

'But it really was me who——'  
The fingers closed upon him like a vice. 'Be so good as to answer my question. Did any one bid you tell your Papa to say that it was at your invitation that Miss Hurt was here?'

The boy trembled like a leaf as he answered, 'Yes, Mr. Walcot. George told me to say so; but it really was——'

'That will do; take this book back with you. If George or Miss Hurt

ask you what you were wanted for, say that I brought it out by mistake and wished to get rid of it: and say nothing about the other matter.' Before the boy was gone, he turned to his brother-in-law and said, significantly, 'I was right, you see, Arden. They met by appointment, without doubt.' Sir Robert struck his stick into the sand and moved on in sombre silence.

*(To be continued.)*

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## IT IS WELL.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

IT is well! The Summer-time is over—  
Low in the west sinks the autumn sun;—  
They have cut down the corn and the scented clover—  
Southward the birds have flown, one by one.

In the glade to whom is the brooklet calling?  
Follow, it says, and follow me!  
Its breast is brown with the leaves there falling,  
And downward borne to the hungry sea.

Give me my staff, and give me my sandals;  
Down by the brookside I would go,  
Leaving behind the ruthless vandals  
That the thread of my life have tangled so.

The days grow wearier, wearier, wearier,  
And mocking phantoms the nights infest;  
The world grows drearier, drearier, drearier,  
And I in my mother's arms would rest.