

## GOOD-BYE.

Open the casement, Roger,  
Open it wide;  
Let in the friendly voices  
Of wind and tide;  
Let in the golden sunbeams  
On every side.

Raise me high on my pillow—  
Yes, that will do,  
How is it, Roger, that no one  
Lifts me like you?  
Nobody's hands are so tender,  
Steady and true.

Just as you promised to hold me  
When death is nigh,  
In its old place on your shoulder  
Let my head lie.  
Now for one last look, Roger,  
On ocean and sky.

Ah! how the white sails glisten  
Out by the Nore!  
Hark! how the waters ripple  
Down on the shore.  
Gently the soft wind kisses  
My cheek once more.

Yonder the silvery sea-birds  
Flutter and cry,  
Under the band of purple and gold  
In the Western sky:  
Fairest of earth's fair pictures,  
Good bye, Good bye!

Roger, you know how often  
In my pain,  
I've longed for a glimpse of the shining sea  
Yet once again:  
Doubting, as days rolled onward,  
My prayer was vain.

But the answer has come, and I see it,  
Stretching for miles,  
With its murmuring, dancing waters,  
Its changing smiles,  
Whilst the clouds of evening gather  
In burnished piles.

I've said good-bye, and I'm ready,  
Where's your dear hand?  
And you'll hold me, won't you, Roger,  
Until I stand  
With the father's arms around me,  
Safe in the Better Land!

—O. W.

## THE COLONEL'S WIFE.

(Concluded from our last.)

Captain Trenham at once obtained a great popularity in the regiment. Every one liked him; and to my astonishment—for I could not forget that first greeting in my drawing-room—he and Mabel Carlton became great friends. She would rouse out of her languor when he approached her; and would be gracious, and sweet, and charming to him, in a way which made her wondrous loveliness seem greater than ever. Her eyes would sparkle, and smiles dimple round her lips, and her sweet, low laughter make music in our ears. She looked like a happy child in this mood; quite different from the rather stately little lady she generally seemed. But I noticed that it never appeared in her husband's presence; and after a time I became conscious, though I tried to shut my eyes to it, that she and Captain Trenham rather avoided each other before him.

I once asked Captain Trenham where and when he had known Mrs. Carlton; but he did not satisfy my curiosity, and was as reticent on the subject as she had been. Whenever they met, however, he was devoted to her; hovering round her like her shadow, anticipating her wants, and watching every movement that she made. At times (and these became more frequent as the days wore away) she would be cold, and even repellant in her manner to him; and then, if he seemed hurt at her caprice, her mood would change, and she would be more perilously fascinating than ever.

In a little world like ours this could not continue long without affording food for gossip; and Mrs. Carlton's name, which one short year ago was spared by the most malicious, was soon never mentioned without the epithet of 'flirt,' or 'coquette,' being attached to it. She was too lovely for women not to be jealous of her; and, monopolising the attentions of the most eligible man in the regiment was looked upon as an unpardonable crime. Mothers with marriageable daughters regarded her as a dangerous enemy, and scandal began to be busy with the sweet name, which had become as dear to me as a sister's; for Mabel, with her fragile beauty and the sweet caressing ways she reserved only for me, had twined herself round my heart. I did what I could to stem the current of popular opinion; but it set too strong for me. People began to look upon me as thoroughly infatuated with Mrs. Carlton, and no longer mentioned her before me; but I knew that the scandal-mongers were busy with her fair fame behind my back, and began to fear that, unless something were done to stop them, it would soon be effectually blackened. I determined, though reluctantly, to speak to Mabel, especially as my husband said to me one day, 'Mary, your little friend is getting herself talked about. I think you should give her a hint not to flirt so much with Trenham.'

However, it was so distasteful a duty, that I put it off from day to day. Mabel, I thought, looked ill and worn, and I did not want to worry her. She had dark circles round her eyes, which told of sleepless nights, and her spirits were variable and capricious.

A few weeks had elapsed since my husband had spoken to me, and I still shrunk from advising her; when one Sunday afternoon, as I was returning from my school, I came suddenly upon Mabel and Captain Trenham walking together. He was speaking rapidly and vehemently, and she, looking pale and excited, was listening with her eyes raised to his. It was getting dusk; and

they were so self-absorbed that they passed me without seeing me.

I felt annoyed at Mabel's imprudence. Colonel Carlton, I knew, had left home for a few days; and here was she giving fresh food for scandal. That she was anything more than imprudent never even crossed my mind. Her face was so angelic, that it was impossible to associate a thought of wrong with her. Still I decided, as I sat brooding over the fire on my return home, that I must take heart of grace, and speak to her without delay. Lost in these thoughts, I did not hear a light footfall on the carpet; and I started as a hand fell on my shoulder, and, looking up, I saw her standing beside me.

'Why, Mabel,' I said, 'you came in like a spirit; and, indeed,' I continued, as the flickering firelight fell on her face, 'you look like one. How very wan your little face is, my child; and how cold your hands are! What have you been doing to yourself?'

I drew a low chair to the fire for her; but she pushed it back; and, seating herself on the rug at my feet, clasped my hand in hers, and rested her pale cheek against it.

'Let me sit here, Mary,' she said, 'at your feet.'

I stroked her bright hair with my disengaged hand; and for some minutes we both sat silent, I considering in my mind how best to put into words what I had to say.

'Mabel,' I at last found courage to begin, 'you said once that I was the only friend you had. Will you let me be a true friend, and give you a little advice, which may, perhaps, be unpalatable?' She moved her head, so as to let her lips rest on my hand, but did not answer; so I continued, 'I am much older than you, dear Mabel, and more versed in the ways of the world; and I know how soon a young wife, from mere thoughtlessness, may get hard things said of her.' Mabel moved uneasily, but still did not speak. 'I am quite sure that you hardly estimate the imprudence of being so intimate with Captain Trenham. It is impossible to stop ill-natured people's tongues, and you are too lovely, dear,' said I, caressing her bent head, 'to escape their malice, if you give them a chance of gossiping about you. Why do you receive Captain Trenham's attentions with such evident pleasure?'

'Why?' exclaimed Mrs. Carlton, starting to her feet. 'You want to know why? Because Charlie Trenham is the only man I have ever loved.'

'Oh, Mabel!'

'Yes,' she went on, vehemently, 'I loved him long, long before I was sold to gratify my father's ambition, and my step-mother's jealousy. What was it to them that I went to the altar with a lie upon my lips? What did they care, though my girl's heart should be broken by their unholy bargain. Yes; Charlie and I were engaged, and I loved him—oh, how I loved him! But they drove him from me because he was poor; lied to me about him, and threatened and goaded me into my hateful marriage. And I, poor fool that I was, how could I have been so weak, or have believed that Charlie would have been false to me? Oh, Charlie, Charlie!' she sobbed, as she fell on her knees beside me, and hid her face in her hands.

I was horrified. In my worst forebodings I had never imagined anything so bad as this. How strange it seemed to me, as I looked from the calm autumn of my middle age on the young tempest-tossed soul beside me. I let her passion have its way, and when it had spent itself in hysterical tears, I soothed her pitifully, as if she had still been the child she looked.

'Mabel,' I said, 'Captain Trenham must leave this, leave the regiment, exchange, anything!—I went on excitedly, 'he must not stay here to break your heart, and ruin your fair fame. Why was he so utterly selfish as to join the regiment your husband commanded?'

'He did not know it.'

'But he knows it now; and is playing a game which may be sport to him, but will certainly be death to you, my child, my poor child.' I mourned, as I looked at her pale, tear-stained cheeks. 'He must and shall go, Mabel. You must make him go; it will kill you if this goes on much longer.'

'He goes away on three months' leave to-morrow,' Mabel said, with a deep, burning blush suffusing her pale cheek.

'Thank Heaven for that!' I cried, fully resolving in my own mind that my George should see him long before it elapsed, and persuade him to leave the regiment. 'Mabel, you ought to thank Heaven, too, that he is going.'

'Hush, hush!' she says, shudderingly. 'You do not know—you cannot guess. Ah! Mary, has any one ever suffered as I have?'

Ah! sublime selfishness of youth that knows no suffering but its own!

'Many,' I reply, mournfully, 'and many will again. You must be strong to suffer, Mabel, and you must tread your path in life without repining.'

I draw her nearer to me; and speak of duties to be fulfilled, of that comfort which is not of earth, and prophesy renewed peace, and, if not happiness, at least calmness and content. She listens in silence, only now and then drawing a long, shuddering sigh, and nervously clasping and unclasping her fingers.

At last she rises to go, and I put on my bonnet to accompany her. 'Come in to Mrs. Bruce's with me,' I say, as we pass the door, 'and hear the children sing their hymns before they go to church.' She draws back, but I use a gentle force, and compel her to enter with me; I think the pure young voices will do her good.

The childish trebles seem to me as sweet as a choir of angels, as the familiar notes of the evening hymn float through the hushed room.

'Lucy is not here to-night,' says Mrs. Bruce. 'I do not like any of my children to be absent from our Sunday-evening singing. We always have had it, and then I know those who are away are thinking of it and of us,' says the tender mother, thinking of her sailor boy.

As we leave them again when the singing is ended, she draws me aside to comment on Mabel's changed appearance.

'How ill Mrs. Carlton looks? I am sure she wants nursing and care; but she cannot have a better friend than you,' says the kind woman, as she presses my hand.

I find Mabel waiting for me at her own gate. 'You must not come in to-night, Mary,' she says; 'I should like to be alone. Good-night, dear, dear Mary. God bless you for all your kindness to me.' She clings to me for a moment almost convulsively.

'You are still a little hysterical,' I say, practically. 'Go to bed at once like a good child, and come and see me to-morrow.'

'To-morrow!' she echoes, wearily; and once more clasping me closely to her, she turns and disappears under the shadow of the trees.

The next day one thing after another occurred to prevent my going over to Mrs. Carlton's, and, to my surprise, she did not come to me; so in the evening, seeing my husband cosily settled with his feet on the fender and his paper before him, I determined to run in for a minute, and see how she was.

'I shall not be more than half an hour,' I said, as I came into the drawing-room, shawled and ready.

'You had better take Henry, my dear; it is past nine o'clock,' said my husband. But I would not have a servant, as it was but a step; and sallied forth into the winter's night alone.

As I entered the green lane, at the bottom of which stood the Carltons' house, to my surprise I saw a fly standing there. I had not ceased conjecturing for whom it could be waiting, when a man brushed hastily by me, and even in the darkness, I felt sure I recognised Captain Trenham's tall figure; but Captain Trenham was on leave I knew. He had left that morning by an early train, for George had told me so, and I smiled at my own excited imagination. Still, hardly knowing why, I quickened my footsteps anxiously, and without knocking, turned the handle of the door, and stood in the Carltons' drawing-room. It was empty, and a lamp burned dimly on the table. The place looked deserted and forlorn, and I called eagerly for Mabel. She did not answer; but fancying I heard a movement above, I ran hastily up to her room.

Was the figure that I saw there Mabel's?

She was sitting, with her bonnet and shawl on, on the foot of her bed, a small travelling-bag in her hand, her face white and drawn, dark circles under her haggard eyes—a wreck of the woman I had parted from the day before. As by a revelation, I knew it all! It was Captain Trenham I had seen, and he had come back—for this. No! never while I had life. I flew to Mabel; I clasped her in my arms; I poured forth every endearing epithet I could think of. I told her, as I rained warm kisses and hot tears on her cheek, that I had come to save her, that I would save her; that, never, should she do this wickedness and sin against God. I pillowed her head on my breast, and rocked her in my arms like a child, but she neither moved nor spoke. A marble statue would have been as full of life. What could I do to rouse her? And, while I sat here holding her in my arms, if any one should recognise Captain Trenham as I had done, her reputation would be lost for ever.

'Mabel, Mabel! speak to me,' I implored. I might as well have implored the dead to rise from their graves. I knew I must act, and that promptly; so laying her on her bed, and taking the precaution to lock the door for fear of prying servants, I went out again into the darkness, to find the would-be-destroyer of my poor sweet Mabel.

As I stepped from the door, a figure emerged from the gloom, with a low cry of 'Mabel' on its lips. I laid my hand on its arm. 'Captain Trenham,' I said, 'I have been sent to prevent the crime you were about to commit; the very thought of which has nearly killed Mabel Carlton. Go, and thank Heaven on your knees, which has saved you and her this night. Go,' I repeated; 'it is well for you if you are not her murderer.'

'Is she ill? Have mercy, and tell me if she is ill. I will go away and never trouble her more, but tell me I have not killed her!' he said humbly. 'Ah! you do not know our story.'

'I do,' I replied; 'but because her heart is broken would you destroy her soul? And leaving him in the darkness, I returned to Mabel. She still lay motionless on her bed; so, undressing her, and removing all evidences of her intended flight, I called the servants, intending to send for medical assistance; but before I could do so, a shuddering sigh convulsed her whole frame, and large tears began to well out of her eyes. I knew then that the poor, overcharged brain was relieved, and her reason safe. But it was an anxious night for me: for she fell from one death-like faint into another, and when the doctor came he looked grave and concerned. I telegraphed for Colonel Carlton, and he returned to find his wife unconscious of his presence, and fighting with the grim destroyer, but youth and a naturally good constitution prevailed; and a day came when Mabel, the shadow of her former self, was lifted from the bed (which, for days, I had thought she would never leave again), and carried to the sofa in her pretty sitting-room.

The usually stern Colonel was visibly affected as he bent over the white wan face, which was as colourless as the pillows on which it rested; and I knew there were tears in his eyes, as he stooped to arrange and re-arrange the cushions, with almost the tenderness of a woman.

'You are very good for me,' said Mabel, faintly; 'I am not worthy of your goodness.'

I stepped hastily forward, fearing any agitating topic for her in her weak condition; but Colonel Carlton had left the room hastily to conceal an emotion of which he was half ashamed.

During Mabel's illness Captain Trenham suddenly exchanged back into his old regiment, much to every one's astonishment and regret except mine. I had seen him once. I had not the heart to refuse when he came to my house, and sent in a note entreating me to give him news of Mabel; and I saw how he suffered, pity mingled with my indignation; but I made him promise that, should she recover, which we then doubted, he would never again attempt to see her; and he kept his word faithfully. In this world they never met again.

I took her away with me into the country, and nursed her back to health; but peace to her mind I could not restore. We never alluded to that dreadful night but once, and then, kneeling on her knees in utter self-abasement, she thanked and blessed me for having been the means of saving her; but I could see that she brooded over it continually. She shrank from seeing any one, saying always that she was unworthy even to touch the hem of a good woman's garment. I was pained, though not surprised, to see that as the time approached for us to return home she shrank more and more from meeting her husband. I reasoned with her, I comforted her; I reminded her who it was that forbid us to cast stones at each other, and on what occasion the command was given. I spoke of repentance, of atonement, without which repentance is nought; and I promised her peace. But it was long ere the peace came. Mabel repented deeply, bitterly, and silently; and she did seek with all her strength to atone for that momentary madness. Though she shrank morbidly from society, she became almost a sister of mercy to the women of the regiment; and was always most pitiful and tender to such of her erring sisters as had strayed from the paths of virtue.

There was the soul of one of the martyrs of old in that fragile form; and where pestilence raged, where crime stalked rampant, there, soothing, comforting, admonishing, was she ever to be found. I remonstrated once when I considered unnecessary danger, but she stopped me sadly; 'Have I not to atone?' said she.

And at length, God sent the Comforter. There came a day when Mabel lay faint and exhausted in her bed, but with a new light of happiness in her eyes, and a tiny form beside her. 'God has forgiven me,' she whispered, as I bent over her, 'since He has sent me a little soul to train for Him.'

Years have rolled by since then, and Mabel Carlton is still pursuing her work of atonement; but never since the day when wee Mary first lay in her arms has she sorrowed as those who have no hope. Her life is spent in works of love and charity; and to husband and child she is the very light of the eyes; and when her place on earth shall know her no more, her good works shall live after her.

There is a lonely graveyard in Port's Island, Bermuda, washed ever by the surging sea, where lie the remains of those who died by yellow fever in the frightful epidemic of 186—If you push aside the tangled brushwood and cedar, and the rank tropical weeds which grow over the neglected graves, you will see one bearing this inscription:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY.

OF

CAPTAIN TRENHAM.

Captain—th Regiment.

WHO SACRIFICED HIS LIFE NOBLY WHILE ATTENDING ON THE MEN OF HIS REGIMENT DURING THE YELLOW-FEVER EPIDEMIC.

'He who is without sin among you let him cast the first stone.'

E. M.

## FRENCH REPORTERS.

Newspaper reporting is really attaining wonderful proportions in France. It may seem incredible, but it is yet a fact that the London correspondents of Parisian journals may be found at about six o'clock every evening outside one of the *cafés* which line the Boulevard des Italiens. Those are their London headquarters. They are to be easily recognized, the ink and paper which stand before them on the little white table, in close juxtaposition with a glass of *vermouth*, the pen which they are nervously using as a toothbrush, and their thoughtful moods distinguish them from the crowd. The following words—'Moodey and Sanky'—stood out in bold relief at the top of the sheet of paper they are blackening, and their familiar quotation, 'Time is money,' may be detected at the bottom. Strange to say, one of the Paris papers has sent a real, genuine, live correspondent to Rouen, where he is to report the festival in connection with Boieldieu's Centennial. This able journalist, whose experience has won him a reputation, has favoured the world with his first letter from Rouen. It is concluded as follows:—'The distribution of prizes took place at half-past four to-day. It had just terminated, and I am too hungry to write you the result. You will wait until to-morrow' (*sic*).