

think as mother may be wanting her bit of supper—it is but a morsel of cheese and a lettuce she takes, but she likes it nice—I'll run home. You can come back with me Alice, and I dare say Mr. Standen will take care of Sylvia. Good-bye, Sylvia, we shall see you before twelve to-morrow."

The two girls curtsied a good night to the gentleman and sped off, as if this were part of an established programme.

They had scarcely turned their backs ere Sylvia was clasped to her lover's breast. The fair head rested placidly upon his shoulder, the soft hazel eyes looked up at him, full of tenderness. Plighted lovers these, it would seem, by his calm air of proprietorship, her look of perfect trust.

"My Sylvia!" he said, as if a world of meaning were shut within the compass of those two words.

"You are so late this evening, Edmund," she said, complainingly.

"We had friends dining with us, darling; I couldn't get away. Even now I have left the men to smoke their cigars alone—at the risk of offending them—for the sake of one sweet half-hour with you. How lovely you look to-night, Sylvia, with that sunset tinge upon your hair."

"Do you really like it?" she asked, pleased by his praise.

"The girls call it red." A shower of kisses on the bright auburn hair answered for the lover's estimation of its peculiar colour. "But I'm sorry you're so late, Edmund, for papa told me to be home early."

"You must cheat papa out of half-an-hour for my sake, Sylvia. I have something to tell you."

"What!" she cried eagerly, and with a half-frightened look. "you have told Mrs. Standen?"

"Yes, Sylvia," he answered gravely. "I have told my mother."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl with a gasp, as if this were just the most awful thing in the world. "And how did she take it?"

"Why not so well as I could have wished. Let's sit down here, darling, under our old chestnut, and I'll tell you all about it."

He released her from the arms which had enfolded her till now, and they sat down side by side, her head still resting on his shoulder, one hand clasped in his, as if this loving contact might soften the stern decree of fate, in the person of Mrs. Standen, on whose fiat the future lives of these two in a great measure depended.

"Was she very angry?" Sylvia asked falteringly.

The young man was silent for a few moments, looking downward, his good-looking, honest face clouded. It was both good and good-looking, that face of Edmund Standen's, the features sufficiently regular, the forehead broad and high, the eyes a clear gray, the complexion tanned somewhat by sun and wind—a country gentleman's complexion—the mouth good, and, despite the shade of a thick, brown moustache, full of expression.

"Am I to be quite frank with you, Sylvia: am I to tell you the truth, however disagreeable, even at the risk of making you dislike my mother?"

"What does it matter what I think of your mother?" exclaimed Sylvia impatiently. "It is ourselves we have to think about. Tell me the whole truth, of course. She was angry, I suppose."

"Yes, dear, more angry than I had ever seen her till that moment; more angry than I should have thought it possible she could be."

"What a low, vulgar creature I must be," said Sylvia, bitterly.

"My sweetest, she knows that you are nothing of the kind. I have told her, and she has heard others praise you, and she has seen you herself. It was no such thought influenced her. But she had formed other plans I suppose, and this engagement of mine disappointed her. She has always been used to think of me as a boy, ready and willing to be ruled by her opinions; for you know how dearly I love her, Sylvia."

"I have heard you say so a thousand times," said Sylvia, with something like scorn.

"Yesterday she discovered for the first time that I had a will of my own, a heart that was no longer all hers, a mind that could think for itself, and my own plans for my own future. She was both grieved and angry. My heart bled for her, though I felt for the first time in my life that she was in the wrong, that the mother I have loved so dearly could commit a great injustice."

"If you would only come to the point," exclaimed Sylvia, impatiently; "what did she say about our marriage?"

"That she would never give her consent to it. I was compelled to remind her that I am a man, and my own master."

"Well, what then?"

"Marry Miss Carew if you like," she said, "and break my heart, if you like. But if you do I shall leave everything I possess to your sister Clara and her children."

"And she could do that?" asked Sylvia, trembling with indignation.

"Most decidedly. She is mistress of everything my father had to leave. My future, so far as regards my father's fortune, is entirely at her mercy."

"How unjust—how wicked," cried Sylvia.

"It does seem rather hard," said the young man, regretfully, "yet there never was a better mother than mine. And the money was left to her to do what she likes with it, after all. She has as good a right to leave it to Clara as to me."

"She has no such right; your father intended it for you," said Sylvia, almost choking with passion.

She might have been even more angry had Edmund Standen repeated to her one particular speech of his mother's—a speech which had impressed itself indelibly on the tablet of his mind.

"I will stand between you and ruin, if I can, even if I seem cruel and unjust in doing so. Whatever influence, whatever power I have shall be used to the uttermost to prevent your marriage with Sylvia Carew."

"Because she is my inferior in social position?" asked the young man angrily. "As if such petty distinctions counted for anything except in a benighted village like Hedingham!"

"For no such reason," answered Mrs. Standen, "but simply because she is vain and hollow, selfish and artful. I wish my dear son to marry a good woman."

And she flung upon him a look of maternal tenderness that would have melted any one but a head-strong lover.

"What right have you to say that of her—you who have seen her half-a-dozen times at most," he cried indignantly.

"I have seen quite enough to judge—and I have heard still more."

"Petty village gossip. The women hate her on account of her beauty."

"And you love her for the sake of her beauty, and for nothing else. Beware of such love, Edmund."

"Upon my word, mother, you are too bad," cried the son, and he left her without another word—banging the door behind him. The passion of anger would hurt us more than it does if there were no doors to bang.

Yet in his heart of hearts he knew that he did love Sylvia chiefly for the sake of that rare beauty which had dawned upon him like a revelation of a new life, a few months ago, when he came home from Germany, and saw the girl standing in the afternoon sunshine in one of the side aisles in Hedingham church, clad in purest white, a blossom-like creature among the ruddy-cheeked and buxom Hedingham girls, many of whom had a full share of vulgar every-day good looks. Even to-night, as he came to the trysting tree, he was compelled to confess to himself, in the course of that self-examination to which all thoughtful men submit their motives, that it was Sylvia's face that had bewitched him. Of her mind he knew very little beyond the one fact, that she loved him, and knowing that he seemed to know all that was needful. She was refined and intelligent, expressed herself like a lady, read all the books he lent her, and was able to criticise them somewhat sharply. She had taught herself French and German with very little help from her father. She played with taste and expression on a feeble old piano, which a former vicar's wife had given her on leaving Hedingham, and she sang better than she played. What more could a man desire in a wife than to love and be beloved by her, save to be proud of her! And Edmund Standen felt that this was a wife of whom a better man than he might be proud. For after all this gift of beauty which philosophy affects to underrate—although Socrates did admire Aspasia—is a great and perfect thing, and more certain of social success than any other quality. It needs no assertion on the part of its possessor, it asks no aid from beholds and worships. Nor is it more ephemeral than any other species of fame. Those names of women which stand out most vividly on the historic page, are the names of women who were simply famous for their beauty. This argument occurred to Edmund Standen to-night as he walked up the hill. After all, what reason had he to be ashamed of loving Sylvia Carew simply because of her loveliness. "Pericles, Cæsar, Antony, were all made of the same clay," he said to himself. "Each fell in love with the loveliest woman of his age."

"Well," said Sylvia, after a longish pause, "of course there is no more to be said. Our dream is ended; all we have to do is to bid each other good-bye."

Her tones faltered a little, and there were tears in her eyes, yet she pronounced this renunciation of her lover with a curious calmness for one so young.

"Bid each other good-bye," he repeated, astonished. "Why, Sylvia, do you think I can give you up?"

"I think you could never be so mad as to let your mother make you a pauper, which it seems she has the power to do," said Sylvia, in whom anger at this moment was stronger than love.

"My mother shall not make me a pauper, and she shall not rob me of you," said Edmund, drawing her closer to his side. She did not look up at him, but sat with eyes bent upon the ground, and a settled gloom upon her face. For her this forfeiture of fortune meant so much; it meant the end of all her day-dreams. But she loved him as fondly as it was in her nature to love; and that nature had its depths of passion, though those depths were yet unsounded.

"But she can rob you of your father's fortune," she said.

"Let it go," answered her lover lightly. "I can exist without it. I am not afraid of beginning the world, Sylvia, for you and with you. I think I could fight and conquer fate with you for my helpmate."

"What could you do?" she asked thoughtfully.

"Go to the Bar. It would be slow work, of course, at first; but I might pick up a little by literature, perhaps, or in some of the bye-ways of life. Or if, on taking counsel with my friends, I found the Bar was likely to be too slow a business, I might get a clerkship and go into commerce. I am young and not afraid of work. It would be hard if I couldn't earn a living somehow."

A living—earning a living somehow! And Sylvia had fancied that in winning Edmund Standen's love she had opened the door to that bright, pleasant, prosperous, easy-going world, in which everybody had plenty of money—that when he made her his wife she was to bid an everlasting farewell to the scamped means of the vulgar herd who have to maintain themselves by labour of brain or body.

"And then, darling," continued her lover tenderly, "happily for our early struggles you have not been bred in an extravagant school, or accustomed to costly pleasures. It will not seem very hard to you, will it, dear love, if we have to begin life humbly?"

Not seem hard, when her rebellious spirit had been at war with her surroundings ever since she had been old enough to compare the lives of other people with her own life!

"It's all very well to talk like that," she said, bursting into tears, "but you don't know what poverty is."

Yes, this cheerful resignation to reverse of fortune is easy to the mind that has never known necessity's venomous sting. It is like the ignorant courage of a child who pays his first visit to the dentist, rather pleased at the novelty of the situation.

"My sweetest, even poverty would be no burden if you and I shared it. Besides, we shan't always be poor. Look at the hundreds of prosperous men who begin the world with a single half-a-crown."

"Look at my father," she answered briefly.

He kissed away her tears, and circled thus by his protecting arm, she half believed that the light of true love might suffice to gild the pathway of life. But it was only half belief at best. Lurking in her mind there was the conviction that she had suffered too much already from straitened means, and that she had no courage for that battle which Edmund Standen faced so calmly.

"How much is your father's fortune?" she asked.

"My mother's you mean, darling."

"I only look upon it as hers in trust. How much is it, Edmund?"

"Something like fifteen hundred a year—rather over than under. Then there is the house, and about sixty acres of land, and my mother's savings, which must be considerable; for I

don't think she can have spent a thousand a year since my father's death."

"And you would give up all that for my sake, Edmund?" asked Sylvia, deeply moved.

"Every shilling of it, and with hardly a pang."

"Oh, how good and true you are, and how dearly I love you," cried the girl, quite overcome at last by this evidence of devotion.

The moon stole up from behind the eastward woods, and surprised them into memory of the hour. They went back to Hedingham through the silent fields and lanes arm in arm, and Sylvia almost forgot the gloomy outlook that had newly opened before her in the tender happiness of being so utterly beloved.

"To-morrow your father and all Hedingham shall know of our engagement, Sylvia," said Mr. Standen, as they paused in the shadowy churchyard patch—that path across the churchyard was the nearest way to the schoolhouse—for those last words which lovers are so long saying.

"No, not to-morrow," she pleaded, "there will be such talk and such surprise, and so many people will take your mother's part against us. Let us keep our secret a little longer, dear Edmund."

And dear Edmund, who was not in a condition to refuse anything, reluctantly consented to some small delay, wondering a little at the subtle ways of women, to whom there seems sweetness in secrecy.

(To be continued.)

## THE MAGAZINES.

The Farmer's Granges form the subject of interesting articles in the *Overland*, *Lippincott's*, and *Old and New*.

In addition to the above *Old and New* contains an able editorial consideration of the struggle now going on between the Roman Church and the State in various countries of Europe, notably in France and Spain, where the Church seems successful; in Switzerland, Prussia and Hungary, where she is wholly overpowered by the State, and in Italy and Austria, where, as yet, the balance hangs pretty even. Dr. Kellogg comes forward in staunch opposition to the Darwinian theory, against which he makes very fair fight. On the doctrine of the variation of species he brings some very powerful contra evidence to bear, which is worthy of consideration by all who take an interest in this absorbing question. G. A. Schmitt discourses on the history of the discovery of the Assyrian Cuneiform Inscriptions, and Dr. V. G. Smith, in a narrative bearing the title "The New England Sphinx," exposes in a direct, straightforward manner, the folly and evil results of the cramming system, especially as followed in the New England schools. This paper deserves serious attention, and we shall take occasion in another place to expatiate more fully on the lesson it brings. "At the Mediums," is mainly a dialogue, somewhat in the Platonic style, with a flavour of *Piscator* and *Tenator*, between a believer and an unbeliever in the mysteries of spiritualism, in which the latter finally admits that "there's more in it nor what he thought for," and suggests a pipe as a *solatium* after the fatigues of the argument, a most amusing finale to the serious discourse of the true believer. Mr. F. C. Burnand continues his admirable description of English public school life, which we recommended to all lovers of "Tom Browne's School-days." His descriptions are perfect and take any one who has "been there" straight back to the good old times when early chapel and poems were, next to an absence of pocket-money, the greatest ills of life. A queer story by Clara F. Guernsey, entitled "The Last Witch," and a review of the circumstances of Gen. Garnett's escape at Rich Mountain, by Col. Whittlesey, complete a very excellent number.

In the *Atlantic* James Parton continues his papers on Jefferson with an account of the President's chief measures, and brings us to the close of Jefferson's second term and his retirement to Monticello. Robert Dale Owen gives us his experience of Community Life, and Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen a third instalment of "Gunnar." "Honest John Vane," whose fortunes as Congressman we have been watching with close interest for two months past, now appears to be on the point of slipping from his incorruptible position. Mr. Hopkin's second paper on Contemporary Art in Europe gives an account of the principal pictures at the Exhibition of 1867 in the departments of *genre*, landscape, and portraiture. From this he passes on to statuary, in which he expresses his belief that it is in America that we may reasonably look for a new type in architecture, "a type more majestic than that of the Roman Basilica and capable of the highest embellishment by sculpture and painting." This, of course, in "the remote future, when the American citizen shall understand that private life should be unostentatious and modest," when his house shall be no longer a *bric-à-brac* shop, and he shall learn that it will be wiser to endow a museum than to spend ten thousands of dollars on the flowers and gewgaws of a single festival, etc., etc. Remote enough, we fear, this Golden Age of the future. Two pleasant and seasonable sketches are George W. Pierce's "Two Weeks' Sport on the Coulonge River," and S. O. Jewett's reminiscence of "The Shore House." The former is a very readable account of a sportsman's luck in the Ottawa district. Prof. Longfellow contributes "The Rhyme of Sir Christopher," and Oliver Wendell Holmes a clever mixture of wit and wisdom, entitled "A Poem Served to Order."

*Lippincott's Magazine* offers several attractions to the miscellaneous reader, not the least of which are Wm. Black's serial "A Princess of Thule," and Edward Strahan's clever pen and pencil sketches from Paris to Marly. "Our Home in the Tyrol," and "On the Church Steps," are both continued in this number, and a fifth serial is commenced, entitled "Sketches of Eastern Travel," the initial paper giving an account of the Count de Beauvoir's visit to Peking, and the Great Wall of China. Of the paper on "The Patrons of Husbandry," we have already spoken. Other interesting articles are those on "English Court Festivities," "Rambles among the Fruits and Flowers of the Tropics," and "How They Keep a Hotel in Turkey." The only complete story is that by Christian Reid, "A Lotus of the Nile." The gem of the poetry in this number is unquestionably "The Ride of Prince Geraint," by Martin J. Griffin, of the *Halifax Express*, of whose productions the readers of the *News* have had occasion to judge for themselves.

The contents of the *Overland Monthly* are, agreeably to the object of that publication, mainly of local interest. Of purely local matter, however, the reminiscences of an argonaut of '49, commenced in this number under the title of "Seeking the Golden Fleece," would be everywhere found interesting. The Ultramar series, commenced with much vigour and brightness are beginning to stale. It is a decided mistake, not to publish a portion of such a serial regularly every month. Its present slipshod appearance by fits and starts is enough to disgust the most persevering reader. Other stories are "McLean Grier's Fortune," and "Gentleman Hanse," the latter continued. "In a Transport," by Charles Warren Stoddart, is one of the most pleasant little sketches that have appeared in the *Overland* for some time past. The best features of the number are the paper on "Rates of Railroad Transportation," already alluded to, and the opening article, by the Rev. Dr. Patterson, condemnatory of the policy pursued by the United States Government towards the Indians.