

"And it was so good of you, dear Miss Brereton, to conceal it from Sir William. Poor, dear man, he is so full of feelings. He makes other people's troubles so entirely his own, as you have seen in my own case—you heard, too, what he said as he rode away. And no one can say what he has been to his sister and her children." And Mrs. Murray wiped away a tear, or else the eye where the tear ought to have been.

Maud expressed herself as strongly prepossessed in the baronet's favour as even her visitor could have desired. In fact she was beginning to try to overcome her dislike towards him, now that she saw his good qualities preponderated so greatly, and she endeavoured to school herself into the belief that she had unjustly suffered her repugnance to his personality what the Germans call his *ich*—to outweigh his noble characteristics of generosity and sympathy. Then she dismissed him from her thoughts, and while her companion fell asleep in one corner of the carriage, she gave herself up to reflection, to the contemplation of her saddened life.

(To be continued.)

DEFEATED, NOT DAUNTED.

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To ***** PRIEST.

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I.

Thou hast not conquered all?
 Oh, let not this appal!
 Other hands than thine have failed,
 Fools before have scoffed and railed.

II.

Somewhat is left undone.
 Somewhat is yet unwon:
 Richer guerdons thou may'st win,
 Brighter days may yet begin.