

CANUTE AND THE WAVES.

This pleasing tale is told:—
Canute, the Dane of old, wore England's Crown.
His Courtiers said: "O King, thy great renown
Could quell the might of ocean wild and bold,
And make the waves bow down."

To chide the foolish boast,
The Dane said to the host: "Place here my seat,
O waves, with homage due your Sovereign greet.
Advance no farther on the hallowed coast,
Nor dare to wet my feet."

The rising billows dashed
Against the rocks and lashed the shifting sand.
And, as they lashed at will across the strand,
Canute spoke to his Courtiers abashed,
With chiding noble, grand.

"What strength has mortal King!
The crisping wavelets fling their white sea-spray
Against my robe, and seem to mock as they
From sand and rock re-eddy whispering
Their ceaseless roundelay."

"Have I Almighty will
That I should seek to still the boundless sea?
Am I a god, to hold such power as He
Who, in the hour when storm-winds howled shrill,
Calmed raging Galilee?"

"Ah! mortal pride is blind:
This golden sand shall bind no more my brow,
But on the barren type of Christ shall glow:
His word subdued the winds and waves combined
In awe-bushed peace to bow."

Fredericton, N.B.

BARRY STRATON.

BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL.

BY

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CHAPTER XLVIII.

NEAR THE GATES.

"Horace!" repeated Hayward, after Hilda had told her ill news.

"Yes," said Hilda, slowly, and she sat wearily down on a chair near the door, as if she were quite worn out. "He has not been well for days," she continued. "I have noticed how tired and depressed he seemed, and this morning he saw the doctor—and—and—"

"Well, we must hope he will throw it off," said Hayward, kindly. "I am glad that you sent for me, Hilda."

"It was by his wish," said Hilda. "As soon as he heard that he had taken the fever he asked me to telegraph for you."

"Yes!"

"And he has asked several times for you—but at the same time, if you have any fear—"

"I have none," said Hayward. "I shall be glad to go to him at once."

So Hilda led the way to her husband's bedroom, and as Hayward entered it and looked at Jervis, a certain feeling of awe came over his heart.

Jervis was asleep—an uneasy, fevered sleep. As they stood and looked at him he moaned and tossed. Then he opened his eyes, which had a far-away look in them, unlike their usual cheerful and serene expression.

"Horace," said Hilda, gently, and at the sound of her voice something of the old familiar look stole back.

"My dear one," he said, and held out a hot, thin hand.

"Do you see—Mr. Hayward?" said Hilda.

Then Jervis looked at Hayward, and a faint quiver, and then a faint smile, passed over his lips.

"I am glad you have come. Thank you for coming, Philip," he said, the next minute.

"But I'm sorry to find you ill, Horace," said Hayward.

Then Jervis smiled again—a strange, solemn smile.

"I have received my summons, Philip," he said, quietly. "I believe I am going to eternal rest."

There was no fear in the young man's voice—no shrinking. He was going to rest, and latterly there had been some disquiet, some sharp pangs of mental pain within his heart.

"Oh Horace!" wept Hilda, "do not talk thus—do not leave me—"

Again Jervis smiled.

"It is all for the best, dear one," he said. "Our Father in Heaven is watching over us now."

"But, Horace," said Hilda, kneeling down by the bed, and taking his hand, "why do you think this? Do you feel so very ill?"

"Yes," answered Jervis, slowly, "and I have much to do in the little time that I have left. This is why I sent for you, Hayward," he continued, looking at Hayward. "You must not leave this poor little woman alone in her time of trouble."

"I will do anything. What can I do?" asked Hayward, much affected.

"First, I want you to help me to make my will," said Jervis. "I will tell you what I want to do, and then will you draw a rough draught out, and take this to some lawyer, and have it properly prepared, and then bring it to me to sign?"

"Of course I will," said Hayward, speaking bravely and shortly to hide his emotion.

"Go, dear Hilda, then, until this is done," said Jervis. "It would only be painful to you, and I wish to see Hayward alone."

Then Hilda left him, with streaming eyes; and after she had gone, in a calm, clear voice Jervis told Hayward how he wished his moderate fortune to be left.

Everything to Hilda—but he also left certain directions and bequests regarding his many charities. To these he prayed "his dear wife" to continue his subscriptions, and left in her hands the sacred trust to give, as far as her means went, to those who needed.

It was a very simple will, and Hayward wrote down Jervis' words just as he spoke them. Then Jervis said a few words about Lady Hamilton.

"Don't let her drift further down, Philip," he said. "She will live now, the doctors say, so stand by her, and act as her friend."

"But—," hesitated Hayward.

"Remember the poor weak woman has an everlasting life to live," urged Jervis. "Try to make her not forget this—you and Hilda—try to keep her straight by being her friends, now when she will have so few."

Hayward thought a moment, then he said:

"I will try."

"That is right," said Jervis, with some of his old frank manner. "And now," he added, after a few moments' thought, "I have a few words to say to you, Hayward—that you must remember are spoken now, because I do not know how long speech may be left to me."

"What are they, Horace?"

"About Hilda," said Jervis, and for the first time his voice faltered. "About the dear woman—I have loved too well—"

"Too well—," repeated Hayward, as Jervis paused, evidently deeply affected.

"Yes, too well," he said solemnly and slowly, as soon as he had recovered himself sufficiently to speak, "for my love blinded me—to the feelings of her heart."

"What do you mean?" asked Hayward, sharply.

"The bitterness is passed," said Jervis, as if he were thinking rather than speaking. "But I know now that for her sake—I am better gone—"

"Why do you say so?" said Hayward, almost passionately.

"Because," answered Jervis, "because I learnt too late that this dear woman—this woman whose love was so precious to me—whose love I believed was entirely, most truly my own—had yet a secret from me—"

"What?" said Hayward sharply, as Jervis paused.

"A secret that she had kept, because she thought it was her duty to keep it," continued Jervis. "Can you guess now, Hayward, what I mean?"

Hayward was silent, but a deep, red flush spread over his face.

"I see you guess," said Jervis, and for a moment a pang darted into his heart. But the next, the serene faith of the man triumphed over this momentary weakness.

"She is a good girl," he said, "good and pure, and it was by no fault of hers that I learnt that what she gave to me—was not—Hayward, what she gave to you—"

"Do not speak of it," said Hayward, much agitated, and beginning to pace the room.

"In a little while," continued Jervis, with a ring in his voice so holy and so sweet that Hayward ever after remembered it, "for her, the sorrow for my death will be over. This is why I have conquered the weak—the last weak mortal pang that will stab my heart—and God has given me strength to conquer it. Do not think I did not suffer, Hayward. She was the one woman I had ever loved—but I loved God. He comforted me. His love is all-sufficient for me. He has given me strength to tell you this; after I am gone, you must love Hilda."

"Oh! hush! hush!" cried Hayward.

For a moment or two there was silence in the room after this. Then once more, in that sweet and ringing voice, Jervis continued:

"It was shortly before Lady Hamilton's illness that I learnt this. It was by a simple incident—accident I cannot call it. You had left your photograph lying on the table for Marion. I was sitting reading behind the window-curtain in the dining-room, and Hilda came in. She never saw me. She took up the photograph—and—and—I watched her look at it, as she had never looked at me. Then she lifted it up, and pressed her lips against it, and then the next moment flung it passionately down. I will not go on—Next I heard a woman praying, Hayward—praying that she might always make me happy—asking God there on her bended knees to give her strength to conquer the feelings of her heart! It was a bitter moment—nay, I will not deny it—but—but with God's grace I bore it. With God's grace I am able to tell it to you now."

As Jervis ceased speaking, a sob broke the silence in the room—a passionate, heart-wrung sob from Hayward.

"I—I—told her once," he said, in a faltering and broken voice, "that your heart was half in heaven, Jervis, but—but I never knew before there was a man on earth who lived so near to God."

After a little while Hilda came into the sick-room, and Hayward left it. There was no trace on Jervis' face, when Hilda returned, of the painful and unselfish words he had just spoken. His serene serenity had always been one of the

characteristics of this man's faith, and a great calm seemed to fall upon his spirit now. He had conquered the last mortal weakness of his heart when he told Hayward of Hilda's love, and his last days were spent in perfect peace.

He did not linger long. The unhappy woman beneath his roof—the vain and beautiful Isabel—had lain for many, many weeks on her bed of fever and of pain. But the pure-souled Jervis had a brief passage to the grave. Before he went he sent a message of farewell to Isabel by Hayward, and she wept some very bitter tears when she received it.

"What, dying?" she said. "It cannot—cannot be!"

"I fear there is no hope," answered Hayward, much overcome.

Then Isabel cried out, "He is too good to live! and I have killed him; I—I brought this fever to his house, miserable woman that I am!"

"He is fit to go—he is truly fit to go, Isabel," said Hayward, trying to say some kindly words to her. "Let this console you, Jervis need have no fear."

But Isabel would not be comforted. She cried and moaned until Hayward began to fear some serious consequences to her own health would be the result. He hinted this to her, and Isabel grew afraid.

"I dare not die," she said, shudderingly.

"Hayward, I dare not die!"

It was close on midnight when Jervis left them. For some hours he had been apparently insensible, but just before the end came, he opened his eyes and looked at the tear-stained faces gathered round his bed. He moved his lips as if to speak, but his voice was gone. Then he looked at Hilda and Hayward. He smiled, and with a last effort held out his hand. They both clasped it—both held it fast during the next few moments—for in these next few moments the angels came for the soul of Horace Jervis.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"THERE ARE NO TRICKS IN PLAIN AND SIMPLE FAITH."

During the next dark, dreary days—the days when the good man's form lay still in the home which he had truly made a shelter to the homeless, there were bitter, bitter, bitter tears shed for Horace Jervis.

The young widow, with her hands clasped over her hot and swollen eye-lids, lay in her darkened room crushed down with self-reproach and grief. Ah, had she known of his last tender thoughts—of his unselfish words to Hayward—what could she have felt! As it was she recalled, with bitter and heartfelt regret, his constant kindness, his unfeigned consideration and affection for herself.

And had she failed! How often she asked herself this question. Had she ever by look or word betrayed her secret—the secret that she had hidden in her breast,—and struggled with so long and sorely? She knew not, and guessed not, that the good man who had left her had learned this; that it had been a bitter blow to him. Jervis had never even hinted this to her. She had watched and waited on him, and when his last hours drew nigh, almost with awe she had seen his calmness, his peace, his serene and perfect joy.

Once or twice in her sorrow she cried out, when he was giving her some directions about duties that were to be fulfilled after he was gone.

"Oh! Horace," she said, with streaming eyes, "have you no regret at leaving me alone?"

"I am not leaving you alone, my dear one," he had answered. "I am leaving you in the care of God."

He knew at that moment that he was leaving her an earthly protector also, but he said no word of this. It was better for her, he thought, that she should not know, and as he had lived thinking of others, so he died.

There was a long procession followed him to his grave. But of whom did it consist? Not of the rich or the great of the vast city where he had toiled. In that long procession were the widowed, the fatherless, and the fallen—to all to whom he had been a friend.

There was one poor girl—one of those gay daughters of sin—a girl yet young and handsome, whom Jervis had tried most earnestly to save. She heard of his death, and when he lay in his coffin she came to his house, and asked to look upon his face once more. Her message was taken to Hilda, but Hilda had learned from the lips that now were closed, "that most excellent gift of charity," and she sent down a few kind words to her erring sister.

So the girl went upstairs and looked on his dead face. Then she fell down by the side of the coffin, crying and weeping, saying that it was the face of an angel, and from that hour she would sin no more.

She followed him to the grave. Dressed in mourning, and crying bitterly, she stood by while the solemn beautiful words of our funeral service were read in a broken and tear-choked voice by one of the many who had loved Jervis well. Then, just at the last, she sprang forward, and flung a great bunch of blue forget-me-nots into the grave.

"I will never forget you!" she cried. "You were a good man—you tried to save me—and your words shall not be lost!"

She kept the promise that she made beside

his grave. In after days Hilda, who had heard of the incident, helped her, and stood by her faithfully as a friend. Thus many of his good deeds lived after him, and his name was blessed when he had long been dead.

When the first bitter days of bereavement were past, Hilda and Lady Hamilton went to a quiet spot by the sea side. Change was necessary for them both, the doctors told Hilda, and Isabel was only too glad to learn that she might go.

She was recovering from her dangerous illness slowly and feebly. But the sea air worked wonders for her, and in a little while the bloom began to steal back to her lovely face. When she saw this she grew inwardly restless, and impatient of the seclusion in which they lived. She hailed, therefore, joyfully the news that Hayward was coming to see them after they had been about a month at the little sea-washed spot on the coast, which he had chosen as a fitting retreat for Hilda during the first weeks of her widowhood.

Hilda, watching Isabel, saw her on the day that Hayward was expected, throw aside the dress that she usually wore, and don a more becoming one. Then she began twisting her golden hair into some new fashion, and brought out her rings and ornaments. It was like a glimpse of the Isabel of old—the Isabel who had tried to win the admiration and love of every man who approached her.

But Hayward when he came scarcely looked at her. He looked at the sweet, sad face beneath the widow's cap, and saw at once how ill, anxious, and weary Hilda still looked.

After the ordinary greetings between the three had passed, Isabel rose somewhat restlessly.

"My dear Hilda," she said, speaking and acting so like the Isabel of old, and so unlike the terrified, trembling woman that he had seen lying on her sick-bed, that Hayward could scarcely help smiling. "I would like to have a few words on business matters with Mr. Hayward—if you don't mind leaving us alone!"

Hilda's face flushed, but she at once rose to comply with Isabel's request.

"Why should Mrs. Jervis go away?" said Hayward, quickly. "She knows of everything that we can have to talk about."

It was now Isabel's turn to flush, but she answered coldly and haughtily:

"You forget, I think, that by that name will, Sir George left you the guardian of my son?"

"No, I do not forget that," said Hayward; but by this time, Hilda was at the room-door.

"Let me know when you have finished your conversation," she said quietly, and she left the room as she spoke.

Then Isabel took a turn across it, as if she were thinking, but presently stopped before Hayward.

"Well," she said, "about the boy? Do you mean to bring him up to hate his mother?"

"No, certainly not," answered Hayward, energetically. "And I trust and hope, Lady Hamilton," he added, "that you will give me no cause to wish to do so."

"You mean you hope I'll turn good and walk in the straight path, eh, Hayward?" said Isabel with a little uneasy laugh.

"Yes," said Hayward. "I mean, I hope that none of us will forget—what ought, what must be a lesson to us all—the death of Horace Jervis."

For a moment Isabel was silent. Then she said, "He was a good man—the only good man, Hayward, that I have ever known."

"He—he—was—," began Hayward, but he could not go on. The memory of Jervis' last unselfish words to him, of his last handshake, utterly overcame him, and he turned away his head to hide his emotion.

"But we can't all be like Mr. Jervis," said Isabel presently. "He was born good, I suppose, just like most of us are born—the other thing."

Hayward did not speak.

"But I was not born good," continued Isabel, "and, in truth, Hayward, I am weary of living this quiet life down here."

"Where would you go?"

"Abroad—people won't cast up their hypocritical eyes—quiet as much at me there, you know. And as I shall be pretty well off as regards money—"

"Yes, you will be well off as regards money," said Hayward, as Isabel paused. "But, Lady Hamilton—"

"Well, what have you got to say?" said Isabel.

"Shall I tell you," continued Hayward, in a trembling voice, "what the good man who is gone said to me about you before he left us?"

"No, no," said Isabel hastily. "I would rather not hear, it will only make me uncomfortable."

"But he charged me solemnly," said Hayward, "to look after you. He said I was always to be your friend, and if you go away, Isabel—"

"You think I will go to perdition, no doubt?" said Isabel, again with that light, uneasy laugh. "But," she added, after a moment's thought, "for the boy's sake I won't do that—perhaps for your sake, though you have not been over kind to me—but I can't stand the dullness here."

"But," hesitated Hayward, "you are a widow now—would it not be the best and wisest thing that you can do to marry Captain Harrington?"