

and been to patient with him, though with others so fiery! The bare surmise of such a possibility made him shudder, especially if at night he caught sight of something white floating on the river—a cluster of lotus flowers, or a branch of cherry blossoms, which at a distance looked like a woman's dress. But by far the most probable supposition was, that she had gone to denounce her mistress; and this caused him not only uneasiness as to the consequences, but the greatest pain in the thought that her affection for him had prompted this act, and that if he had had more patience and more indulgence it might have been prevented. Day after day went by and brought no tidings of the missing girl, nor of the expected travellers. Heavy rains set in, and even letters and newspapers did not reach St. Agathe and its neighborhood. This forced inactivity was especially trying at a time when their minds were on the full stretch, and news—even bad news—would almost have seemed a relief. Since their last conver-

sation there was much less freedom in the intercourse between d'Auban and Madame de Moldau. They were less at their ease with each other. Both were afraid of giving way to the pleasure of being together, and of saying what was passing in their minds. She was quite a prisoner in the pavillon. During those long weeks of incessant down-pouring rain, Simonette's absence obliged her to wait on herself independent of the services of others. She read a great deal, too, and almost exhausted d'Auban's small collection of books. He no longer spent the evenings at St. Agathe, but came there once a day to see if she had any commands. He did not venture, however, to absent himself for many hours together, for the fear never left him of Simonette's disclosures bringing about some untoward event. Week followed week, and nothing interrupted the dull, heavy monotony of the long days of rain, or brought with it any change to cheer the spirits of the dwellers in the wilderness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE HARP.

EASTER DAY.

Aurora Cœlum Purpurat.

The purpling dawn with cheering ray,
Now ushers in the auspicious day,
When Christ to life, o'er all His foes,
O'er death itself, triumphant rose:

And all from Limbo's drear domain
Led forth th' exulting Patriarch train.
His praises then the angels sung;
Whole nature with his praises rung:
Save that th' infernal gulf profound
Recoil'd abhorrent at the sound.

In vain His tomb is fast secur'd
And round the num'rous watch is poured,
Though sealed the huge sepulchral stone
That o'er His monument is thrown;
He breaks death's adamant chain
And bursts His gates, and soars amain.

Cease then to shed the pious tear:
He lives, the shining angel cries,
Who conquered Death, nor ever dies.
To God the Father, Sov'reign Lord,
And Christ, His Son, to life restor'd,
And Holy Ghost, dread One in Three!
Let equal praise and glory be.