

IN MEMORIAM.

L. LOUIS ALEXANDER, Died of North Sydney, Nov. 3, 1888.

"What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Not here, dear mother, may the will be filled.

That bids the working of God's way, unknown;

But not unmoved, thy loved one's hearse has drifted.

Safe through the Harbor where God guides His son.

Though sorrow's sea, in dark mysterious billows,

Overwhelms your trembling souls, be not dismayed;

Hear the sweet voice above your tear-wet pillow,

"Behold, 'tis I, - be not afraid!"

"I, from his homeless life, in love, have called him;

The brave young heart, in which your hopes were bound;

Rejoice that the passions of the world enthral him,

Or its allurements compass him around;

"Near to My Heart, are those I wound and chasten,

O children of My Love, believe it true! Sweet to My Ears, their sighs of resignation

Like Heavenly music, thrilling through and through!

"Therefore, be comforted and leave your treasure

Safe in My Arms that to the Cross were nailed;

When has My Mercy known of bound, or measure?

When has My help in sorrow ever failed?"

"We have loved him in life, let us not forget him in death!"

Thus do they speak of him who knew him best,

(And none know, but to love him.)

"Light laid the snow upon his kindly breast,

Pure as the drifts above him?"

"Where sorrow, death, and parting cease,

Lord Jesus, grant Thy servant peace!"

Of "spotless fame" - to every duty true;

Undefiled, a generous heartier;

The "Pride" and "Honor" of all those who knew,

The bright brief life departed.

"Where sorrow, death, and parting cease,

Lord Jesus, grant Thy servant peace!"

"Friend of the friendless" sweeter title, none

Than this, is known in Heaven!

These unknown loving deeds, are known to One,

And recompense is given.

"Where sorrow, death, and parting cease,

Lord Jesus, grant Thy servant peace!"

Bright "Sunshine" of a happy Christian Home,

A "Matchless Son and Brother!"

O Master Dolores, come

And comfort his loved Mother!

Whose tears and prayers that never cease,

Find - "Jesus, - Master, grant him Peace!"

Dear Mother, Sister, Brother, missing no

The happy smile, and laughter;

Believe - "What I do, you know not now,"

Yet, you shall know - Hereafter!"

When Life's long Passion ended, and his grief and pain,

Your Son and Brother, shall be yours again.

J. E. U. NEAL.

PATRICIA: A WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

ALICE MORLOR.

CHAPTER XIX. - [CONTINUED.]

When Dr. Dixon entered, he gazed in astonishment.

"How is this? Where is Mrs. Fuller?"

"Pat came towards him, her footsteps falling noiselessly, her dress making no rustle - his material a soft gown."

"I have come here to lie down and have taken her place. Dr. Dixon, don't be angry - let me be his nurse. You will soon see how much better I shall make him," she said.

"The doctor, receiving his answer, glanced towards his patient. Lawrence was lying calmly with eyes closed as though asleep, but as they watched him the lids opened, and he cried weakly:

"Dear Rose, come to me."

Patricia laid her cool hand on his forehead one, saying quietly:

"Here I am - do you not know me?"

"Yes, yes, I know you."

And putting her hand to his parched lips, he kissed them, then lying down again quietly on his pillow, while Patricia, raising his head, administered his medicine.

"Then Dr. Dixon spoke.

"I do not know who you are, but certainly Mr. Haszard is better."

"My name is Ford," said Patricia. "I am a friend of Miss Maynard, and I have your patient well some years ago. Knowing he had no mother, sisters, or woman relatives, I have come to nurse him. You will not send me away?"

She concluded by an appealing look from her beautiful soft eyes which put the old doctor's heart.

"No! though I certainly would not have allowed you to come had I known it. Now the mischief is done, you may remain - in fact, as you would be in order to carry the infection with you, it is better you should stay."

He spoke gently, thinking to testify this fragile girl who had defied his orders; but Patricia's resolve had already been made - she had gained her point and was satisfied. Very quietly she resumed her place by the sick man's side.

Dr. Dixon looked at her calmly, gave some directions and walked away.

CHAPTER XX.

Afterwards he remarked to Hugh Stanton.

"That Miss Ford will do, she has some sense in her. Mr. Haszard is better."

"Do you think her nursing has caused the improvement?" asked Hugh.

"After her nervousness, I think it is in quite true; he grew quieter directly she came."

Hugh lifted his quiet, grave face in surprise.

"Do you really think she has done him good?" he inquired.

"Her touch has a magic influence over him; it calms him at once even though he is unconscious. I am an old bachelor, but I know what that means. She was there when he was friends once - I conclude they were more."

Then again, do you suppose a young girl would risk her life, and run the chance of spoiling her face, to nurse a man she did not care for? Not at all! Depend upon it, Stanton, what I guess is true - they have been lovers."

Hugh answered not, the doctor's words had amused and grieved him.

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CHAPTER XXI.

With unwearying care, Patricia nursed Lawrence Haszard.

"Oh, no, it was not worth while to trouble him; she could come home very well by herself."

"For all that, though, when she came out one afternoon and found after prodding some distance no tall form by her side, she felt decidedly disappointed and afraid."

She walked on briskly, but in rather a lonely way; and suddenly she began to fancy some one was following her. She hurried on; it might be all fancy, but the steps came after her regularly and quickly, ever keeping just behind. Oh! how she longed to look around and satisfy herself what kind of person it was. Her walk became almost a run; for if she could but reach the end of the street, would the corner she might meet some one to protect her. Horror! her follower, whoever it was, kept gaining upon her. Another instant a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder.

With a wild shriek she flung it off, catching a glimpse of a vile face as she did so, and rushing madly forward she flew right into Ellis Hatherleigh's arms.

"Oh, save me! save me from that dreadful man!" she panted, clinging tightly to him in her fright.

"How dare you molest this lady?" inquired the artist, scowling down upon the man, a bad looking scoundrel enough, who confronted him.

He gave a villainous smile as he replied:

"Perhaps I have a better right to speak to her than you know of. I should just like to say one word in her ear."

"You hear what the lady says. You wanted to rob her, no doubt. Be off, at once, or I will give you in charge."

The man replied, "EDDY!" and was walked away.

"Wait till we meet again," he said, as he walked away.

May blushing tried to withdraw herself from the artist's arms; but Ellis Hatherleigh, feeling that fate had thrown an opportunity in his way that was not to be neglected, held her fast.

"May, you came to my arms in your terror, will you stay here, my darling, for life!"

May looked up with her innocent brown eyes full of those above her; something she saw in them made her own proud, while the vivid red stole over her face; but no answer sound in his listening ear. His arms fell down, and he drew back.

"I have asked too much. You think me too old for you? May, May, God help me! for I have loved you well!" he said, then, without a word more he turned away.

But May, as though this movement had given her full comprehension of his meaning, stretching forth her hand laid it on his arm.

He looked back, new hope springing in his mind as he felt the pressure.

"Are you calling me back? May, my dear!"

"Yes," she was very faintly spoken, but lovers have sharper ears, and he knew that his love was requited.

Pleasant, delightful loneliness of the quiet street shielded them from observation; and May Gardner became the promised wife of Ellis Hatherleigh. I wonder how many like romances have been enacted in London streets. Arm in arm they walked on, "retro," telling May how long he had thought of her.

Unaffectedly as ever, she said in reply:

"I can not think what made you care for a little young thing like me."

"Can not you?" answered her lover. "Well, perhaps it was just because you were such a little young thing, that I did care for you; you are such a child to me, dear."

"Yes," she said, with a timid glance.

"I am afraid, Mr. Hatherleigh, you will find I am much too young. You are so grave and - and -"

"Old," he put in.

"Oh, but I like you all the better for that," she answered quickly.

"Do you indeed?" And the grave eyes began to sparkle. "Then, if you are both satisfied, I with your youth, and with my age, what more is there to be said about it?"

Great surprise was caused in Uncle Dick's household when Mr. Hatherleigh came in with May, and upon the latter's caperous upstair to remove her walking attire, told Mrs. Gardner the state of affairs between him and her daughter.

For one moment she felt inclined to tell him the truth about May's father, but stifling down her conscience, she kept silence.

"You will give her to me, Mrs. Gardner," he pleaded.

"Yes, willingly, if she loves you."

"Ask her that yourself, and see what she says," replied the confident suitor.

"I wonder what Uncle Dick will do when he knows of it," was Mrs. Gardner's next remark.

"I have heard of his goodness to her and you. I hope he will be reconciled to parting from May, for I want her to fix the day soon."

"But, sir, she is so young!" exclaimed the mother, trouble in her voice.

"So she says," said Ellis with a smile.

"Don't ask us to part with her yet. And as May then entered the room, she put her arms round her child's waist, and drew her fondly to her breast, saying: "I want to take you away soon, May; but you are only sixteen, too young to marry."

"Yes, mother, I know I am."

"But I want my wife, May," came in in deep tones from her lover.

May crossed over to him, laying her hand on his shoulder.

"Wait a year, please," she said, earnestly; "I shall only be seventeen then."

"Must I? It is a very long time," he said.

"Yes, indeed you must," she laughed.

"So be it then, my dear. Make much of her for a year, my dear," turning to Mrs. Gardner. "At the end of this time I will have her for my own." And she crossed the room, and disappeared. "Duffing," I wish our wedding day was to-morrow."

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CHAPTER XXII.

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She considered as Lawrence had only returned home at one time, and then only followed her for a moment, and then followed her, that if she were to leave the

house at once he might never know she had entered it. She glanced it would be easy for those around to persuade him that it was only a foolish hallucination which had made him imagine he had seen her. Only she must at once were the nurse and doctor, so that they might join in her plans. Dressing herself she went immediately into the passage, and waited until Mrs. Fuller opened the door of Lawrence Haszard's room to come out.

"Law, Miss!" she exclaimed. "I thought you were still asleep. You do look main bad."

"Come in here for a moment, Mrs. Fuller," said Patricia, leading the way to her own chamber. "How is Mr. Haszard by this time?"

"He is very weak, but quite sensible."

"Has he asked for me," inquired Patricia, anxiously.

"I don't know, miss, he has been asking continual for Pat, but, - but pardon me, miss, though I don't know your christened name, Pat can't be it, because that is a boy's."

This unphilosophical remark brought a smile to the young lady's lips.

"It is short for Patricia, which is my name," she explained to the nurse.

"Oh, indeed, miss. I never heard the like before; but I know gentlefolks is fond of outlandish names, if you'll excuse my saying so."

"It is not a common one, certainly; still you see my godfather and godmother gave it to me," smiled Patricia.

"Yes, for sure, miss, and nothing to do with your choosing of course."

"Now, Mrs. Fuller," said the girl, seriously, "I have called you in here to beg you make Mr. Haszard believe that I have never been near him at all during his illness. Try to persuade him he fancied he saw me when he was delirious. Do you understand?"

"Yes, miss," said the nurse, with a puzzled expression; "but may I make so bold as to ask why?"

"No, my good soul, you must not ask why, because I can not tell you; but I have a very good and right reason for it," was Patricia's response.

"Yes," said Mrs. Fuller, lingering, and evidently longing to know all about it.

"Patricia, seeing her curiosity, said: "The fact of the matter is, Mr. Haszard is engaged to be married, and, don't you see, the young lady might not like to hear of my nursing him."

"Oh, yes, answered the nurse, with a stifled chuckle, "I understand now. I'll do my best to make him think he never saw you. Nor won't let on a word to the young lady if she comes."

"That is right. Good-bye. Mrs. Fuller, for I am thinking of going away at once, only I must see the doctor first."

"He is coming soon, miss, he said."