BY MISS MULOCE

CHAPTER XXI.

HER STORY. Thus things went on. I shall set down though bitterly I remem ber them all. At last it came to end. I shall relate this, that there may be no doubt left as to what passed between us-Colin and me.

We were standing in the corridor, hi mether having just quitted us to settle with papa about to-morrow's journey, desiring us to wait for her till she returned. Colin suggested the library, but I preferred the corridor, where con tinually there were persons coming and going. I thought, if I never gave him any opportunity of saying anything, he might understand what I so earnestly wished to save him from being plainly told. So we stood looking out of the hall windows. I can see the view this minute, the large, level circle of snow, with the sun-dial in the centre, and be yond, the great avenue gates, with the avenue itself, two black lines, and a white one between, lessening and fading away in the mist of a January after-

"How soon the day is closing in-our last day here !"

I said this without thinking. next minute I would have given any thing to recall it: for Colin answered something-I hardly remember whatbut the manner, the tone, there was no mistaking. I suppose the saying is true: , no weman with a heart in her bosom can mistake for long together when a man really leves her. I felt it was coming; perhaps better let it come, and then it would be over, and there would be an end of it.

So I just stood still, with my eyes on the snow and my hands locked tight together, for Colin had tried to take one of them. He was trembling much, and so I am sure was I. He said only half a dozen words, when I begged him to stop, "unless he wished to break my heart." And, seeing him turn pale as death, and lean against the wall. I did pride, and his mother's tender heart. indeed feel as if my heart were break-

ing.
For a moment the thought came—let me confess it-how cruel things were, as they were; how happy had they been otherwise, and I could have made him happy-this good, honest soul that loved me, his dear old mother, and every one heart. I'll hold my tongue and bear it. belonging to us; also, whether anyhow I will, Dora." I ought not to try. No; that was not possible. I can understand women's renouncing love, or dving of it, or learning to live without it: but marrying without it. either for "spite," or for money, necessity, pity, or persuasion, is to me utterly incomprehensible. Nay, the self-devoted heroines of the "Emilia concerning me; and that otherwise the Wyndham" school seem creatures so weak that, if not compassionating, one me, now and always-"except"-and he would simply despise them. Out of duty or gratitude it might be possible to work, live, or even die for a person, but was all as one now. I asked no farther, never to marry him.

So, when Colin, recovering, tried to take my hand again. I shrunk into myself, and became my right self at once: parted. for which, lest tried overmuch, and A long parting it has proved; for he liking him as I do, some chance emotion might have led him momentarily estray, I most earnestly thank God.

And then I had to look him in the eyes and tell him the plain truth.

"Colin. I do not love you: I never shall be able to love you, and so it would be wicked even to think of this. You must give it all up, and let us go back to our old ways.'

"Dora ?"

believe it.'

enough for you.

until we heard his mother's step, and her of that time at Treherne Court and after cheerful "Where's my Colin?" - loud ward, and at all the tender compassion enough, as if she meant-poor dear !in fond precaution, to give us notice of her coming. Instinctively we hid from her in the library. She looked in at the door, but did not, or would not, see us. and went trotting away down the corridor. Oh, what a wretch I felt.

When she had departed, I was stealing away, but Colin caught my dress.

"Yes," I answered, feeling no more than one would be in a dying confession "Yes, Colin, I was once very fond of you, when I was about eleven years old." "And never afterward?"

"No-as my saying this proves. Never afterward, and never should, by patient fidelity, the tenderest forbearany possible chance-in the sort of way ance; granting to all his words and acyou wish."

said wish a sort of sorrowful dignity and Christian justice will allow. Nay, quite new in Colin Granton. "I was these failing, is there not still left only good enough for you when you were Christian charity? which, being past a child, and we are not children now. 'believing' and 'hoping,' still 'endureth We never shall be children any more," all things. "Ne-no." And the thought of that I hear the carriage wheels. old time came upon me like a flood the

ever since-me, not Lisabel; though for a time he tried flirting with her, he owned, just to find out whether or not I ared for him. I hid my face and

And then I had need to recover control; it is such an awful thing to see

I stood by Colin till we were both almer; trusting all was safe over, and had passed without the one question most dreaded. But it came.

"Dora, why do you not care for me Is there—tell me or not, as you like—is

there any one else?"

Conscience! let me be as just to my as I would be to another in my place.

Once, I wrote that I had been "mi taken," as I have been in some things, but not in all. Could I have honestly said so, taking all blame on myself and freeing all others from everything save nere kindness to a poor girl who was foolish enough, but very honest and true and wholly ignorant of where things were tending, till too late-If I could have done this. I believe I should then and there have confessed the whole truth to Colin Granton. But, as things are, it was impossible.

Therefore, I said, and started notice how literally my words imitated other words, the secondary meaning of which had struck me differently from their first, "that it was not likely I should ever be married."

Colin asked no mere. The dressing-bell rang and I again tried to get away; but he whispered, Stop one minute-my mother-what am I to tell my mother?"

How much does she know? "Nothing. But she guesses, poo dear-and I was always going to tell her outright: but somehow I couldn't. But now, as you will tell your father and

sisters, and "No, Colin; I shall not tell any human being."

And I was thankful that if I could not return his love I could at least save his

"Tell her nothing; go home and be brave for sake. Let her see that her boy is not unhappy. Let her feel that not a girl in the land is more precious to him than his old mother.

"That's true!" he said with a hard breath. "I won't break her dear old "I know you will," and I held out my

hand. Surely, that clasp wronged no one: for it was hardly like a lover's-only my old playmate—Colin my dear.

We then agreed that, if his mother asked any questions, he should simply tell her that he had changed his mind seemed about to tell me something, but stopped, saying it was of no matter-it only desiring to get away.

Then, with another long, sorrowful. silent clasp of the hand, Colin and I

kept aloof from me at dinner, and instead of traveling home with us, went round another way. A week or two afterwards, he called at Rockmount, to tell us he had bought a vacht, and was going a cruise to the Mediterranean. I. being out on the moor, did not see him; he left next day, telling his mother to "wish good-by for him to his playmate

Poor Colin! God bless him and keep "Yes, indeed, it is true. You must him safe, so that I may feel I only wounded his heart, but did his soul no For a long time the only words he said harm. I meant it not! And when he comes back to his old mother, perhaps, "I knew it-knew I was not half good bringing her home a fair daughter-in-law, as no doubt he will one day, I shall be It being nearly dark, no one came by happy enough to smile at all the misery which had been wasted upon me by good Mrs. Granton, because "my Colin" changed his mind, and went away without marrying his playmate Dora. Only "Dora." I am glad he never called me "Theodora."

I read in a book, the other day, this

extract: "People do not sufficiently remember that in every relation of life as in the care for me—never the least bit in all closest one of all, they ought to take one another 'for better for werse.' That granting the tie of friendship, gratitude, or esteem, be strong enough to have exashamed of telling this, or anything, isted at all, it ought, either actively or passively, to exist forever. And seeing we can, at best, know our neighbor, companion, or friend, as little as, alas! we often find he knoweth of us, it behooveth us to treat him with the most tions that we do not understand, the ut-"That is enough-I understand," he most limit of faith which common sense

Darby and Jean fashie n-till their two small, black figures vanished over the hilly road, which always used to remind me of the Sleeping Beauty and her

"And on her lover's arm she leant. And around her waist she felt it fold, And far across the hills they went, To that new world which is the old." They must be very happy-Francis

I wonder how soon I shall be well This feyer and ague lasts sometimes for months; I remember Dr. Urquhart's

nce saying so. Here following my plan of keeping this journal accurate and complete. I ought to put down something which occurred yesterday, and which concerns

Dr. Urquhart. Driving through the camp, my sister Penelope saw him, and papa stopped the carriage and waited for him. He could not pass them by, as Francis declared he seemed intending to do, with a mere versation was not told me, for, on mentioning it, a few sharp words took place between papa and Penelope. She protested against his taking so much trouble in cultivating the society of a man, who, she said, was evidently, out of his own profession, "a perfect boor."

Papa replied more warmly than I had at all expected.

"You will oblige me, Penelope, by allowing your father to have a will of his own in this as in most other matters. even if you do suppose him capable of never forget that a debt of gratitude. -despise it not; respects its secrets-be such as he owes to Dr. Urguhart, once incurred, is seldom to be repaid, and shall never like a dead thing in thy never to be obliterated."

So the discourse ended. Penelope left my room, and pape took a chair by and go thy way. It may chance that, ston's recommendation, she went as me. I tried to talk to him, but we soon both fell into silence. Once or twice suddenly upon the grave of it—and be- inquiries set on foot by Charteris and when I thought he was reading the hold! it is dewy green!" newspaper, I found him looking at me. but he made no remark.

Papa and I have had much less of each other's company lately, though we have never lost the pleasant footing on which we learned to be during his illness. wonder if, now that he is quite well, he has any recollection of the long, long hours, nights and days, with only daylight or candlelight to mark the difference between them, when he lay motionless in his bed, watched and nursed by

I was thinking thus, when he asked question, the abrupt coincidence of which with my silent thoughts startled me out of any answer than a simple "No

"My dear, have you ever had any letter from Dr. Urguhart?"

How could he possibly imagine such a thing? Could Mrs. Granton, or Penelope, who is quick-sighted in some things, have led papa to think— to suppose something, the bare idea of which turned me sick with fear. Me, they might dear to the heart-Dallas's look, almost blame as they liked; it would not harm as I remember it when he quietly told me; but a word, a suggestion of blame me that instead of preaching his first serto any other person, would drive me mon he must go away at once abroad, or lately that there was anything ailing wild, furious. So I called up all my give up hope of ever living to preach at strength.

"You know, papa, Dr. Urquhart leave me as Dallas did! could have nothing to write to me about. Any message for me would have put in a letter to you.'

"Certainly. I merely inquired, con-

paper, and looking direct at the fire. "I have not been altogether satisfied.

Seeing an answer waited for, I said. 'Yes, papa.'

'I am sorry, having such great respect for him, and such pleasure in his ociety." Papa paused. When a man desires to win or retain his footing in a secure it. If he does not, the natural it. conclusion is that he does not desire it.' Another pause. "Whenever Dr. Urquhart chooses to come here, he will be always-most welcome; but I cannot again invite him to Rockmount."

"No, papa."

quiet until I went to bed. To-day I find in the same old book be-

answerest thou, doth not every day's

painly, if it doth not quite wear it. Plenty of anxieties also, maybe; no but close to a man as his own skin and the love would counter-balance all, and flesh, are yet liable to become diseased you would feel that you would feel it he may have to lose them, and live without them, as after the lopping off of a limb, or the blinding of an eye. And likewise, there be friendships which a man groweth out of, naturally and clothes; the which, though no longer suitable for his needs, he keepeth religiously, unforgotten and undestroyed, and often visiteth with a kindly tenderness, though he knoweth they can cover and warm him no more. All these instances do clearly prove that a friend is

not always a friend

"'Yea,' quoth Fidelis, 'he is. in himself, may be, but unto thee. The future and the present are thine and his the past is beyond the both-an unalienable possession, a bond never disannulled. Ye may let it slip, of natural disuse; throw it aside as worn out and foul; cut it off, cover it up, and bury it; but it hath been, and therefore, in one sense forever must be. Transmutation a window could move me thus. is the law of all mortal things; but so salutation, but staid and spoke. The con- far as we know, there is not, and will I shall have found out all about you. not be until the great day of the second death-in the whole universe any such things as annihilation."

"And so take heed. Deceive not thyself, saying that because a thing is not, it never was. Respect thyself-thine old self as well as thy new. Be faithful ling my name with yours. to thyself and to all that ever was thine Thy friend is always thy friend. Not to have or to hold, to love orrejoice in, but to remember.

most, that in course of time nothing will should bring you a garbled statement, choosing for his associate and friend 'a remain for thee, except to remember be let me just name all I have had to do perfect boor.' And were not accusation not afraid! Hold fast that which was with this matter of Lydia Cartwright, of as true as it is false, I trust he would thine-it is thine forever. Deny it not which your sister once spoke as my silent over its wrongs. And, so kept, it heart, corrupting and breeding corruption there, as dead things do. Bury it from the family where, by Miss Johnone day, long hence, thou shalt come parlor maid, and, in spite of various

CHAPTER XXII. HIS STORY.

That fact-that poor little white natient face! How she is changed! I wish to write down how it was hanced to see you, though chance hardly the right word. I would have een you, even if I had not waited all day and all night, like a thief, outside your garden-wall. If I could have seen you without your seeing me (as actually occurred), all the better; but in any case would have seen you. So far as related to you, the will of Heaven only is strong enough to alter the resolute "I will," of

Von had no idea I was so near you. You did not seem to be thinking of anybody or anything in particular, but came to your bedroom window, and stood there a minute, looking wistfully across the moorlands, the still, absorbed, hopeless look of a person who has had some heavy loss, or resigned something very all. Child, if you should slip away and

You must have had a severe illness, and yet, if so, surely I should have suddenly sunk, and then they they mentioned it when I met them. But no would turn round astonished: "Really, mere bodily illness could account for why did she not say she was ill? Who sidering him so much a friend of the that expression—it is of the mind. would have gussed there was anything family, and aware that you had seen. You have been suffering mentally also. the matter with her?" more of him, and liked him better than Can it be out of pity for the young man And I-I, who knew every change in your sisters did. But if he had written who, I hear, has left England? Where your little face—every mood in that to you, you would, of course have told fore, is not difficult to guess, nor did I strange, quaint, variable spirit. I have I did not say another word than this. ever expect otherwise, knowing him and let you slip, and been afraid to take care you. Poor fellow? But he was honest, of you. Coward! Papa went on, smoothing his news- and rich, and your friends would ap- I proceeded at once to Rockmonnt, but duty and new tie, which, though we prove him. Have they been urging you learned from the gardner that your on his behalf? Have you had family with Dr. Urquhart of late, much as I es- feuds to withstand? Is it that which Dora was ill in her room." So I waited, eem him. He does not appear suffi- has made you waste away, and turn so hung about the road for and hour or ciently to value what—I may say it with- still and pale? You would just do that; more, till at last it struck me to seek for out conceit— from an old man to a you would never yield, but only break information at the Cedars. younger one, is always of some worth. your heart quietly, and say nothing Yesterday, when I invited him here, he about it. I know you. Nobody knows declined again, and a little too-too de- you half so well. Coward that I was, not-to have taken care of you! 1 might have done it easily, as a friend of the family-the Doctor-a grum fellow of forty. There was no fear for anybody save myself. Yes, I have been a coward. My child-my gentle, childlike childthey have been breaking your heart, and family, he usually takes some pains to I have stood aloof and left them to do

You had a cough in autumn, and your she could; if not, by compulsion-bringeyes are apt to get that bright, limpid ing you there as if for a drive, and keeplook, dilated pupils, with a dark shade under the lower eyelid, which is supposed to indicate the consumptive ten-has considerably influence with your will be widely appreciated. A high deducational authority says:—"I have "No, papa."

This was all. He then took up his you, as in many others, merely to indipersuade him to let her have you, and ant in the education of my family, by Times, and read it through: I lay quiet, cate that which for want of a clearer nurse you. term we call the inervous temperament: exquisitely sensitive, and liable to slight derangements, yet healthy and strong at temper lately. I may say that you preciate the efforts you are putting forth "The true theory of friendship is this once a friend, always a friend (But, you, no reason why, even fragile as you a great respect for your opinion. I may are, you should not live to be an old practice give the lie to that doctrine? woman. That is, if treated as you Many, if not most friendships, be like ought to be, judiciously, tenderly;

-I could make you feel it.

I must find out whether been ill, and, if so, who has been attending you. Dr. Black, probably. You disliked him, had almost a terror of him, placed you in his hands, my little tender thing, my dove, my flower. It makes

Forgive! Forgive also that word 'my" though in one ser.se you are even now mine. No one understands you as I do, or loves you. Not selfishly either. Most solemnly do I here protest, that could I now find myself your father or your brother, through the natural tie of blood, which forever prevents any other, I would rejoice in it, rather than part with you, rather than that you should slip away like Dallas, and bless my eyes no more.

You see now what you are to me, that a mere appa rition of your little face at I must ge to work now. To-morrow

I wish you to know how the discovery was made; since, be assured, I have ever guarded against the remotest possibility of friends or strangers finding out my secret, or gossiping neighbors coup-

Therefore, instead of going to Mrs. Granton, I paid a visit to Widow Cartwright, to whom I had news to give concerning her daugeter. And here, lest "And if it befall thee, as befalleth at any time evil or careless tongues "impertinent interference."

Widow Cartwright, in her trouble. begged me to try and learn something about her child, who had disappeared others, to your sister's great regret, never more been heard of. She was be lieved not to be dead, for she once or twice sent money to her mother; and lately she was seen in a private box at the theatre by a person named Turton who recognized her, having often dined at the house where she was servent. This information was what I had to give to her mother.

I would not have mentioned such a story to you, but that long ere you read these letters, if ever you do read them, you will have learned that such sad and and terrible facts do exist, and that even the purest woman dare not ignore them. Also, who knows but in the infinite chances of life you may have opportunities of doing in other cases day entreated your sister to do-to use every effort for the redemption of this girl, from all I hear, must have been unusually pretty, affectionate, and simpleminded.

Her poor old mother being a little comforted I learned tidings of you. Thtee weeks of fever and ague, or some-

No, they never would. They would let you go on in your silent, patient way. sick or well, happy or sorry, till you

father and sister were out, and "Mis

Mrs. Granton was glad to see me. She told me all about her son's departure-gentle heart! you have kept his secret-and, asking if I had seen you lately, poured out in a stream all her anxieties concerning you.

So something must be done for yousomething sudden and determined. They may all think what they like-act as they choose, and so shall I.

ing you. She has a will, that good old

"And if the poor child herself is obstinate-she has been rather variable of tell her I acted by your desire.

I considered a moment, and said she

best for your removal—a serious under taking for an invalid. valid, my bright eyed, light-footed, moorland girl!

I do not think Mrs. Granton had a shadow of suspicion. She thanked me continually in her warm-hearted fashion for my "great kindness." Kindness! She also begged me to call immediately melessly, even as out of his child- I know. Yet they would of course have as her friend, lest I might have any professional scruples of etiquette about interfering with Dr. Black.

Scruple-I cast them all to the winds Come what will, I must see you-must assure myself that there is no dangerthat all is done for you which gives you a fair chance of recovery.

If not-if with the clear vision that I know I can use on occasion, I see you fading from me, I shall snatch at you. I will have you; be it only for a day or an hour. I will have you, I say-on my heart, in my arms. My love, my darling, my wife that ought to have beenyou could not die out of my arms. I will make you live-I will make you love me. I will have you for my wife yet.

God's will be done!

CHAPTER XXIII. HER STORY.

I am at home again. I sit by my bedroom fire in a new easy chair. Oh, such care am I taken of now! I cast my eyes ever the white waves of moor

"Moor and pleasance looking equal

Let me see, how does that begin? God be with thee, my beloved, God be with

thee, As alone thou goest forth; With the face unto the north.

Moor and pleasence looking equal in snow, While I follow, vainly follow.

But cannot reach thee so.'

Ah! but I can. Can reach anywhere to the north or the south-over the land or across the sea, to the world's end. Yea, beyond there if need beeven into the other unknown world. Since I last wrote here, in this room, things have befallen me sudden and strange. And yet so natural do they seem that I almost forget I was ever otherwise than I am now. I, Theodora Johnston, the same, yet not the same. just as I was, to be thought worthy of being-what I hope some one day to be God willing. My heart is 'full; how shall I write about -these things, which never could be spoken about? which only to think of makes me feel as if I could but lay my head down in a wonderful-stricken silence, that all should thus have happened unto me, this un-

worthy me. It is not likely I shall keep this journal much longer; but, until clesing it finally, it shall go on as usual. Perhaps it may be pleasant to read over

the last date here, Mrs. Granton surprised me and everybody by insisting that the only thing for me was change of air, and that I should go back at once with her to be nursed at the Cedars. There was an invalid carriage at the gate, with cushions, mats, and furs ; there was papa waiting to help me down stairs, and Penelope with my trunk packed; in short, I was taken by storm, and had only to submit. They all said it was the surest way of recovering, and must be tried.

Now I wish to get well, and fast too; it was necessary I should for several

First, there was Penelope's marriage, with the after responsibilities of my being the only daughter now left to keep the house and take care of papa.

Secondly, Lisabel, wrote that before autumn she should want me for a new never spoke of it to one another, we all thought of with softened hearts-even papa, whom Penelope told me, she had seen brushing the dust of our old rocking-horse in an absent sort of way, and sto, in his walk to watch Thomas, the gardener, tossing his grandsen. Poor,

TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITERARY NOTICES.

Canadian Methodist Magazine for March. William Briggs, Toronto. Price \$2 a year-a \$1.20 premium given for 30 cents. The articles of travel in this number are Mrs. Brassey's visit to the Island of Cyprus, and Mr. Sutherland's visit to I advised Mrs. Granton to fetch you Cairo and the Pyramids, both handsomely illustrated. The editor recounts the at once to the Cedars, by persuasion if stirring story of William the Silent, she could: if not, by compulsion—bring-Protestantism in its conflict with the Spanish Inquisition, with good engravings of the Roman Catac lady, when she sees fit to use it, and she sketch of Ouseley and Irish Methodism cultivating a love of reading, and at the same time idelibly impressing on their minds the great fundamental truths of ordered me to bring me here? She has to supply the people of this Dominion with a Magazine possessing real literary merit, and pervaded by a pure and high religious tone.

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