

ATHOLIC HRONICLE.

VOL. XVIII.

ANNETTE LEIR;

ones.'

do in it ; hut--?

dignity.

wildly.

good way off.

and away went Annelte.

"Then I'll speak plain words too."

' I wonder,' said the provoking beauty, ' does

all the poetry I have read lie; and is all that

books say untrue ? I suppose the times are quite

gone by when knights waited and worked long

come back ; so, good evening, Mr. Lekham,'

One autumn atternoon, Acnette set out with a

basket on her arm, which was no light weight, to

pay a charitable visit to a poor woman living a

She stared long listening to a story of a life

full of wee, and doing what little she could to

woman's hovel, night was darkening down

Annette wasn't particularly brave, and it was

a ghostly kind of evening. Even going down

the hill side, where pale light imgered, she start-

ed more than once at some ceric sounding sigh

of the wind, or at the aspect of some fantastic

shaped bush. A mountain mist came on, and

blew blindingly in her face. Forgetting how

torrents of rain that had fallen only the night be

lore must have swollen the brook, she deter-

mined to go home a shorter way than she had

come, crossing the plank that had formed a

It was very dark in the hollow through which

OR.

TRUE LOVE TESTED.

(By the Author of "Mr. Arle.")

Annette Leir sat beneath a white thorn in the garden ; and the afternoon sunshine, slanting on her bright bair, made her dazzing to behold. It was the end of May, and a light breezes howered years through, only too well content if they rehawthorn petals down on her. She was worknawinorn perals using on her. She was work-ing and sinking; without pausing in her song she from the lady they - loved.' The last word fire, busy with homely bousehold work. Annette half glanced up, and gave a saucy smile and nod spoken with shy reluctance. when a young man parted the hazel-hu-hes of when a young man ported the mazer-on-nes of were. Life is too short; there is too much to looked as if pleasant thoughts made summer in towards her.

She was employed in the homely work of mending gray woollen stockings, and was too busy to extend a hand. The young man leant against the thorn, watching her nimble fingers, and listening to her song in silence.

Well,' questioned the girl, when her song was ended, ' have you nothing to say ?' little thinner. She never smiled now when she "A great deal, Annette." met Mr. Lekham, but just bowed with cold

She glanced up at the eyes down-looking so gravely, blushed, and said-

"Nothing amusing, I should think, by your face. I want to be amused.?

'For once let me speak seriously.'

(If I wanted serious speaking, I should stay in there'- with a gesture of the head towards the cottage. 'Everything out doors is laughing.' 'You can be serious sometimes; you were so relieve present distress. When she left the

ten minutes str ce."

'You had no business to be watching me.' Annette, look at me ; just to see how earnest I am.'

"I am sure I dou't mind looking at you.' He had stooped, that his eyes might be on a level with hers; but when she raised her lashes her eyes caught a sunbeam and somewhat besides .---"The sun is so dazzling," she said, and applied diligently to her work.

A little brucze shoot the blossom clusters of the thorn ; down come the white petals upon the elorified hair.

bridge, so avoiding a corner of the wood. "You are sprinkled with dead flowers; they must be taken off because they are withered.'the stream ran, and the water made a great And he reached his band towards the shining noise. She could not find the plank ; and getting child !? somewhat desperate tried to spring across She head.

"You peedu't trouble. There, they are all did not reach firm ground on the other side, and gone.' She had shaken them off with a merry burt her toot among the rough stones. When toss. Dear me, how low the sun is. I am she had scrambled up the bank, it pained her a tea time. I must go in or they sure it is past

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1867.

thought about if when she was alone. 'Speak true ones. Do you love me'

CHAPTER II.

One wintry morcing the post boy brought a large letter to Mr. Leir's cottage for Lawrence Leir, E.q. Now Mr. Leir was a man of fallen fortunes, and it was long since he had been ceived a smile or a kind word at long intervals esquired. Mrs. Leir and Annette sat by the in her plain merino dress of many winters, with 'Those times are quite gone by, if they ever diligent fingers and a qu'elly smiling mouth, her heart. Mrs. Leir's face wore a wanted look "Then I think I will wait till those times of mingled anxiety and austerity-her brow had

other wrinkles than those made by time. . When did Henry say he should be home, Annelte ?

For months after that she and Henry Lekham did not exchange a word, or touch each other's "In a fortnight, mainma,' Annette answered, blushing because her thoughts had been busy hand. Annette was some what in disgrace with her father and mother, and grew graver and a with that same Henry.

> "I hope, Annette,' Mrs. Leir said solemnly, f that you do not mean to trifle with his affec-

tions longer; one way or the other you shall answer hun, child. He has shown more forbearance than ninety-nine men in a hundred would have done. I have forborne speaking to you seriously before, out of respect to his wishes.

Annette did not speak; but the face she drooped over her work looked troubled now .-Why mightn't she dream out her little dream, fancy out her little romance in peace? Her mother's words seemed to brush through and destroy her pleasant self-mystifyings, as the first feet crossing the grass of an autumn meadow destroy the shining, Imining, fairy-webs worch from blade to blade.

An exclamation from Mr. Leir made both his and daughter look up at hum. Its face was radiant with some emotion, but he tried to be very dignified, even to speak with a certain bitterness.

'I am not esquired for nothing !' be said, putting the letter into his wife's lap. ' My uncleyour great uncle-is dead, Annette ; he has left us a great house and land and money, which I mist go and see after. You will be an heiress, Mr. Leir kis ed an upturned and bewildered

face.

. You don't look glad. Ab, you will soon find courted than to sit doing such work as thet-too

I must speak real words ; I cau't choose fice and mother did, Annette would blush and pout. from which cold, fear, and pain had driven back ing attention. Locked into her 'chilly nest," Yet the tears would rise softly to her eyes if she a'l the blood, would have been dificult to iden. she set herself to write his first and strange lovetify with the laughing, sunny, saucy one of the letter. It ran thus: girl who had sat singing beneath the hawthorn a few months back.

When she rose, she huddled on her bonnet and shaw; stole stealthily down the stairs and past the door of the parlor where her mother and father talked, forming splendid prospects for her future - congratulating themselves that no engagement bound her to Henry Lekham, country hookseller and stationer.

Agnette went out into the brooding, biting mist. She was going to take coulds-I with her only friend-a woman years older than herself, who had shown great interest in Annette's love affair, and given the shy girl much, if not wise advice ;-advice which had been received scornfully and never acted upon; but which desolate Annette now persuaded berself must at least have should not have broken off the engagement ; but been kindly meant.

So Annette sped on over the snow towards Scawdon Farm.

She found it difficult to make Emma Brown understand what had befallen her. When she nnished with a burst of tears, Emma exclaimed : Well, and what is there in this to send you out over the snow with such a scared face !-

What ails ye, Annette !' "Cannol you tell?"

"No. It's no such dreadful thing to be made a fine lady of, is it? Shouldn't must it mysell.? 'But, Emma, we are going away directly and—'

"Is it Henry Lekham you're after ?' Miss Brown asked, with a look of intelligence at last. 'I am not crying after any one.' Aunette said, raising her head, indignation sending some blood into her cheeks. But soon the head was howed into the halony evening, found a secret place, and egain. 'What shall I do-what shall I do ?' cried as if her heart were broken. What was was the pitiful cry.

your wet shawl and hood,' Miss Brown said sharnly; to snow some tenderness in caring for her friend's physical well being.

. Yor never seemed to set much store by Mr. Lekham. When I told you you loved bin, you've flown into a fine rage ; but if you do like him, after all, I can't see what you've got to fuss about. He'll like you none the worse for being a fine lady and rich, lass' she added bitterly.

don't thuck,' and her face kindled brillightly,

No. 19.

'DEAR SIR: You will hear of the charge that has come to us, and why we have gone away. This change can make no difference between true friends, at least I do not feel that it can.

ANNETTE LEIR.'

A small matter that letter ; yet it cost thought and tears and blushes. When it was written and enclosed to Miss Brown, Annette felt bappier, and after praying, fell quietly asleep.

CHAPTER III.

'I often think, Annette, how fortunate it was that you were so capricious and shy with Mr. Lekham, and did not become attached to him. If you had been engaged to him, of course we now I hope, you will do much better. It is very fortunate you did not become attached to him," Mrs. Leir repeated. Pale Annette said nothing, because she had begun to doubt if she were not forgotten, and could not, to Mirs. Leir, own an unrequited attachment. Mrs. Leir went op :

"But, child, I wish you would not look so lost and ill at ease. You must remember we are not low bred people raised to sudden prosperity ; we are only restored to a rank of life we lost for a time through your father being unfortunate. Do try and take your proper place in the house and in society. It is wretched to see you roaming about and gazing down the road all day, as you do.'

Mrs. Leir swept from the drawing room, and Annette was left alone. Spring twilight was falling. Through an open window she went out all the stirring life and loveliness without the "Why, sit here by the fire, and let me pull off opulence and splendor within, to her ? Nothing, nothing! She felt as if, could she see Henry Lekham standing before her, she would fall on her knees and cry to him to love her still, to take her to be lus, to satisfy her poor longing beart with his kind true words. Sorrow had subdued her girlish pride.

When she crept to the house, her hair was unuch d by the night damp, her slik dress soiled by the moist earth; she shivered from head to 'You don't know him, or you'd not speak that foot. In the hall she met her father. He out how much pleasanter it is to be rich and way, Emma. But it isn't his liking me or no, I storted. 'Annette, child ! what ails you ? You look like a ghost. Speak, my darling !

good deal, and she sat down inclined to cry at was an unwouted epithet of endearment, and that richer or poorer will alter that, but it's my will be angry.' She drew her pretty hand out ery at the desolation of her situation - she was berd for your fingers' of the stocking, and rose. The ball of worsted no beroise. father and mother, Emma. We're going away moved Annette. Pain was gathering in Anaetic's eyes; but "Papa, papa! Iam so miserable. I think rolled away; the young man picked it up, then her father turned from her to her mother, who directly, to morrow, to a large house; and I'm It was so drear and dismal - only the noise of in no way bound to him. He won't follow up I shall die,? she sobbed out, leaning against him prisoned the hand held out for it. the wind and the water to be heard, and nothing had got through the letter. "Hush ! Pil take you to your mother."-"Who would have thought that Everyeach less they ask him, and they won't." "Anneite, you must hear me. I love you .--to be seen but the foam on the stream, the while "I see. Papa and maining will be for catch-Will you be my wife?' he said in a voice of mist, and the black belt of wood across which Grange would have come to us - such a family Frightened and uneasy, he led her to the room where Mrs. Leir was dressing for diuner and deep suppression passion. She opened her brown ber path lay. Annette was quite coward enough as my uncle had ?' ing a grand gentleman now." "He is a grand gentleman, Emma," to be afraid of having the black wood so close at . We have lived so out of the world here, you company. eyes wide, and looked round as if in terror, "He is a shopkeeper for that ; and I hear shop 'Annette is ill,' he sold, and put ker in the while her face flushed vividly : but she snatched hand at this hour-the black wood of which she didn't know that his sons were dead, did you ?' her hand from his, and ran into the house without had heard so many queer stories. She sat still his wife asked. kerpers are looked down upon by the quality. easy-chair by the fire. 'She has been out too 'Never having received any kinduess from You're pretty enough to be made a lady An late, and caught cold." boping the pain in her foot would go off or that having spoken a word. Mrs. Leir despatched her maid, and then He slayed just where she left him, and watch- some one would pass. The latter seemed very nette. You'll grow far too grand to remember him, never expecting to get any good by his ed the sun set and felt the dew fall; but she did unlikely. She shrank close into herself when death. I haven't concerned myself about him,' polled the door; she half knew what ailed her us up here.' not return to the garden that right. When the she perceived a tall figure coming towards her. child. •O Emma, it's cruel to talk to me like that. Mr. Leir replied. Led on by her parents' unwonted tenderness. Mechanically Mrs. Leir recommenced the I will never love anybody but him. Can I do moon had risen, he plunged into the hazel copse |looking gigantic through the mist. darn she had been interrupted in ; but her lus-Annette made a full confession of her love for "Annette ! Annette !" a voice called. She anything ? again. Mr. Lekham and her having written to him. sprang up gladly, greatly relieved though she band took took the table cloth from her band. Miss Brown was touched by the appeal of 'I wonder Lekham hasn't been in to-night,' " Away with that, Martha! Here, draw near Annette's pale look. They were both indignant, and spoke bard said Annette's father. wished it had been any one else. things of him. Mrs. Leir said that Annette bad the fire and let us talk-there is enough to set-"Do! of course you can. Write to him a 'Thonk God,' Mr. Lekham exclaimed, 'you 'It is the first evening for a long while that he tle.' Mr. Leir threw a great log on unreproved few kind words, and leave him to take the hint. show and sat down close by his wife. 'You see the If he loves you, he'll follow you to the world's all. shown a want of maidenly pride in writing at has not looked in,' said Annette's mother. are safe !? "He is a most aggreeable well conducted 'Yes; but I've hurt my foot,' she said, in her "And be has neither written nor sent any lawyer advises our taking immediate possession. end.' usual laughing way. young man, and very diligent in his business,' message after that? He is a proud fellow; I "Write to Mr. Lekham? No. never !" How soon could we get away ?' Mr. Leir proncunced emphatically. 'That's nothing.' 'I hope nothing unpleasant keeps him from coming here to night. I thought be didn't look very happy yesterday,' his wife rejoined. "If you'd been engaged, wouldn't you have always thought him proud. He would only 'Dear me ! I cannot say. It is like a dream,' 'Isn't it ?' she exclaimed pettishly-he ought and Mrs. Leir smoothed some of the wrinkles make you unbaopy, child. Such conduct shows done it? to have been grieved. utter disregard of your feelings. Have you ' O, yes.' 'You might have been drowned. The stream out of her careworn brow. "And you know he loves you, you do ! If heard from Miss Brown ?" 'It is like a dream !' Annette echoed, and is very deep and wide where the bridge was 'He is rather proud and reserved ; one whose Annette sobbed bitterly. 'Once. And-he pressed her hand on her white forebead as if to you love him too, it's all one as it you'd said washed away; if you had tried to cross there, feelings ought not to be trifled with ' Mr. Leir is at home, and --- doing as usual." you'd marry. You're a fool if you don't write ' you would have been drowned,' he said gravely. still pain beating there. looked full and sternly at Annette as he spoke. 'We ought not to delay,' Mr. Leir went on. 'He has forgotien you, Annette; perhaps he Annette rose up, wished her father and mo-"And will you keep the letter? I couldn't Should 1 ?' Annette asked softly, and clung has formed some fresh attachment. Call up ther good night proudly, and went to her own to his arm shivering. 'It would have been The eyes of a master are always invaluable.' send it to his house,' Annette said, after a pause. vour proper pride, my dear; forget bim too," Miss Brown turned, and stirred up the blazing 'There may be some mistake, papa,' was room. She had forgotten to get a light, but the | dreadful in this noisy water, such a dismal night.' Mrs. Leir said. 'My daughter will not pine 'I don't see that the noise of the water, or feeby suggested. fire. moonbeams were pouring in. She opened the for any man." the dismalness of the night, would make it worse "Ha! ha! people don't make mistakes about 'No, no! give it to some one else to give him. lattice, leant out, sighed, muttered a few words, matters of this sort - not mistakes on this side ¹ Mamma, let me go to my own room and be After all, Annette, perhaps you'd best not be in then blushed at the sound of her own voice. She to be drowned,' he replied smiling.' 'lt would. A quiet sunny stream has looked alone.' She rose, but turned kack at the door at all events. Wife, what is there to prevent haste; you may like another better that your pawatched the moon till it set to her behind a to say, 'I do not believe he has forgotter- at our starting for Everreach to morrow ?" rents would like too." clump of firs on the hill; then she crept to bed pleasant, I have thought. But let us go home.' 'To morrow, Lawrence ! you might, but I least I think he may be afraid. Even be may 'l zever shall. Emma you don't know him.' 'Yes; they are anxious-your father is gone with wet cold cheeks. So you said before. You think he's too not have had my letter. There is something must stay and arrange matters.? up the other way to look for you, and your mo-Annette was as merry and careless as ever 'Yes, papa, coulde't you go and we follow.' much the gentleman for such us I to understand, that might be explained." ther stood in the garden calling your name." next morning, plucking flowers to adorn the 'Do you doubt Miss Brown, who has been so Annette asked wistfully. perhaps, madam! Don't look so piteous. Send "We will hurry, then.' Annette stopped in a room. She stood at the gate trying to reach an 'No, no ! we'll all go together ; and as for kind to you? was asked reproachfully. the letter to me, if you like. Remember, you few moments, though, with a little cry of pain .early blown piece of honeysuckle, her bat fallen your arrangements, wile, make them all to night ; ask me to keep it.' 'I cannot doubt Mr. Lekham who was so We must go slower, my foot burts me.' off, and hair pulled down, when Mr. Lekham 'No ; we will go faster - you must let me !' you mey give away your furniture if you like, 'Yes; to keep it till he comes. O, thank patient and-' passed on his way to his business in the town .--She smiled, and be bowed without smiling; jet And he took her up and strode on rapidly, his we shall not need it. It will not suit the you, Emma!' Annette was burriedly wrapping "That is nonsense !" Mr. Leir said hastily. There is a difference between loving a pretty her shawl round her again. manner more tender than his words. Annette Grange.' that evening found him at her father's listening Annette stole away to her own room, leaving 'You need not be in such a hurry. But of girl when he sees her every day, and rememberwas powerless, so made no resistance. Very to her every word, watching her every movement. She never once spoke to him voluntarily, soon be gave her into her mother's care, and husband and wife to talk over his wonderful for- course you are off, having got what you came ing faithfully when she is absent. Annette, you must promise me never to write to Mr. Lekham for,' Miss Brown remarked. went to tell her father that she was found. tune. or looked in his face; and she did not go out It was February, and snow was lying thick on 'They will think it odd. I must go. Good again.' Mr. Leir looked very stern. After that evening, Hemy Lekbam was sgam into her garden lest he should follow. a frequent visitor at the cottage. Annette was the ground, and a fog brooding over it : the cold bye, dear Emma.' Annette threw her arms 'Papa! mamma! O would one of you write Annette, you did not answer my question .--was biling and bitter; but Annette knelt long in round Miss Brown, and then hurried away. to him ?- just a few common kind lines-nothing I must have an answer.' They were alone spite | more demure-showed a little shy graciousness about me. You ought; he was so good to us the window seat, her head buried in her bands ; Her embrace was suffered, not returned. sometimes; began to feel subdued in his preof the girl's precautions; and Henry Lekham sence, and powerless, as she had done when she there seemed danger of her freezing in that When Annette went to bed that night she all ! Just let him know that we haven't forspoke in a hurried, somewhat imperious voice. took an ink bottle with ber, a pen, and some pa- | gotten.' Annette looked from one to the other was lame and he took her into his arms. He crouching despairing attitude. "Must you, Mr. Lekham?" was lame and he took her into his arms. He croucing despairing attract. "Excuse that word; but what I feel is real. never alluded to that evening; when her father The face she upturned appealingly at last, per. It was not easy to do this without attract-1 with wild appeal.