

as others take to wine or narcotics. Once let those thoughts get the upper hand, and there is no telling whether their reminiscences of the past, with their awakenings of old desires, of half-forgotten feelings, will lead such a woman. Look at her when she is drawn out of her retired life for a special occasion, and see what a change has occurred, a change accentuated—as she is a woman, and a Frenchwoman to boot—by her dress.

The day is a fête-day, for her son George's first ship is to be launched, and his employer and future partner has invited her to dinner to meet a family gathering. Madame Gosselin has replaced her widow's cap (she is not really a widow, but her husband is a seafaring man who has been away for years), which used to make her seem, to careless eyes, fifty years old at least, with a head-dress made of a becomingly arranged fragment of lace. All the world can see now that fifty or forty-five is out of the question, as far as any suspicion of wrinkles is concerned. Her hands, too, every one notices, are pretty, and her low-necked dress, with heavy gold Breton cross hanging at her throat, shows that Madame's rule of strangling herself with high frills is not grounded on a wish to conceal a scraggy neck. These changes bring out the real woman, coquettish, agreeable, and capable of much finesse of a low class, who had previously been hidden under the *dévote*.

Madame Gosselin has been living some years with her son under the hospitable roof of a Captain Kernuz, an old Breton sea-lion, who by a pious fraud had persuaded her to come and live with him under pretence of a message from her husband. The absent Captain Gosselin had, in fact, sent no such message, but had greatly troubled his friend Kernuz with his sadness and enigmatical replies, when pressed to send some token by the latter to his wife and child. Captain Kernuz, returned to Lorient and having finally cast his anchor on dry ground, thought the best cure for the mystery was to take care of the deserted couple till his comrade came home, which Gosselin seemed in no hurry to do. But all the same, Captain Kernuz, jolly old rover as he is, cannot take to the *dévote* at all, and her appearance on this occasion quite startles him. Warned by the ship-builder's good wine, he pictures to himself the amiable qualities of Madame, and her virtue in hiding so much beauty and charm in hideous caps, and in church-going and knitting early and late for the sake of his old friend Gosselin. Insensibly the thought steals into his heart that if Gosselin never were to return, Madame might still continue to live in his house, but in a different capacity. And judging from Madame's conduct that evening, Captain Kernuz would not have had long to sigh in vain.

How then are we to understand it, or how can the Captain fathom it, when the next

morning at breakfast he finds Madame the same colourless being who had always annoyed him with her insipidity? To explain this, one must have been present at an interview between Madame and one M. Pleumeur, the other mystery of the little town, which took place on the way home from the fête the day before. M. Pleumeur is a *savant*, a hard, cold, icy, retired, self-sufficing man, who smiles not, neither does he weep. He has taught George Gosselin, who, though grown up, still keeps up his acquaintance and tries fruitlessly to win some demonstration of affection from him. What can such a man have said to Madame Gosselin in the quiet starlit gloom that has caused her so suddenly to resume her rôle of piety and seclusion, and to put away again, with an effort, the enticing pleasures that were alluring her? Except those, no one knows in Lorient—no one else in the world, if it be not Captain Gosselin, who, with a dose of Sumatra poison at his lips, is about to kill himself off the coast of Ireland at that very moment, and, perhaps, on account of that same secret.

We will not tell what it is. A few days afterwards it comes to light, and when retribution strikes it strikes the innocent. Our readers will find the tale well worth taking up, and if we have excited their curiosity enough to induce them to do so, we are sure they will not blame us for it when they put the book down again.

ANGLO-HAWAIIAN POEMS. By John Machar Macdonald, of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. Honolulu: *Pacific Commercial Advertiser* Print.

We cannot but be reminded of the rapid progress of events by the arrival of this modest little publication, printed at Honolulu, and dedicated by the author to "His Majesty King Kalakaua," in which royal person he recognises "a generous friend and liberal patron of all laudable Hawaiian enterprise." Mr. J. M. Macdonald seems to have some Canadian antecedents or associations; at least he seems to have received the name of a clergyman well known in Canada, and sends a copy of his little publication to what may have been the Canadian home of his parents, if not his own birthplace. The poems are few in number,—indeed the publication is a mere brochure,—and the subjects are naturally chiefly Hawaiian. The "Tropical Sunset" is one of the best, both as to thought and versification. They are mainly interesting as giving us a little glimpse into the life of those far-away islands, which owe the very life of their civilization to missionary enterprise; but all show good and true feeling as well as considerable power of description and versification.