

POETRY vs. PROSE.

For the TRUE WITNESS.

"My friend, how lovely is the scene, see where the land and water meet, The rolling hills, the fields so green— Ah! werry good for raisin' wheat."

DORA.

By JULIA KAVANAGH

Author of "Nathalie, Adelaide, Queen Mab," &c

CHAPTER XXXIV.—CONTINUED.

"Why should you fail?" asked Mrs. Luan; but her tone was sobering, and her look, her voice, her manner were getting all confused again.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A DREAM, in which Mrs. Courtenay saw Dora presented with a pair of diamond earrings by her husband, was rather abruptly disturbed by Dora herself the next morning.

"Why, Dora, what time is it?" she asked, "that you are already going out?" "I am not going out—I have been out, and I have just come in," said Dora, who looked rather sad and pale.

daughter, though she listened to her patiently, was not moved by her arguments. "I cannot do it," she said, despondently. "I do believe that if the feeling I have now should come to me at the altar when we both stood before the priest, and he had his book open, I do believe, I should say 'no,' even then."

"You do not believe me?" said Mrs. Luan again. "Then why did you ask? Why did you want to know? Why did you make me tell you?" She shook with anger. Mr. Templemore looked at her, and felt strangely troubled.

scarcely hope to have her husband's whole heart? Here was a temptation, indeed—here was a strange unexpected triumph, made to intoxicate even a wiser man than Mr. Templemore.

of her features as he spoke. He urged over again every argument for their marriage, and against her refusal, which he had already used—but vainly. Dora leaned back in her chair with her hands clasped on her lap, and her eyes downcast or fixed on vacant space, and with a face as pale and as changeless as marble.

Dora's pride and won her consent. The feeling that turned his sacrifice into sweetness had vanquished all her scruples, and changed their bitterness to strange joy. "For, after all, she could not be blind. If Mrs. Logan had been loved, she was loved ten times more. If Florence had been dear, Dora was far dearer. He made no professions—perhaps remembering his involuntary infidelity he was silent; but there is another eloquence besides that of language, and a hundred signs betrayed him."