

LEGEND OF THE PASSION FLOWER.

FROM THE STATION.

And shadows melt beneath the smiling

And day's last blush fell upon her

No busy insect hum through the air;

Only the soft flow of sea-wind streams

Along the grassy verge of the dunes.

Where these long low dunes of red sand

A maiden stood, and watched the twilight

The distant sea, and when the golden

Voices of the waves, she heard, as though

The silvery sound of bells was sweetly

Then on the breath of evening fell the

That angel-like voice could bear to earth;

And she who whispered them so soft and

A girl in years, woman in mind and

Even then, the perfume of the sea past

Faded for ever, when half woman, half

The Angel's greeting came to her; much

The one who knelt in that fair Spanish

And knew not through the vines there

Keen eyes of cruel love—while listening

Had caught the words that sealed her hap-

A Jewish maiden's doom for Christian

She rose and gazed far o'er the roughen-

What made her look around? Was repit-

That she should feel her warm blood

Cold-golden,

Yet rich from heart to heart? Repit-

In human form, had tracked the maiden

"What right had thou to dog my

And all the proud scorn of her face flashed

"Thou art a follower of the hated

A moment's silence—then a struggle—

Down to the sea the swift stream bore.

Midnight within a ruined Moorish fort,

Midnight within a vault lit by a single

Shen man with glowing brows and cruel

Gaze at the maiden in their midst; no

Of kindly men or here herself more firm,

Or drew more human wrath and hatred

More beautiful beneath the faint light

Grew face and form outlined upon the wall

The room of men, the hate of kindred—

That night have loved strong men, she

And when their vengeance filled the cup

That she must drink for love's sake of him

Whom Love had for her heart, she bent

And answered not.

Without the storm raged fiercely—light-

And with the roar of thunder mingled

Adown the valley dashed and leapt the

In the city thoughtful men said, "We

Our vines and olives, and our orange

Bear unharmed so wild a tempest's wrath."

"Whence came this lovely flower?"

It hung where tangled vines hung years

Before a ruined altar. "From Africa's

Did surely bring and plant it here."

"No," said a Jew, "it came from the

Who once had worn the Moorish chain."

In their domain, but never saw a flower

Like this."

"No more," another said, "thus placed

They thought it no place for plant like

To waste its beauty in, to a garden far

They sought to take it home, and heard

When lo! they sprang from transept

And he who once had been a slave in

Said, reverently, "They crucified the

—London Month.

THE BRIDE OF THE BRIDGE.

BY JACOB BYRN.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

He knew further that Ina indulged

In what he styled "high-souled but far-

fetched ideas." Now he had comprehended

much, and his heart was full of the

girl who was the daughter of love

lowering on his lips, and had stopped

it through a quivering smile to his

beauties and a mistle of

honor to Gibraltar.

They say that love is blind; who can

deny that on the other hand it can be

very quick at discerning.

Douglas had followed the girl's

spirit of self-will, and though he

did not approve, he admired her all the

more for it, and his pulses beat more

quickly at the revelation he had made.

This was why she had given to look

so unflinching and so white, she was

letting the life be slowly crushed out

of her, and by no sign betrayed what

she endured for him. He had not deceived

himself—she did not love Victor; she

had loved him (Douglas) once. Might

she not love him again?

"Poor little darling," he murmured

compassionately, gazing on the slight

little figure beside him; "how she

thinks a hundred Mrs. Marjorie shall

keep us quiet if we love one another!"

"Do you think gratitude such a grand

motive that I am in duty bound to

all chance of happiness in gratitude to

my aunt?"

The deep penetrating eyes searched

her; the full vibrating tones demanded

a truthful reply.

"Yes, it is your duty," she said

sincerely; "and duty brings its own

reward."

"As compelled by your own," he re-

plied calmly, "the very depth

of his love made her read, "It must

be a mixture of duty that when you

are so ready to be a shadow. You

have undertaken something beyond

your strength," Miss Chetwynde, led

her hands, "and she will have to

suffer for your sake, too. You

cannot look at me in the face and say

honestly, 'I love Victor St. Ruth as a

man ought to love her husband?'

"I can look you in the face and say

honestly that I hate you, Douglas

Barber," she exclaimed passionately,

glowering from head to foot. "I know

my duty, and with God's help, not even

you shall prevent me from performing it."

"You think you know your duty,"

he said in a tone of quiet conviction,

"and I have not the slightest doubt

that you will fulfill it. But let me ask

you this question: What right have

you to dispose of other people's lives?

Can you expect all to steel their hearts

to feeling as you do, and prefer an at-

mosphere of cold, rigid heartlessness?

You wish me to marry Claribel, neither

of us carrying one atom for each other,

and you want from me the one hap-

piness of life, for which nothing can

compensate. You take a great re-

sponsibility on yourself, Miss Chet-

wynde."

"Look at the other side," she began,

narrowly. "It would be a strange re-

turn for Lady Marjorie's hospitality."

"You could have loved me—you did love me once,

Ina, deny it if you can."

"He was fast losing all self-control;

his face was white with passion and

pain. In his impotent, over-mastering

love he looked little of the fresh world

each word inflicted on Ina's heart."

"She was perfectly calm and still; his

rapid outpouring had the strange effect

of quieting her every nerve. As he

continued in a vehement torrent to

urge, to reproach, to compel, to compel

the steady listening in cold desperation,

thinking:

"Victor would not have behaved so

generously; his love would have

moved him to spare me pain."

Yet so strange, so perverse is woman,

she yielded towards the selfish, strong

man, rebelling fiercely against the in-

ferable, and morose, and gloomy, who

alone must never try to comfort him,

never seek to soothe his pain. The

concomitant anguish in her colorless

face at last smote him with a keen sen-

sation of remorse."

"I beg your pardon," he said humbly,

and humility from him seemed un-

natural; "my words but hurt you

more. You do not look strong enough

to bear more of my explanations, and

though you do not hesitate to inflict it

when you think fit."

He looked at her with a curious

blending of mortified pride and tender

compassion. He could not merge his

ego in his love for her. Indeed, most

love is vastly composed of self, and

seldom rises to the sublimity of immolation

of self at the altar of duty. Ina

in honor of the object beloved."

"Mr. Barber," Ina said, in tones

clearly cold, each syllable expressing a

quiver of scorn, "I despise you for

what you have said to me to-night."

From henceforth we are strangers.

Bygone must be bygones, and the past

must irrevocably be past. I can

allow you to resume any acquaintance

which you may wish to maintain, but

Victor's noble trust in me shall never

be forgotten by him. You have shown

me to-night how greatly I prize his

esteem, and how much I feel honored

by his love."

She moved away as she finished

speaking, and he made no attempt to

follow her. He remained absorbed in

a gloomy reverie, noting not the time

the sun was over, feeling room-

moned, but he did not emerge from

his seclusion till he suddenly became

aware of a commotion in the room—

one who had fainted.

Thinking he might be of use, Doug-

las advanced into the room to find

Victor lying back on the couch with

closed eyes, face and lips of a deathly

pale. As Douglas approached he un-

closed his eyes and tried to smile.

"It is nothing," he said, putting his

hand to his side; "the exertion has

been too much for me, that is all. I

have often had this feeling before; it

will pass off. No one must alarm my

mother."

Lady Marjorie was urgent that he

should remain all night, but he would

not rest without his mother's bless-

ing."

As he took to his carriage and

driven to his room, and seemed anxious

to reach home with no further delay.

A friend of his, a young doctor, was for-

tunately present, and insisted on ac-

companying him to the Priory.

"And Ina, where is Ina?" inquired

Lady Marjorie, looking around. "Let

somebody go and tell her."

A convulsive movement passed over

the sufferer's face.

"She took to her room an hour ago,"

somebody said, "and has not been seen

since."

"Please do not disturb her," he said,

entreatingly; "she was dreadfully tired,

poor child. I could not bear to

have her rest broken. She will know

all quite soon enough."

No more was said, and the carriage

being announced, Victor had said to

his friends and departed.

"That poor boy is not long for this

earth," remarked Lady Marjorie to her

nephew, when he bade him good-night,

"there was death in his face to-night."

Not one did Ina close her eyes in

sleep that night. Her agitation was so

excessive that she paced up and down

the room, backward and forward, the

whole night through.

"Give me the strength to do it," she

repeated over and over again. "It is

exactly living such a life of mine. I

will tell him everything; I will show

myself on his mercy and show him how

wretchedly weak I am, how wicked I

have been; I will confess nothing from

him; I will forgive him for his own

sake to release me, then I will go and

live myself somewhere far, far from

him."

That night she never forgot as long

as she lived. She was thinking in

every nerve; she was trembling in

every limb; her pulse was fluttering

wildly; her hands were quivering

with intense nervous pain. During

these dark, dreary hours every thought

of her father's mind was revealed to

her, and she saw the

struggles of his conflict in proposing

to marry one man while she loved an-

other, with a daughter's really which

aroused her unsparring self-love. She

hesitated not to probe her wound to its

very depths, and strove, though yet in

vain, to draw the wounding arrow from

the bleeding heart.

She never would have married Doug-

las if there had been no Victor St.

Ruth; this she said to herself many

times; twisting the thick gold ring

which was so heavy for the slender

finger.

She took the picture that Victor had

given her, and by the piercing light

of her eyes she saw the features of the

obscure features of the sleep-walker that

the face became distinct, and she traced

every line of a form she loved so well.

With a gasp of horror she put it away.

"Can I ever forget?" she moaned; "Can

I ever be forgiven?"

She sorrowed for Douglas's sorrow.

With a woman's terrible devotion she

saw his heart no pang, but went over

step by step every gradation of anguish

which his hot, his languid spirit would

have to undergo before he forgot, "as

all men forget," she said bitterly to

herself. Yet she forgave him lavishly

for all he had made her suffer, and

loyally would have borne his burden

for him, if by so doing she could

have made his path easier to tread.

As the storm of passion went itself

away, her thoughts became more con-

sistent, and her mind was again able

to grasp and retain ideas.

She had seen