

old man sits alternately reading and dozing in the lamp light.

"Heather, where is Nenuphar?" Mr. Clermont rouses himself at length to ask.

"I do not know, father. I think she must have gone to bed."

But no. Out in the garden, without even a shawl over her white dress, is Nenuphar, pacing up and down, heedless of cold and rheumatism, in the narrow path that leads to the gate, through which the road runs to Sebastian's house.

In the centre of the path is a fountain; and as its waters rise up into the air, the westerly breeze, which though strong is not cold, plays with them, and tosses them about, causing them to spread themselves out, and fall in a silver shower around.

Presently down the path from Wykeham Manor comes the tall dark figure of a man—a man who, as he nears the gate that separates Heather's home from his own, starts, and looks in some bewilderment at the white form before him.

"Nenuphar?" he cries, incredulously. "What are you doing out here, you foolish girl?"

"I am thinking," she replies, lifting her eyes quietly to his.

"You should think indoors on such a night as this. And what, if I may ask, were your thoughts about, that they required such a solitary spot to bring them to perfection in?"

He had turned back as he spoke, as she did not seem inclined to stand still, and walked down the path by her side, until they stood close to the fountain—almost, indeed, within reach of its waters.

"Take care—you will get wet," he said, "if you go on;" and he himself stood still, but she continued her walk two or three steps further, and then looked back to see if he were following.

Seeing he was not, she also stood still; and for a minute they both remained motionless, one on either side of the fountain, with the spray falling softly between them—for there was a lull in the tempest.

And as they thus stood, all Sebastian's old feeling of fear and dislike of the girl returned upon him, and almost with a shudder he turned intending to leave her, without breaking the silence by so much as one word, but some spell seemed laid upon him which prevented his moving. Then it was she spoke, and her voice came softly and gently over to where he stood.

"You know," she said, laying her hand on the marble basin of the fountain, and leaning slightly forward, "that I am unlike every one else; that I have no heart, or if I have one it is different to those of other women: you yourself have told me so, so also has Mr. Clermont." She had of late rather avoided giving him the title of father. "Other men have told me so, and I have believed them, and yet been satisfied with myself; but now, Sebastian," taking a step towards him, and looking up steadily into his face—"now I have determined, whatever happens, to cross the boundary that separates me from those around; and I have a fancy, a belief—call it what you will—that if you were to kiss me once, I should wake up to a new life, should break the spell, or whatever it is that has overshadowed me from childhood, and become like other women."

Her voice never faltered once as she made her strange request; and it did not sound in Sebastian's ears, at least, that of some sweet siren luring him away from his true love, but rather, so it seemed to him, that of a fair statue, which had been endowed with life and motion and all the outward semblance of womanhood, but who had at length discovered that the human soul with all its capabilities of joy and sorrow had been denied her, and for that human soul was pleading.

For a minute after she had spoken all was dark overhead; then through a rent in the clouds the moon appeared, and shed a soft light on the girl's white figure, and on Sebastian's dark, earnest face, as he gazed at his companion, half in surprise and half in pity. Between them the waters of the fountain ceaselessly rose and fell, causing Nenuphar, as seen through the silvery veil of spray, to appear more lovely than she had ever done before.

She moved a step forward, heedless of the shower around, which penetrated her thin dress, and even rested in bright, glittering drops on her golden hair, and waited.

Waited in silence. Not one word to break the intense stillness; not one word of self justification, of pleading for pardon; and Sebastian, looking down at the quiet eyes and lightly-clasped hands, hesitated no longer, but stooped and kissed her once—still in utter silence—then turned to go.

But before he had time to leave her side, there rang through the air one sharp, bitter cry—the cry of a breaking heart; and before the word "Heather" could pass his lips, he saw her standing beside them.

Such a world of grief and horror in her eyes as she stood thus, and looked from the one to the other.

And thus they all three remained for a moment. Nenuphar, her head bowed on her hands that rested on the edge of the fountain; and Sebastian and Heather gazing upon each other, wondering who would speak first, and what the first words would be.

But after all, it was Nenuphar who broke the silence. Lifting her head and looking at Heather, and speaking as though she were repeating some lesson learnt by heart: "It was

all my fault, Heather," she said; "you must not blame him in the least—not even in your thoughts, Heather," she cried, going over to the girl's side, and touching her hand. "You must believe me, however hard it may be; I have never told you a lie in all my life—have I? Well, on the strength of that, believe me now, and do as I bid you. Ask Sebastian to tell you everything, and when he has done so, believe him implicitly, and try to forgive me, will you? Promise me that you will."

"Yes," said Heather, speaking slowly, and as if she were not quite awake; "I will try. But, oh! what are you, who are you, that you could do such a thing?"

"What am I? I am only Nenuphar, you know," said the other sadly; then, before Heather could speak again, she turned towards Sebastian. "You must not try to shield me," she said, half pleadingly; tell her everything."

Sebastian did not answer. What was this girl, with her strange wild fancies, to him, compared with Heather's shattered love and trust? So he looked away from her white face—away from her eyes, into which had passed at length a woman's loving, grieving soul—to the slight figure beyond.

"Heather," he cried, stretching out his arms towards her, "you have loved me, have you not? Cannot you trust me a little?" And Heather after one second's hesitation, in which she had a glimpse of what a future might be, from which both love and faith had been swept away, moved closer to him—into the shelter of his outstretched arms.

"I trust you, Sebastian," was all she said. "Yes, I trust you implicitly."

"Then you must prove it, dear, for I will not tell you anything until to-morrow. You really must not stay here any longer," Sebastian said, kissing her. "What made you come out this chilly night?"

"I thought I should like one turn before going to bed;—one turn in this garden that always speaks to me of you," she replied, low and tenderly.

"Well, good-night again, for there is the rain; I knew it must come soon. And to-morrow I will tell you everything; till then, farewell!"

Then as she turned in silence to go back to the house, he drew her towards him again, and whispered, "Once more, Heather, let me tell you that if you had not trusted me, if you had refused to hear me, and had left me—as I at first feared you might, without giving me a chance of explaining myself,—ah," he broke off abruptly, "I cannot bear to think what my life might have been!"

"But I love you, you see," said Heather, simply.

And neither of them, as they stood thus, looking in each other's eyes, and reading there the happiness that was so surely in store for them, had one thought for the girl who had for a moment come between them, and who had then crept away into the darkness, alone with her sorrow.

Heedless of the rain that was now falling heavily, Sebastian stood and watched Heather's retreating form; then he too turned to make his way to his own home, and as he did so, a heavy clap of thunder sounded overhead,—the summer was indeed over!

The morning dawned dark and unpromising; and what with the war of elements without, and the remembrance of last night's work within, it was with something of a heavy heart that Heather made her appearance.

"Where is Nenuphar?" her father questioned.

But Heather had not been into her friend's room, and had as yet seen nothing of her; very likely she was not up. "You know, father, how she dislikes a dreary day."

Afterwards when Heather went up-stairs to look for her, she found the room deserted.

"Surely she has not gone out in all this rain! What can she be thinking of?"

But on closer examination she saw the bed had not been slept in.

And at that sight a foreboding of evil crept into Heather's heart, that she hastened downstairs to confide to her father.

"Father, you do not think it possible, do you, that Nenuphar has run away?" she said, after relating what she had seen.

"Run away, child? What do you mean?"

"Only, father," said Heather, brushing the tears out of her eyes, "we had a quarrel last night,—Nenuphar and I,—do not ask me what it was about, for indeed I could not tell you; and I have never seen her since. Perhaps she has gone away to try and find a new home!"

"Nonsense, child! where would she go to?" But despite his decided tones John Clermont half doubted his own words: for he seemed to see before him the eyes which had haunted him so of late, because of the shadow of pain that had crept into them, and troubled their calm depths. Far and wide they hunted for any trace of the lost girl, but nothing could be heard of her.

Towards noon down came Sebastian to aid in the search; and he and Mr. Clermont, both somewhat remorseful, though for such different reasons, started off afresh through the steadily pouring rain, leaving anxious, miserable Heather behind them.

It was four o'clock when the two men at length found themselves down by the lake where the water-lilies grew; and then John's cheek grew suddenly white, and even Sebastian's bronzed complexion paled; for amongst the broad green leaves and white blossoms that

covered the surface of the lake, was something else that lay there almost as still and white—Nenuphar!

The boat that was always chained at the entrance into the boat-house had been loosed from its moorings, and had drifted out a little way from land. It may have been that, having loosed it, she had attempted to step into it, and had slipped and fallen in the darkness. Any sadder, more terrible fate, they put away from their thoughts as they lifted her out of the waters that had been her cradle as a child, and had now become her grave.

The lilies looked just as calm and peaceful as they did that summer morning long ago. They did not droop or fade because their sister—their namesake—had found her death amongst them; only the reeds and rushes that grew by the edge seemed to murmur to each other sorrowfully of the sad fate that had befallen the lily who had gone away out of their sight, and had only returned to die.

This was Nenuphar's requiem. This, and Heather's soft words of pity over Sebastian's recital of the events of the night before. Heather, who, sure of the love she had won, was able to afford love to the memory of the girl who had lived such a calm, self-contained, only half-comprehended life amongst them for so long, and had then passed away in such a terrible storm.

"After all," said John Clermont, returning once more to his dreams and fancies of the girl whom, if he had not exactly loved, he had at any rate admired, and in whose life and future he had grown to take an interest—"after all, she was nothing but a flower: a beautiful one, I grant you—still nothing but a flower!"

"Pardon me," said Sebastian gently, remembering, as he spoke, the sorrowful eyes that had looked into his that dark stormy night,— "pardon me—but I think she was a woman before she died!"

HEARTH AND HOME.

PLAIN TALK TO GIRLS.—Your every day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury" or sloven in the morning, is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain, viz: a mirror, wash-basin, soap, towel, comb, hair, nail and tooth brushes. Those are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good and free use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances, not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over, improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" in the afternoon. Your dress may, or need not, be anything better than calico but with a ribbon, or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction, that invariably comes with being neatly dressed.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.—Love is never indolent; it is always ready for toil and self-sacrifice. Look within your heart, and see if this is not true. If you love anyone truly and deeply, the cry of your heart is to spend and be spent in the loved one's service. Love would die if it could not benefit. Its keenest suffering is met when it finds itself unable to assist. What man could see the woman he loved lack anything, and be unable to give it to her and not suffer? Why, love makes one a slave! It toils night and day, refusing all wages and all reward save the smile of the one unto whom it is bound, in whose service it finds delight, at whose feet it alone discovers its heaven. There is no danger that language can be too strong or too fervently used to portray the services of love. By cradle and couch, by sick bed and coffin, in hut and palace, the ministers of love are being wrought. The eyes of all behold them: the hearts of all are moved by the spectacle.

FLATTERING UNCTION.—And in what lay the simplicity of olden times? Said simplicity is a myth. In those days, the dresses of those who could afford it were more attractive than anything which the present age can show. The ruffles, frills, silk stockings, swords, silver knee and shoe-buckles, perukes, topknots, high-heeled shoes, and a thousand other expensive devices of attire, make modern costumes simplicity by comparison. In manners and customs it seems like a joke to speak of the simplicity of the olden times, when the most ridiculous ceremonies were practised in the first circles of society, and imitated by all the rest. Writers and orators tell us we are pursuing the high road of extravagance, but the fact is our forefathers, with all their virtues, travelled it quite as often and recklessly as do their posterity. The idea that our race is tending to decline is the merest nonsense. We are progressing as fast as humanity can progress.

AN IMPORTANT FACT.—Exercise for the body, occupation for the mind—these are the grand constituents of health and happiness; the cardinal points upon which everything turns. Motion seems to be a great preserving principle of nature, to which even inanimate things are subject: for the winds, waves, the earth itself are restless, and the waving of trees, shrubs, and flowers is known to be an essential part of their economy. A fixed rule of taking several hours' exercise every day, if possible in the open air, if not, under cover, will be almost certain to secure one exemption from disease, as well as from the attacks from low spirits, or ennui, that

monster who is ever waylaying the rich and indolent. "Throw but a stone, the giant dies."

THE BEST LOVE.—Home love is the best love. The love that you are born to is the sweetest you will ever have on earth. You, who are so anxious to escape the home nest, pause a moment and remember that this is so. It is right that the hour should come when you, in your turn, should become a wife and a mother and give the best love to others; but that will be just it. Nobody—not a lover not a husband—will ever be so tender or so true as a mother or a father. Never again, after strangers have broken the beautiful bond, will there be anything so sweet as the little circle of mother, father and children, where you were cherished, praised, and kept from harm. You may not know it, but you will know it some day. Whomsoever you marry, true and good though he may be, after the love days are over, and the honeymoon has waned, will give you only what you deserved of love or sympathy—usually much less, never more. You must watch and be wary lest you lose that love which is through the eyes because they thought you beautiful. But those who bore you, who loved you when you were the dreadful little object, a small baby, and thought you exquisitely brilliant—they do not care for faces that are fairer and forms that are more graceful than yours. You are their very own, and so, better to them always than others. To leave home should be a sad, not a glad thing. It should not be so easy to turn away from the "old folks" and forget them as it seems to be to many. I have said it once, but I say it again: There is no love like the love you are born to, no home like the first home you knew, if you have good parents, and that home is what it should be. When you leave it you leave your best behind you.

FIELD STATE

of divisional parade in honour of Her Majesty's Birthday, under command of Lieut.-General Sir Edward Selby Smyth, K.C.M.G., held at Montreal, 24th May, 1878:—

CORPS.	General Officers.	Officers.	N. C. Officers and men.	Total all ranks.	Horses.	Guns.
Divisional Staff	1	13	2	16	14	
Cavalry and Artillery Brigade.						
Staff	2		2	2		
Cavalry	3	30		33		
"B" Battery, C. A.	19	133	32	164		
Ottawa Field Battery	3	73	143	219	4	
Montreal Field Battery	6	64	76	146	2	
Montreal Garrison Artillery	14	250		264		
Engineers	5	63	264	332		
Infantry Brigade.						
Staff	2		2	2		
G. G. Foot Guards	22	287	269	578	1	
Fifth Royal Fusiliers	32	352	270	754	3	
Sixth Fusiliers	16	278	274	568	3	
St. Jean Baptiste Infantry Company	3	39	42	84		
1st Rifle Brigade.						
Staff	4		4	4		
1st or P. of W. Rifles	20	261	281	542	4	
65th Mount Royal Rifles	21	221	221	463	5	
3rd Victoria Rifles	19	293	292	584	4	
2nd Rifle Brigade.						
Staff	2		2	2		
8th Royal Rifles	23	222	245	490	5	
2nd Queen's Own	25	479	434	938		
United States Company Barlow Greys	3	33	36	72		

REMARKS.—Canadian militia, all ranks—1 Lieut.-General, 245 officers, 2,822 non-commissioned officers and men, 10 guns, 183 horses. Grand total, all ranks, 8,088.

THOS. BACON, Lieut.-Colonel.
Brigade Major.

COPY OF TESTIMONIAL JUST RECEIVED.

93 ST. FRANCIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL, 5th April, 1878.

To the Proprietors of "Phosfozone,"
MONTREAL.

Gentlemen,
I have been using your PHOSFOZONE for the last two months, and I have thus derived very great benefit from it in the cure of a DISORDERED LIVER and of INDIGESTION, and I can therefore most cordially recommend it to all suffering from either of these ailments.

Respectfully,
(Signed,) JOHN FORHAM.

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NOTICE TO LADIES.

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