SEA DREAMS.

The water sob, the water moan
Its tale, unless I grossly err,
I walk near many beautiful shore,
A stranger, yet at home—
A land of dreams I roam;

In this the wind, the soft sea-wind
That stirred the locks of brown
Are them the rocks whose crowns they
The toil of thy light gown
Where now and gill sea-dreary

I see the gray forts broken wall,
The boats that rock below;
And, out at sea, the passing sail
We saw so long ago,
Remembered in Andersen's glow.

The freshness of the early time
On every breeze is blown;
As glad the sea, as blue the sky—
The change is not a sister;
The sadness is my own!

A stranger now, a world worn-man
Is he who leans on thee;
But then, methinks, whose mortal life,
Immortal youth seems,
Art evermore the same.

There art not here, then art not there,
The place I cannot say;
I only know that where thou art
The blessed spirits be,
And heaven is glad for thee.

Forgive me, I did not forget
Love left on me their sight;
Yet out, O soul so beautiful,
The many claims of mine
To share of love divine!

Oh, turn to me that dearest face
Of all thy sea born loves,
The wisdom I see of my ope,
Sky loses hair rippling down
Its waves of golden brown!

Look forth once more through space and time,
And let thy sweet face be
A tenderness of grace and form
On memory's funeral wall.
A shadow, and a name.

Draw near, more near, thlower dear!
Wherever I am, I am
Or in the crowded city streets,
Or by the lovely sea-land,
The thought of thee is home!

—John G. Whittier, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON.

CHAPTER XIII.

"MY LOVE, MY LOVE, AND NO LOVE FOR ME."

Justina was looking before an old easy-chair, her face buried in the faded chintz cushion, sobbing vehemently—curiously changed from the silent, impassible being Humphrey had taken leave of ten minutes earlier. Not a trace of her sorrow touched him. Whatever it meant, this was real grief, at any rate.

"Forgive me for this intrusion, Miss Elcomb," he said, gently, remaining near the door lest he should startle her by his abrupt approach. "I am very anxious to talk to you alone, and ventured to return."

She stood up, hurriedly wiping away her tears.

"I am sorry to see you in such deep grief," he said. "You must have a tender heart, to feel my poor friend's fate so acutely."

The hand she extended, as if this had been a reproof.

"I have no right to be sorry, I dare say," faltered Justina; "but he was very kind to me—kinder than any one ever was before—and it is hard that he should be taken away so cruelly, just when life seemed to be all new and different because of his goodness."

"Poor child! You must have a grateful nature."

"I am grateful to him."

"I can understand that just at first you may feel his death as if it were a personal loss, but that cannot last long. You had known him so short a time. Granted that he admired you, and paid you pretty compliments and attentions which may be new to you, I suppose: if he had lived to bid you good-bye to-morrow, and pass on his way, you would hardly have remembered him a week."

"I should have remembered him all my life," said Justina firmly.

"He had made a deep impression upon your mind or your fancy, then, in those two days?"

"He loved me," the girl answered, with a little burst of passion, "and I gave him back love for love with all my heart, with all my strength, as they tell us we ought to love God. Why do you come here to torment me about him? You can not bring him back to life. God will not. I would spend all my life upon my knees if he could be raised up again like Lazarus! I meant never to have spoken of this. I kept it even from my father. He told me that he loved me, and that I was to be his wife, and that all our lives to come were to be spent together. Think what it is to have been so happy, and to have lost all."

"Poor child!" repeated Humphrey Clissold, laying his hand gently, as gently as her father have laid it, on the soft brown hair, thrust back in a tangled confusion from her brow. "Poor children—children both! It would have been a foolish marriage at best, my dear girl, if he had lived and kept to the same mind, poor fellow! Unequal marriages bring remorse and misery for the most part. James Pawsyn was not a fellow to make a happy life by, whatever his disadvantages. He was the owner of a rich estate, and the hope of some of his fathers, dating on the ladder in splendid marriage. Sir Guy Pawsyn had been constantly before the war his wife. She knew that he would have had her even less to refer to something to boast of on her own side, so that when their children grew up they would be able to give a satisfactory account of their maternal uncles and aunts. I dare say you think me worldly-minded, poor child; but I am only worldly-wise. It is were a question of personal merit, you might have made a happier wife."

The girl heard this long speech with an absent air, the tearful eyes fixed on vacancy, the restless hands clasped tightly, as if she would fain have restrained her grief by that momentary grip.

"I don't know whether it was wise or foolish," she said, "but I know we loved each other."

"I loved him too, Justina," said Humphrey, raising her drooping head with gentleness—she was not the kind of person to be cuffed Miss Elcomb—"as well as one man can love another. I take his death quite enough, you see, but I would give ten years of my life to find his murderer."

"I would give all my life," said Justina, with a look that made him think she would verily have done it.

"You know nothing more than you told us the inquest, this afternoon? Nothing that could throw any light upon his death?"

"Nothing. You ought to know much more about it than I do."

"How so?"

"You know all that went before that time—his circumstances, his associates. I have lain awake thinking of this thing from night to morning, and I believe that every idea that could be thought about it has come into my head. There must have been some motive for his murder.

"The motive seems obvious enough—highway robbery."

"Yet his watch was found in the ditch."

"His murderer may naturally have feared to take anything likely to lead to detection. His money was taken.

"Yes. It may have been for that. Yet it seems strange that he should have been chosen out of so many—that he should have been the only victim—murdered for the sake of a few pounds."

"Unhappily, sordid as the motive is, that is a common thing in murder," replied Humphrey.

"But might not some one have a stronger motive than that?"

"I can imagine none. James never in his life made an enemy."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"As sure as I can be of any thing about a young man whom I knew as well as if he had been my brother," replied Humphrey, speaking in the girl's calm clear tones. At this moment she seemed older than her years—his equal, or more than his equal, in shrewdness and judgment.

"Is there any one who would be a gainer by his death?"

"Naturally. The next heir to the Pawsyn estate is a very considerable gainer. For his sake I hope that death means the difference between a hard-working life like mine and a spirited life like yours."

"Could he have anything to do with the crime?"

"Ha! Churchill Pawsyn? Well, no; it would be about as hard to suspect him as it was to suspect poor Clissold. Pawsyn is a gentleman, and, I conclude, a man of honour. His conduct toward me to-day showed him a man of kind feelings."

"No. I suppose gentlemen do not commit such crimes," mused Justina; "and, as I said, never know who killed him. That seems hardest of all. That bright young life taken, and the person who took it left to go free."

Tears fell from her eyes as she turned away from Humphrey Clissold, ashamed of her grief—tears which should have been shed in secret; but which she could not keep back when she thought of her young lover's doom.

Clissold tried to soothe her, assured her of his friendship—his help, should she ever need it.

"I shall always be interested in you," he said. "I shall think of you as my little Sister Justina. I have had two sisters, and foolish Byronic fictations before, but I have reason to know that he never cared for other woman to be his wife; and he was the staunch and true to make such an offer noble in simplicity."

Justina gave him a grateful look. It was the first trust he had seen her face light up with any thing like pleasure that day.

"You do believe that he loved me, then?" she exclaimed eagerly. "It was not all my own foolish dream. He was not"—the next words came slowly, as if it hurt her to speak of them—"he was not in love with himself at my expense?"

"I have no doubt of his truth. I never knew him tell a lie. I do not say that his fancy would have lasted; it may have been too ardent, too sudden, to stand wear and tear. But, be assured, for the moment he was true—would have wrecked his life, perhaps, to keep faith to the love of a day."

This time the girl looked at him angrily.

"Why do you tell me he must have changed if that had proved him?" she asked.

"Why do you find it so hard to imagine that a man may have poison loving me? Am I so degraded a creature, in your eyes?"

"I am quite ready to believe that you are a very upright Christian man," Humphrey "worthy a better lover than my poor friend. But you are—Miss Elcomb, of the Theatre Royal, Blackham, and he was Squire Pawsyn of Pawsyn. Time would not have changed that too hard for him to have shared his way of looking at them."

"Don't tell me that he would have changed," she cried passionately. "Let me think that I have lost all—love, happiness, honour, wealth—all that my woman's pride hoped to win. It can not add to my grief for him. It would not take away from my love for him, only to know that he was false, and would have grown tired of me. Those two days were the only happy days of my my life. They will dwell in my mind for ever, a changeless memory. I shall never see the sunshine without thinking how it shone upon us two on Blackham sea-shore. I shall never see the moonlight without remembering how we two sat side by side watching the willow branches dipping into the river."

A childish love, thought Humphrey—a young heart's first fancy, a fabric that would wear out in a month or two.

"Happy days will come again," he said, gently. "You will go on acting, and succeed in your profession. You are just the kind of girl to whom genius will come in flash, like inspiration. You will succeed and be famous beyond-by, and look back with a sad, pitying smile at James Pawsyn's love, and say to yourself, with a half-regretful sigh, 'That was youth!' You will be loved some day by a man who will prove to you that true love is not the growth of a few summer hours.

"I should like to be famous some day," the girl answered, proudly, "just to show you that I might have been worthy of your friend's love."

"I fear I have offended you by my plain speaking, Miss Elcomb—a thoughtless practipsey; "but if ever you need a friend, and will honour me with your confidence, you shall find me unworthy of your trust.

"I have not a very important position in the world, but I am a gentleman of birth and education, and not wanting in some of those accomplishments which are valuable to a woman in the world of life—such as patience and perseverance, industry and strength of purpose. I have some literature for my profession—for that calling gives me the privilege of which I to lead, intuitive and tolerant. My income is happily just large enough to make me independent of earning, so that I am afford to write as the fancy prompts—without cutting my coat according to any other man's cloth. If ever you need such a helper as in London, Miss Elcomb, and inclined to test my sincerity, you may find me at this address."

He gave Justina his card—

Mr. Humphrey Clissold,
Hogarth Square,
Bloomsbury.

"Not a fashionable locality by any means," he said, "but central, and near the British Museum, where I generally spend my mornings when I am in London.

Justina took the card listlessly enough, not as if she had any intention of taxing Mr. Clissold's friendship in the future. He saw now for her thoughts were from him, and from all common things. She rose with a startled look as the cathedral clock chimed the three quarters after seven.

"I shall be late for the piece!" she exclaimed, with dismay. "I and I gave him back love for love with all my heart, with all my strength, as they tell us we ought to love God. Why do you come here to torment me about him? You can not bring him back to life. God will not. I would spend all my life upon my knees if he could be raised up again like Lazarus! I meant never to have spoken of this. I kept it even from my father. He told me that he loved me, and that I was to be his wife, and that all our lives to come were to be spent together. Think what it is to have been so happy, and to have lost all."

"Poor child!" repeated Humphrey Clissold, laying his hand gently, as gently as her father have laid it, on the soft brown hair, thrust back in a tangled confusion from her brow. "Poor children—children both! It would have been a foolish marriage at best, my dear girl, if he had lived and kept to the same mind, poor fellow! Unequal marriages bring remorse and misery for the most part. James Pawsyn was not a fellow to make a happy life by, whatever his disadvantages. He was the owner of a rich estate, and the hope of some of his fathers, dating on the ladder in splendid marriage. Sir Guy Pawsyn had been constantly before the war his wife. She knew that he would have had her even less to refer to something to boast of on her own side, so that when their children grew up they would be able to give a satisfactory account of their maternal uncles and aunts. I dare say you think me worldly-minded, poor child; but I am only worldly-wise. If it were a question of personal merit, you might have made a happier wife."

The girl heard this long speech with an absent air, the tearful eyes fixed on vacancy, the restless hands clasped tightly, as if she would fain have restrained her grief by that momentary grip.

"I don't know whether it was wise or foolish," she said, "but I know we loved each other."

"I loved him too, Justina," said Humphrey, raising her drooping head with gentleness—she was not the kind of person to be cuffed Miss Elcomb—"as well as one man can love another. I take his death quite enough, you see, but I would give ten years of my life to find his murderer."

"I would give all my life," said Justina, with a look that made him think she would verily have done it.

"You know nothing more than you told the inquest, this afternoon? Nothing that could throw any light upon his death."

"Nothing. You ought to know much more about him than I do."

"How so?"

"You know all that went before that time—his circumstances, his associates. I have lain awake thinking of this thing from night to morning, and I believe that every idea that could be thought about it has come into my head. There must have been some motive for his murder.

"The motive seems obvious enough—highway robbery."

"Yet his watch was found in the ditch."

"His murderer may naturally have feared to take anything likely to lead to detection. His money was taken.

"Yes. It may have been for that. Yet it seems strange that he should have been chosen out of so many—that he should have been the only victim—murdered for the sake of a few pounds."

"Unhappily, sordid as the motive is, that is a common thing in murder," replied Humphrey.

"But might not some one have a stronger motive than that?"

"I can imagine none. James never in his life made an enemy."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"As sure as I can be of any thing about a young man whom I knew as well as if he had been my brother," replied Humphrey, speaking in the girl's calm clear tones. At this moment she seemed older than her years—his equal, or more than his equal, in shrewdness and judgment.

"Is there any one who would be a gainer by his death?"

"Naturally. The next heir to the Pawsyn estate is a very considerable gainer. For his sake I hope that death means the difference between a hard-working life like mine and a spirited life like yours."

"Could he have anything to do with the crime?"

"Ha! Churchill Pawsyn? Well, no; it would be about as hard to suspect him as it was to suspect poor Clissold. Pawsyn is a gentleman, and, I conclude, a man of honour. His conduct toward me to-day showed him a man of kind feelings."

"No. I suppose gentlemen do not commit such crimes," mused Justina; "and, as I said, never know who killed him. That seems hardest of all. That bright young life taken, and the person who took it left to go free."

Tears fell from her eyes as she turned away from Humphrey Clissold, ashamed of her grief—tears which should have been shed in secret; but which she could not keep back when she thought of her young lover's doom.

Clissold tried to soothe her, assured her of his friendship—his help, should she ever need it.

"I shall always be interested in you," he said. "I shall think of you as my little Sister Justina. I have had two sisters, and foolish Byronic fictations before, but I have reason to know that he never cared for other woman to be his wife; and he was the staunch and true to make such an offer noble in simplicity."

Justina gave him a grateful look. It was the first trust he had seen her face light up with any thing like pleasure that day.

"You do believe that he loved me, then?" she exclaimed eagerly. "It was not all my own foolish dream. He was not"—the next words came slowly, as if it hurt her to speak of them—"he was not in love with himself at my expense?"

"I have no doubt of his truth. I never knew him tell a lie. I do not say that his fancy would have lasted; it may have been too ardent, too sudden, to stand wear and tear. But, be assured, for the moment he was true—would have wrecked his life, perhaps, to keep faith to the love of a day."

This time the girl looked at him angrily.

"Why do you tell me he must have changed if that had proved him?" she asked.

"Why do you find it so hard to imagine that a man may have poison loving me? Am I so degraded a creature, in your eyes?"

"I am quite ready to believe that you are a very upright Christian man," Humphrey "worthy a better lover than my poor friend. But you are—Miss Elcomb, of the Theatre Royal, Blackham, and he was Squire Pawsyn of Pawsyn. Time would not have changed that too hard for him to have shared his way of looking at them."

"Don't tell me that he would have changed!" she cried passionately. "Let me think that I have lost all—love, happiness, honour, wealth—all that my woman's pride hoped to win. It can not add to my grief

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO learn shorthand, meeting the offices opening in the homes, "COLEMAN'S HARES, Toronto.

DR. A. REEVE, M.D., OCULIST and Aurist, 31 Sayer street, Toronto.

DR. H. OATES, MILLSTONE Lake, Toronto—French Burr Millstone, Portable Mills, Sand Machines, and Boiling Curbs. 129 32

TURKISH ONGUENT, A NEVER failing remedy for forcing moustaches or whiskers. Sent free on receipt of 25 cents. Box 328, Toronto.

FOR SALE.

That large and commodious factory situated on Adelaide street, London, and known as

THE ONTARIO STARCH WORKS,

Also—A number of Building Lots in the vicinity, situated on Adelaide, Alma, and Lorne streets, and on Highbrook Avenue.

Also—Two Building Lots on Front street, Toronto, each 50 feet frontage by 165, adjoining the Loretto Convent.

For all particulars apply to E. E. WELLS, London, Ont.
Or to MESSRS. FRASER & FRASER, Barristers, &c., London, Ont. 121-47

HAMILTON AGRICULTURAL WORKS.

L. D SAWYER & CO.'S COMBINATION

GRAIN DRILL.

This Drill was awarded First Prize at the Provincial Shows of London, Toronto, Kingston, Central Falls London, Guelph and Hamilton, and at numerous County and Township Fairs over the Province.

It has double distributors, and will sow all kinds of grain, from wheat to corn and peas.

☞ Will pay for itself in one season.

Send for catalogue of Mowers, Reapers, Threshing Machines, &c., to

L. D. SAWYER & CO.,
HAMILTON, ONT.
1061yeow

THE MUDGE AND YARWOOD MFG. CO.

MELODEON-ORGAN,

In handsome Rosewood Case, combining all the power and variety of the ORGAN with sweetness and purity of the MELODEON. Unsurpassed in Tone, Style, and Manufacture.

THE AMERICAN ORGAN,

Illustrated, reduced prices, Catalogues and terms on application.

WHITBY, ONT. 98

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION IMPARTED IN THE

BRITISH AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

Which was established in 1861, and amalgamated with the Bryant & Stratton Chain of International Business Colleges, 1865, is the outgrowth of many years of tried experience of the most business men on the Continent. It is the only Commercial College in Canada at various times examined in detail the system of instruction adopted by the Institution, and have in varying many invaluable suggestions, which enable us to offer to our students the best advantages that this country can exhibit in every complete and practical department of business education, and in all the leading departments of trade we are in daily use in the business.

ODELL & TROUT,
98 TORONTO.

MARKHAM BELL FOUNDRY, Established 1845.—Bells for Public Schools, Town and Church purposes, wholesale and retail. Catalogue in the large steel Bells. All warranted for one year. L. JONES & CO., Markham, Ont.

ST. CATHARINES SAW WORKS.

R. H. SMITH,

Manufacturer of Gang, Mill, Circular, Cross-cut, Mill, Cross-cut, Hand, Mitre, Tenon, Scroll, Fancy, Jig, Fret, Band, Hand, Pit, Frame, Crosscut, Hand, Pit, Frame, Crosscut, Hand, Pit, Frame, Crosscut