

## "THE WATCHMAN."

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

WATCHMAN, awake! the night is coming on—  
 Awake! and tell the dreary hours till day;  
 Send thy shrill echo down the empty streets  
 To chase the prowling fiends of night away.

All honest folk in hard-earned slumber lie—  
 Slumber not thou upon thy lonely beat;  
 Keep watch and ward within the city walls,  
 Till, on the hills, the night and morning meet.

Fierce was the storm! the faithful sentinel—  
 A frozen corpse upon the ramparts, he!  
 But still men hear the Watchman's warning cry  
 Sounding from out the far Eternity.

## "IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

## CHAPTER X.

JACK AND GUY IN CUMBERLAND.

It was quite dusk when Madge made her way to the old spot to meet Jack the following Tuesday evening.

She was looking forward to seeing him with glad expectancy, but at the same time with a deep sense of annoyance and regret that his friend was to accompany him.

"As if he couldn't be with him all day long in London without bringing him here to spoil my pleasure," she mused bitterly. "I know I shall be in the way; they will be always going off together. Besides, Mr. Fawcett is certain to dislike me, and then Jack will feel hurt," and she looked across the hills with a deep shadow on her face.

"But I won't care," she continued, shutting her lips tightly, "and at any rate I shall have Jack near."

Just then voices were heard approaching, and in two minutes the figures of Jack and his friend appeared round the hillside. Madge saw them and gazed forward eagerly, but she made no sign, and, for the first time, omitted to greet Jack with the usual signal.

He, however, knowing she would be somewhere near, though he could not see her for the dusk, gave a shrill whistle.

For answer Madge waved her handkerchief, but remained silent and stood on the far side of the stile until they joined her. Jack put one hand on the top rail and vaulted over, proceeding at once to embrace her warmly.

She only returned it, however, with stifled eagerness, being too proud to show her feelings before Guy, who stood looking on.

Jack noticed her changed manner and laughed good-humouredly as, turning to Guy, he remarked, "Allow me to present you to Miss Harcourt," adding—"Last year she could whistle and climb

stiles, but she's put away such childish tricks now, eh, Madge!" and he linked his arm through hers.

Madge gave Guy her hand very coldly, scarcely deigning to look in his face, and the trio started homewards.

"Have you made a solemn vow never to whistle again, or is it only because Guy is here?" asked incorrigible Jack, nothing daunted by her cold manner.

"I sincerely hope Miss Harcourt would not let me make any difference," put in Guy hastily, not at all sure what to make of his cold reception.

Madge frowned slightly, remarking, "I don't know what Jack does in London, but he talks a great deal of nonsense when he is at home."

Jack threw a threatening glance at Guy and said slyly, "Don't give me away, old fellow."

Guy laughed.

"Well, his conversation isn't exactly what one would term intellectual at any time," he remarked, "but I'm afraid I haven't any right to judge him."

"Certainly not!" was the merry answer. "Wait till you've heard Guy when he's wound up, Madge, you'll think better of me ever after."

"He must be unique," she said, with a faint smile, but her face was turned to Jack, and Guy, not seeing the love-light in her eyes, grew more puzzled.

If it had not been that her hand was clasped tightly on her brother's he would have thought she was not pleased to see either of them. As it was, he thought she was the handsomest, haughtiest girl he had ever met, and it was not long before he added Jack's epithet "odd."

"How are they all at home?" asked Jack presently. "Has the mater got over her alarm about Guy's dog? She did get worked up, and no mistake."

"She is still," replied Madge, "but where is the dog? Haven't you brought

him?" and for the first time she addressed herself directly to Guy and looked into his face.

Guy replied that he had left his dog with a friend, as Mrs. Harcourt did not care about dogs, while mentally he said, "What splendid eyes, if only they weren't so hard. What a pity she spoils herself so."

"Oh, you needn't have minded that," she replied carelessly. "Mrs. Harcourt makes a fuss about anything," and the expression of her mouth was not pleasant.

Jack noticed it and frowned a little.

"Are you and the mater at daggers drawn still?" he asked. "I imagine as much from your letters, but you don't overburden me with news."

A sudden dimness crossed Madge's eyes and her lips twitched a little as she replied, "I have no news at any time."

Guy noticed the change and decided he had judged her too harshly, but he changed his mind again, when on Jack's inquiring, "What of the mater?" she replied coldly—

"Mrs. Harcourt and I are always civil to each other."

After that, as nothing again occurred to redeem her, he gave her up. His unfavourable impression rather deepening than otherwise after they had reached the house. Mrs. Harcourt, on finding the dog had not come, received them quite affably, and continued cheerful all through the meal, which immediately followed their arrival.

Jack talked incessantly, in his usual light-hearted manner, and his spirits seemed infectious, for even Mr. Harcourt brightened up and condescended to indulge in "small talk." Only Madge remained silent and passive; and Guy very soon felt at home.

Directly after supper, he noticed a quick look pass between the brother