of them—could look at me, and tell what was passing in my mind?"

Hayward wisely only laughed in answer to this question. Mr. Newcome believed himself to be a very clever man, who had not met with his deserts. He viewed his neighbours through what he thought were calm, sarcastic, but very superior spectacles. He saw the follies of mankind, and alas, poor man! forgot his own. He was sour, bad-tempered, and not very grateful. For instance, he felt no gratitude to his brother-in-law, Moxam, for lending him two thousand pounds, yet that two thousand pounds had undoubtedly saved him from bankruptcy. But on the other hand, he was a shrewd and, in some ways, certainly a clever man. But it was a hard, uninteresting, self-satisfied cleverness. His mind was not big enough to see how little he was, for humility belongs to higher and clearer perceptions than his were. He could not understand Hayward's enthusiasm, therefore, but Hayward could understand him. The shrewd, narrow mind lay open to his "reader's" large, unsatisfied, self-condemning soul.

Yet they got on fairly well together. Hayward was industrious, steady, and attentive, and Mr. Newcome fully appreciated all these qualities. His brother-in-law Moxam asked him how the young man was getting on, and was so well pleased with the answer, that he commanded his "Maria" to write and ask the "young feller" again to dinner.

"I don't forget he's my nephew-in-law, any more than I did not forget Newcome is my brother-in-law when I lent him that two thousand pounds, Maria," he said, upon Mrs. Moxam making some slight objection to his proposal, and after this hint (as he called it) "Maria" complied with her husband's request.

Thus Hayward received a second invitation to Florentia Villa, and did not enjoy his second visit there any more than his first. His eldest drab-tinted cousin was distantly civil, but the younger one, Ellen, was a little kinder. Still, though Hayward was so good-looking, she was afraid to be very friendly. These young women had been brought up with the idea that all poor people are better avoided. Mr. Moxam, senior, gave you the impression that he was always mentally buttoning his breeches pocket, at the sight of anyone who wanted anything. Mr. Moxam, junior, never "threw away money," as he called it, on anything but his own gratification. Charity of any sort he called "lost money." Thus he regarded Hayward with suspicion. He was afraid "the feller" would upon some excuse or other turn round and endeavour to borrow five pounds of him. Not that young Mr. Moxam was not quite capable of guarding his own purse. He could do this, and was as acute in pecuniary transactions as any young man of his own stamp in England.

"How's your mother?" asked Mr. Moxam, senior, during this second visit, shortly after his nephew's arrival at Florentia Villa.

"She's just about the same," answered Hayward, in his grave, sweet-toned voice. "The

doctor says that during the last few days he sees no change."

"Humph!" said Mr. Moxam, pulling at his thick gold watch chain. "Maria," he continued, with a sudden burst of generosity, for the memory of his first young wife, and her girl sister, for a moment again came back to him, "isn't there any kitchen stuff—mutton-broth or the like—you could send Mrs. Hayward—and a few grapes?"

"I will see about it," answered the second Mrs. Moxam, repressively. And, accordingly, a few days afterwards two small tin cases of soup and some foreign grapes were left at Mrs. Hayward's lodgings; Mrs. Moxam thinking that she thus fulfilled every duty of Christian kindness to her husband's dying sister-in-law.

It seemed like passing into another world to Hayward when he reached the small, but cheerful, rooms at Chelsea, where his mother rived, after this second dreary visit to the Moxams. With his mother he found Horace Jervis. The evening service at his church was over, and he had come to sit an hour with his dying friend. Everything in the room had such a peaceful look as Hayward entered it. The sick woman was lying back in an easy chair by the fire, and she had now comforts, nay even luxuries, around her. A bouquet that Hayward had brought her from Covent Garden, splendid grapes that Jervis's generous hand had supplied. The poor lady, who had pinched and half-starved herself so that she might return to her son some of his hard earnings, was now supported by wine and everything she could take. Thus the breath of life within her, which had flickered so very low, had gained a temporary strength. Mrs. Hayward looked much better than she had done when her son had come back to her. True, the deadly disease had too firm a hold upon her frail frame to leave it, but the comforts that she now possessed naturally soothed and supported her.

"We have been talking of you, my dear," she said, as Hayward approached.

"Have you?" he answered, and he kissed her cheek.

"And how have you enjoyed yourself, Phil?" asked Mrs. Hayward, fondly.

"You know the Moxams, mother," said Hayward, "that is a sufficient answer;" and he sat down with a wearied sigh, putting his hand over his face to screen it from the fire.

It was a simple action, but the way he did it told so much. He was tired and disheartened. Struggle as he might with his feelings, he could not throw off the blight that had fallen upon him. It had spoiled his life. He might do his duty, was doing it, but the hopeful future, natural to his years, was now not for him. Both his mother and Mr. Jervis heard his sigh; both his mother and Mr. Jervis knew he was unhappy.

"Each time I see her—pardon me, Hayward—but I was telling your mother when you came in about a poor parishioner of mine—" presently said Mr. Jervis. "Each time Mrs. Hayward, I assure you, that I see her, it seems to be like a renewal of the promise, 'and their last days shall be peace.'"

"And she seems so happy?" asked Mrs. Hayward in a low tone.

"More than happy," answered the curate, "she is radiant, and full of joy. Lying there chained to her bed by a terrible disease, she knows her release is close at hand, and that each pang she feels brings her nearer to eternal rest."

"Does she talk of her death much?" said Mrs. Hayward.

"Not as death," replied Mr. Jervis, "but as the entrance gate to heaven. Her journey through the dark valley is nearly done."

As Mr. Jervis said this, his face coloured and his eyes lit. Hayward, sitting in the shade watching him, began to think. What a blessed thing this faith must be! This strength which carried up above disappointment, disease and death. He had set his affections on an earthly idol, and when it was shattered his life seemed done. But these servants of God, his mother and Mr. Jervis, were full of hope. They accepted their earthly troubles meekly, looking steadily all the while beyond.

"It is well that some people can find comfort even in their darkest hours," said Hayward, half bitterly, half sadly, after a few minutes' reflection.

"Comfort!" repeated Jervis, "comfort, indeed! Hayward, come with me some day and see this woman of whom I have been speaking! Looking at her from a worldly point of view, every misery is hers; looking at her from a higher and heavenly one, she is more to be envied than the richest and fairest woman in this land."

"And you go to see her? You talk to her?" asked Hayward.

"I go to see her, and I talk to her," replied the curate, "and each time that I do so, I come away strengthened and impressed. Humbly, indeed, I ask that my end may be like hers."

Hayward did not speak, but he got up and began pacing the little room restlessly. What would he give to feel like this, he was thinking. Marvellous faith that triumphed over all earthly ills; that shone brightest and clearest amid what unsustained mortality shuddered at!

"Come and see her, Hayward," again urged Mr. Jervis. "Let her teach you a lesson."

"Indeed I need one," answered Hayward. And then after a few more words the curate went away, not, however before he had fixed a time when he would take Hayward to see his dying parishioner.

## CHAPTER XXI.

A CHANGE.

It was dreary weather. A chill, cold, wet November; and very dreary it often seemed to Philip Hayward. Every day he went down to Mr. Newcome's office, and every day sat correcting and revising proofs. Sometimes, as I have said before, bright little bits came to him; sometimes he forgot Mr. Newcome; forgot Isabel Trevor; forgot to be wearied and tired of everything; but it was very seldom. For the most part his work was monotonous and fatiguing. He, however, gave satisfaction to his employer, for Mr. Newcome was shrewd enough always to recognise ability.

Thus things went on. Hayward heard once or twice from Sandra; heard from the kindly parson who, after communing with himself on the subject, thought it best to tell the news of Miss Trevor's approaching marriage to his late tutor. Hayward read the words, and though they contained no news, they seemed to fall like a blow upon his heart. The November sky seemed to be drearier to him that day than it had ever seemed before, the air closer and more oppressive. He had been trying to become reconciled to his lot. He had gone with his friend the curate to see those who made him blush for himself. But after he had read the Rev. Matthew's letter, all the old pain and bitterness came back. He did not care to live, he told himself. He was weary, tired, and utterly disheartened with everything.

But, by and bye, he began to think of his mother. The thick foggy weather was very trying to Mrs. Hayward, and she had suffered much during the last few days. The doctor had told Hayward that London air was very bad for her at this season, and that she would breathe better in a clearer atmosphere. How often these things are said to the poor, and how often listened to with inward groans! It was indeed all Hayward could do, with his scanty salary, to provide her comforts and necessities where she was. So he could only watch her panting breath; only wipe the dew from her pale brow as she used to sink back exhausted. He had no means to take her away from the penetrating mists; from the damp, chill air that crept almost like a poison around her.

One night she was very, very ill. It was the night of the day that Hayward had heard from the Rev. Matthew of Miss Trevor's approaching marriage. Hayward had returned to their lodgings, feeling wretchedly miserable and out of sorts. It was a wet, dismal evening when he went in. Mrs. Hayward saw at once that he was greatly upset, and though he tried to hide his feelings when he met his mother's anxious gaze, he was conscious that he could not entirely do so.

During the night Mrs. Hayward became very ill. She could not breathe, and lay back in her chair struggling and panting. Hayward at once despatched a messenger for the doctor who usually attended her, and by and by he was able temporarily to relieve her. "But she should not be in town at this season," he said. "You should get her away, Mr. Hayward."

"But how?" thought Hayward bitterly, as he sat and watched her after the doctor was gone. He could not leave his employment. He could not afford the money that even the briefest change was sure to cost.

The next few days were very miserable ones. The weather was dark and gloomy in the extreme, and it painfully affected Mrs. Hayward. So dreadful, indeed, did it become to Hayward to see her suffer that he almost made up his mind to try to borrow the money of his uncle, Mr. Moxam, to take her away. Yet how approach the rude old man on such an errand? how endure the vulgar insolence of the son?

All one day, as he sat in the office, wading through the very prosy adventures of a heroine who seemed bent on making her own misery, he was thinking of the same thing. Then, just as it was getting dusk, and as the heroine was getting more and more self-sacrificing (though there was no reason for it), Mr. Newcome came into the room where Hayward was, and went straight up to his desk, holding a card in his hand.

"That fool Thompson" (Thompson was the porter of the establishment) said Mr. Newcome very grimly, "thought I suppose that anybody coming here in a carriage must be coming to see me, and therefore he brought me this card." And Mr. Newcome threw the card as he spoke on the desk before Hayward.

Hayward glanced at it, and his face suddenly flushed, and then grew pale.

"Humph," said Mr. Newcome, noting with his small shrewd eyes, brown eyes, these signs of emotion. "So you know this Sir George Hamilton, do you? Well, he's waiting outside in his carriage to see you. Of course when I got the card I went down quick enough, thinking some fool of a swell was wanting a pack of his precious nonsense printed, or something of that sort. But I soon found that that ass Thompson had made a fool of me. This Sir George Hamilton in fact let me know at once that he had come to see you, and wanted no one else in the establishment."

"I—I knew him when I was in the North," faltered Hayward.

"Well, he seems no end of a swell, anyhow," said Newcome. "But you had better go down to him. He's waiting in his carriage outside."

Then Hayward rose, and slowly went down the dusty, narrow staircase which led to the street door of the office.

At the door a tall footman was standing, and drawn up near to it was a carriage, leaning out