THE W EKLY MAIL, TORONTO, FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1817.

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and the second		Teres -
	ESTRANGED.	head, for the third time, Hilary went to his oak trees, and then he finished them
	Some day she will come back, my poor lost Dove- My Dove with the warm breast and eager ever	but he had no chance of finishing that other
	My Dove with the warm breast and eager eyes How did it fail toward her, my passionate love Where was the flaw i since flawed it must have	drawing—"she" never app ared sgain. "What is the name of the family at Croys- ton Towers?" asked Frank casually of Mr.
		Hughes at dinner that evening.
	Or survey she had staid with me, my Queen. Her h at was full of inarticulate ories Which my heart failed to catch; and yet she stroye	awor, but shore is only oil Lady Delbort
	To cleave to me. Ab, how she must have	is made to do duty for the Dower House "
	Praying, perchance, ofttimes for strength from H aven !	" There is not much life, then, going on there now, I approve " said Frank
	But no strength came ; and so, one fatal day, Despairing of all help, she went away.	"U dear, no ; only people who go over to
	And there her half-completed portrait stands- The fresh young face, and grey eyes brimmed with light,	"O dear, no; only people who go over to look at the place, or, like yourself, to make a sketch of it; it's a favourite subject with artists a flow how "
	I painted her with nowers in her hands, Because she simars seemed so bright and good	"Yes, in the summer : there are plenty
	I never thought the studio's solitude Would hurt her anyway. I thought the sight	of them then no doubt but not at this
	I never teorght the studie's woltage would hurt her acyway. I thought the sight if painted forms and unfamiliar made would be enough for her. She was too mild ! Too patient with my painter's life. Poor rochid !	time of year, of course," went on Frank. "By no means; I have seen people sketching there in the depth of winter," re-
		plied the host
	Had she complained at all, by look or tone, Had she but said, '' I seem too much alone :	"H'm," thought Hilary, "she couldn't have been staying in the house then. I wonder who she was and where she come
	I grow half fearful of these painted eyes That never change, but, full of sad reproof. Haunt me and watch me; and these Southern	from "
	Reflected in deep streams : and that dark boat From which a girl with bare sweet breast and	Surely if he had wanted to know so very much, he might have shown the sketch of
	From which agirl with bare sweet breast and throat Droops willow-like, and dreams of life and	the young lady in the wilderness to Mr. Hughes, who, being a local magnate, might
	Droops willow-like, and dreams of life and love: And that youth's dying face, which never dies: And then, again, that picture of Christ there,	have been able to tell him who she was. But he did nothing of the kind, and he re-
	And then, swain, that picture of Christ there, Christ fallen in an agony of prayer. And His disciples near him, stern and dumb, Like men who know the fated hour is come."	turned to London without making an effort, as it seemed, to find out ; but then every-
	and the new more the the the the the the	body knows that artists are very odd and in- consequent fellows about some things.
	Had she said thus, and added, "Take me, dear, Outside of these sad faces; let me stand Once more within life's shallows, and there	
	Dear	II
	Light laughter of the surf upon the beach. For here the very sea is without speech. So still it is, and far away from land ;	THE SECOND DEAWING.
	Light laughter of the surf upon the beach. For here the very sea is without speech. Bo still it is, and far away from land: I want lifes little joys: this atmosphere The isht that lights your life leaves mine un- lit	"Congratulate you on your picture, Hilary !
	The light that lights your life leaves mine un- lit-" I should have answered tenderly, and sought	seen of yours ; and that figure of the giri sketching is charming."
	I should have answered tenderly, and sought To carry out in all her slightest thought.	"Glad you like it. It's not much in my line, landscape—and Croyston Towers is such
	She knew I loved her, through those winter days; Did it not comfort her at all, my love }	I came to paint it : but I saw it this winter
	It was such joy to look upon her face, I sat for hours, content to be quite still	I came to paint it ; but I saw it this winter during some wonderfully fine weather, and I thought it looked new rather, and I have made a good deal of the figure, as you
	My soul and brain; fearful lest she should	806.
	And speak, or go ; but when she met my gaze	"Yes; and very, very charming it is-
	And speak away, as if I had done wrong I turmed away, as if I had done wrong In looking on her loveliness so long. I rawly kisetcher, rawly took her hand; And noo., I think, she did not understand.	delightful feeling about it ; very nice, indeed
	And no -, I think, she did not understand. Perchance she thought my love was passion-	it larger." "Hadn't time."
	Perchance she thought my love was passion- less. Wanted what I withheld yet longed to give ; She did not know my silence a caress-	"However, they have given it a first-rate place ; you are sure to sell it."
	All passion was by reverence controlled- And so she deemed my ways of love were	Now the first-rate place in question was a conspicuous spot on the line in the water-
	Ah me ! the lonely life she had to live !	colour room of the Royal Academy Exhibi- tion ; and the occasion when Frank Hilary
		received the above and many more congratu- latory criticisms from his friends was var-
	And 1 knew nothing of its joneliness, Hers was a nature quick to give and take, A nature to be broken and to break ; She loved confiding valieys, sun-kissed rills, But saddened at the solemn peace of hills.	nishing day, just prior to the opening. The
	All things had been so different had I known	the brush, chatting and commenting, dust-
	Her nature then as now ; and yet, and yet,	ing and touching up their works, as they are privileged to do at such times, undisturbed
	The April wilkfat failing through the room, And all the pictures lapsing into gloom Came in, knelt down and prayed me to forget, Forgive her, and reclaim her for my own,	by the outer world. Just as the last words of Frank's friend
		fell from his lips, the two painters were join- ed by several others.
	And size the rising tears away, and part The sweet hair back, and fold her to my side, Yet leave, perchance, the want unsatisfied.	"Who is the lady, Hilary ?" cries one ; "she's deuced nice ! Evidently a likeness,
		"she's deuced nice ! Evidently a likeness, old man ?" "Yes, it is a likeness, I am bound to
	But here she comes not. I must wait and bear; Live on, and serve my art as best 1 may, If I can catch the colour of her hair And the neck's poise, and set beneath her	say; and she comes pretty well there, I
	And the neck's poise, and set beneath her name, Shall not her lovaliness have deathless fame i	think." "Ah, you knew her, you rascal, and got her to sit."
	Now lights shine out along the London square, O dreary place ! where no joy comes at all, There ! I must be a state of the	her to sit." "Not at all; but you fellows want to know too much. It doesn't matter to you
	Now lights shine out along the London square. O dreary place ! where no joy comes at al, There ! must turn the easel to the wal! I cannot bear her face as yet—O Love ! O, wounded of my hands ! my wounded dove !	know too much. It doesn't matter to you who she is if you like the result ; that's sufficient, isn't it ?" said Hilary, biting his
	-Phelps Bourke Marston in Harper's Maga- sine,	lin
		of the brush who here came up. "If he
	ST, VALENTINE'S LOT-	won't let on about his model, we know where to go for the model of an artist !"
	TERY.	"What do you mean ?" said Hilary. "Oh, I like that ! You don't mean to
		say you don't know what I mean ?"
	(IN TWO DRAWINGS.)	"What ! haven't you seen your likeness. Will you tell me you haven't been sitting t
		will you tell me you haven't been sitting t
	L.	"No, on my word !" "Well, then, it's the most extraordinar likeness I ever saw; come and look; it
	THE FIRST DRAWING.	likeness I ever saw; come and look; it rather a clever drawing, too. Here, it's ove here, at the end of the room."
	Early days for sketching out of doors. Mid-February does not generally in our	And Hilary was carried off by two
	Mid-February does not generally in our climate offer much temptation to the land- scape-painter to take the field. But Frank	And Hilary was carried off by two of three of his friends and brought up in from of a water-colour drawing. It represents
	Hilary was young, strong, and enthusiastic, full of determination, and ready to brave all	an artist at work out of doors in winter, et
	the vicissitudes of the artist's career, bad weather included.	sconced in a sheltered little nook, with background of broken bank, pollard oak trees, and in the distance a peep of
	But the weather was not bad on the oc-	trees, and in the distance a peep of
	casion when we first make his acquaintance, as he sits quietly working at a water-colour during of some grand palled cate quite	was rather taken aback, for, of a certainty he was the artist. Yes, there he was ; jus
	drawing of some grand pollard oaks quite the contrary, for the sky and the tempera-	as he must have appeared on that memorabl 14th of February and for the two succeedin
	ture on this present 14th of February, A. D. 1870, was suggestive rather of Midsummer.	days. There could be no mistake ; he plaini saw the likeness in the face, to say nothin
	It was one of those sudden bursts of spring-	to the fidelity with which his favorite roug
	promise with which we are sometimes favoured, only, as it would seem to empha- size the rigours of the March and April that	shooting-cost, wide-awake, &c., had been re produced. Besides, there was the place, qui recognizable. What did it mean? Stoopin
	are to follow. The woods were alive with song, the	down to examine the drawing, for it will hung low, he was so absorbed in wonder th
	feathered choristers availing themselves to	hung low, he was so absorbed in wonder in he did not hear the little bursts of raille and laughter in which his friends continu
	the utmost, everywhere, of the encourage- ment the sun was giving to their love-mak- ing. True, the trees were bare, freezingly	to indulge. He kept peering and peering,
	ing. True, the trees were bare, freezingly	if to find out who was the painter; t there were no initials, no name in the o
	about them, while the dense masses of ever- green shrubbery which somehow had gotitself	ner, nothing to give him a clue. " I should like to take it down and hav
	mixed up with the brambles and soddened	look at the back to see who it is done b
	which Hilary was sketching, brought into strong relief, here and there, the silvery	"Just as if you didn't know, Frank.
	strong relief, here and there, the slivery boles and rugged gnarled trunks of the forest	must wait till Monday for the catalog ch, before you can possibly find of What not it is your pretending to be
	manager The finid aponts and the prim-	I to had not it to wome togetanding to he

boles and ragged gnarled tranks of the forest monarchs. The timid erocus and the prim. What rot it is your pretending rose peeped out now and sgain from among the weltering heaps of last autum's resset look !"

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