

Jean Marie's eyes never left her face; and as he watched the play of feeling there, he could scarcely keep in the curse he muttered.

Standing there, as still as one of the granite figures round some old Calvary, he saw Madame Rusquec re-enter, followed by his brother; and he thought Christophe had never looked so young and handsome. A spasm, partly surprise and partly anguish, passed over his grey face when he saw that Christophe came up frankly to Louise, and held out his hand.

At this Jean Marie turned away. He was furiously angry, as well as jealous.

"I am fortunate," Madame Rusquec said, as she came back to her seat beside the spinning-wheel, "I who never have visitors, to get two in one day. Your brother has grown, Monsieur Mao; I should not have recognized him. He is not like you."

"No!" said Jean Marie; and both the young people looked round quickly at the harsh, hoarse tone.

Christophe left Louise, and came close to Madame Rusquec.

"Am I like my mother, Madame?" He spoke so pleasantly, that the widow was drawn to him at once; "our old Jeanne says I am the picture of her when she married."

Christophe's easy, frank manner, so different from his own,—the manner of a man who had lived in many places, and among many people, instead of remaining shut up in the farm-house of Braspart,—increased to fury the jealous anger burning in Jean Marie's heart.

Why could he not seem unconcerned and careless? Instead of this, he felt harsher and stiffer than before. And yet he thought he would not yield so easily; he would put Louise to the test.

"Yes, you are like your mother," Madame Rusquec began, and then Jean Marie thrust himself obtrusively into the talk.

"Is there not a nearer way through the wood than the one by which I came? Can you tell me the way," he went on, "or will your daughter show it?"

"I lost my way," Christophe smiled at Louise.

"Yes, there is a short way," said Louise; "but you cannot find it alone, either of you. The path dies away before it reaches here, and we have to find our way to it again by marks on the trees. I will show the short road to both of you."

Beside Christophe, Louise shrank from dark, scowling Jean Marie; and she was determined not to go alone with him through the wood.

Madame Rusquec looked on in silence. She felt that there was something under the surface that she did not comprehend, but her mind was too slow to seize it. The brothers nodded farewell to her, and followed Louise out of the cottage, and still the widow said nothing but "Good day" to them. She saw Jean Marie admired her daughter, and she hoped that Louise would marry him; to her Christophe was a bright, frank boy, much pleasanter to talk to than his elder brother.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?" Louise said to the farmer. She was a little way in advance, going towards the wood, and she looked brightly over her shoulder at the silent man.

"I was thinking," he said, sulkily, "you cannot expect all the world to talk, can you?"

"I suppose not," she answered quickly. There was no doubt in her own mind which of the brothers she liked the best, but she resolved to keep well with both. "I have not many friends, that I can afford to lose one," she told herself.

She chattered on merrily as she went. Christophe would have absorbed her talk to himself, but Louise kept on appealing to the farmer; and though he gave her abrupt answers, still he was appeased; it might not be as he suspected, and it was not her fault if Christophe had intruded on the interview.

"There is the path." Louise stood still, and pointed on into the wood. "You cannot mistake your way now. Good-day to both of you, and I hope we shall meet at the Pardon."

She smiled up in Jean Marie's face, and the man's heart beat with hope; and then she gave Christophe a sweet, shy glance, that made him long to follow her back to the cottage.

Jean Marie plunged forward into the wood. He wanted to get rid of his brother's presence; he was not safe company, and he felt it. Unhappily, Christophe had been too much engrossed by Louise to think of anything else. His brother had seemed silent, but then silence was a habit with Jean Marie. Christophe felt too gay and happy in the remembrance of that last blue-eyed glance to be alone, and he started off to overtake his brother.

Jean Marie heard him coming, and hurried on through the wood, till he reached the high road below. He paused here an instant to reflect.

If he went straight back to Huelgoat, Christophe would be up with him at once; and yet, if he struck down the lane on the right, leading to the village and church of St. Herbot, Christophe would perceive him before he could get out of sight. So he went on doggedly, till the young man burst out from the wood some little way on, and jumped down into the road.

Then Jean Marie stopped, and spoke angrily, "Thou shouldst be at work; if thou hadst taken work with another than me, thou couldst not have quitted it thus: thou art an idle fellow."

Christophe had hot blood as well as his brother, though it seldom got the mastery over him: but Jean Marie's tone was more insufferable than his words were.

"I am no more idle than thou; I had business with Mathurin."

"But thou hadst not business at the mill; and, look you, Mother Rusquec—and—and her daughter are my friends, and I warn thee to keep aloof from them."

His eyes glowed like living coals, he grasped his cudgel tightly, and looked threateningly at Christophe. His manner betrayed his secret.

But hope was speaking loudly in the young man's heart. He thought, if Jean Marie was not afraid of his rivalry he would be less angry.

"Jean Marie, thou art unreasonable; but tell me, hast thou asked for Louise Rusquec?"

"No—what is that to thee?"

"It is very much. The girl pleases me, and I think I please her. I did not mean to have spoken till I was more advanced in the world; but now I say, let us act fairly by one another. It was thyself, and no other, who bade me offer myself as a husband for Louise, and a manager to the mill"—Jean Marie started—"and now thou art angry because I follow thy counsel. What does this mean, Jean Marie? Dost thou want Louise for thyself?"

Jean Marie had grown very pale with anger. "That is nought to thee; but I bid thee avoid Louise Rusquec. Thou canst not wed her if she would have thee; thou hast but the clothes on thy back. If I find thee again at the mill, or talking to Louise, I cast thee off; thou shalt be no more to me than one of those blocks of stone."

"For a wise man, brother,"—Christophe had recovered himself—"thou art strangely unreasonable. Why need we quarrel because we both want the same woman? Both of us cannot have her, that is clear. Let us draw lots, Jean Marie, which shall first ask for her."

The farmer had grown ashamed of his own anger; he envied Christophe's power of self-control; he was mollified, too, by seeing that the young man was not certain of success.

"I will not yield her," he said, doggedly; "she is mine, not yours."

"A woman belongs to herself until she is promised. You cannot make her yours by force. I say again, let us draw lots who shall first ask for her."

Jean Marie stood wrapped in sullen thought. At last he began to speak slowly, and without looking the young man in the face: "I have warned thee, and therefore I say, look to thyself. I will not draw lots. He of us two who possesses Louise Rusquec shall take her by personal right. Thou hast not forgotten how to wrestle among the fishermen—well, then, thou and I will try a fall at the Pardon, and the winner shall have first chance with Louise."

Christophe recoiled. "It is hardly fair," he said. "I have not wrestled for years." Then, seeing a sneer on Jean Marie's dark face, "Have thine own way; after all, it is not always the one who asks first who wins."

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL.

It is a well known fact that in Music, as well as in other Arts and Sciences, the tendency of the age is to give as superficial an education as can be crammed into the pupil in the shortest possible time. The consequence of this blunder is that we have many "players" and but few musicians. A young lady's education is considered finished only when she can sit down and "thump" off on the piano some difficult fantasia, the execution of the piece as to its artistic merits being measured by the quantity of sound produced; consequently the pupil keeps the pedals going the whole time with a result as painful to a sensitive ear as it is far from being music, in the proper sense of the word. To play one of Bach's fugues at all bearably it is out of the question, and should the young lady of the period prefer Mendelssohn's Sonatas or "Songs Without Words" to Madame Angot and that class of music she is at once rated as "no go." There is some excuse for the teachers in the fact that in most cases their pupils are anxious and impatient to play selections or "party pieces," and parents indulge these high flown notions instead of insisting on their children being thoroughly ground in the grammar of music.

Another cause of so many abortive attempts at playing is found in the ridiculous idea that whether or no a girl has an ear for music she must *volens volens* learn; the consequence is, a slovenly player who, directly the opportunity affords, proves that all the time and money spent on her "musical education" have been completely thrown away. Now, if instead of wasting a large part of the most valuable time of a child's life for instruction by forcing it to do what it dislikes, the real nature were carefully studied and a subject given which its mind could grasp and accept cheerfully there would be less execrable music and more thoroughness in some other useful branch of science.

It seems to be almost forgotten that to be a really good musician—or instrumentalist—a thorough knowledge of harmony is requisite; and yet we venture to assert that not one person out of every hundred of those calling themselves musicians know anything whatever of the science. They are as ignorant of harmony as the man was of music in general who said he knew two tunes, "One *was* God Save the Queen and the other *wasn't*."

It is indeed a melancholy thing to say, but yet none the less true, that we shall have neither great musicians nor great composers until the detail and drudgery of music has more attention devoted to it.

The Philharmonic Society will give a public performance of the "Messiah," in the Rink, on the 31st inst. The services of the following artists have been secured as soloists:—Soprano, Mrs. Osgood; contralto, Miss Ita Welsh; tenor, Mr. Wm. Winkle, and bass, Mr. Delahunt. The orchestra will be composed almost entirely of professionals, (Gruenwald being engaged as principal violin), and the choir will be augmented for the occasion by a number of our principal amateurs. We hope the enterprise shown by the Committee will meet with the encouragement it deserves.

Miss Thursby sailed for Europe last Saturday.

Madame Adelina Patti and Signor Nicolini are still singing at the San Carlo, at Naples, the former receiving 7,000 francs, and the latter 3,000 francs for each performance, besides which, the lady is entitled to one-half of the proceeds in excess of 20,000 francs.

Anna Louise Cary gets \$2,000 a month and expenses.

Gounod will be president of the jury to decide the great contest of choral societies during the Paris Exhibition.

Dr. Davies, late organist at the Church of St. James the Apostle, will give an organ recital, in Emmanuel Church, on Thursday, 16th inst.

Mr. Varnes has been appointed organist of the Cathedral, in place of Dr. MacLagan, who has resigned.

Haydn's piano was recently sold in Vienna for 1,200 florins.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.—*Johnson*.

SELF-DISCIPLINE.—Choose always the best course of life, and custom will soon make it the most pleasant.—*Pythagoras*.

There are men who no more grasp the truth which they seem to hold, than a sparrow grasps the message passing through the electric wire on which it is perched.—*Norman Macleod*.

Wisdom consisteth not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly, but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory.—*W. S. Landor*.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is expected in Montreal on or about the Queen's Birthday, and will deliver a lecture on "The Wastes and Burdens of Society."