

present itself, that, perhaps, now Mrs. Pemberton would make the loss of this money an insuperable barrier to his marriage with Laura. As Carl sat there in his lonely rooms, every word that the old lady had spoken that evening, came back with redoubled force.

The truth must be told. It was impossible for Carl to do a dishonest or underhand thing. Yes, Mrs. Pemberton must be told, no matter what the consequences might be.

It was early morning before he went to bed, but then he could not sleep. His thoughts went out into that future which but a few short hours before had seemed so bright—and now to think that all his bright dreams were to be dashed to the ground!

As daylight was beginning to dawn, he fell asleep, and slept so soundly, that he did not awaken until the sun was streaming through the window, the shutters of which had not been closed. Mary, the housemaid, had knocked at his door twice without receiving any reply. The mail had come, and she had brought Carl his letters.

He arose and dressed, and as he caught sight of his face in the mirror, the reflection startled him. The violent emotion and pain he had undergone the night before, had left their traces on his countenance. Sleep, the great restorer, had failed to erase the marks of suffering.

He was stunned, perplexed and confused. He had lost the money that was to have been settled on Laura, and with it he felt sure he had lost her, for he could not hope for anything else from Mrs. Pemberton.

For many hours he remained in his rooms, thinking deeply. He did not hear Mary when she called him to breakfast, and she had to repeat the message before he aroused himself sufficiently to answer her. He could not eat, but consented to take a cup of coffee, which she brought him.

At last he made his way to Mrs. Pemberton's. Laura was out when he arrived there, and he remembered that she had told him she was going to spend the afternoon with a friend. So Carl had Mrs. Pemberton all to himself.

It was all soon told, and Mrs. Pemberton most positively refused to give her consent to his marrying Laura, as he could not settle the sum she wished on her.

She allowed him an interview with Laura, and next day they met. Mrs. Pemberton insisted that Carl should not see Laura any more. The girl dared not disobey, and so they parted. No need to dwell on that parting!

And so the weeks sped on, and, although living opposite each other, Carl never caught a glimpse of Laura. One day, Mary, when she brought in his breakfast, told him that she had heard that Miss Neville was going to be married to a very rich man, who was a great friend of Mrs. Pemberton's. At about this time Carl had to leave for Montreal, as he had received an offer of journalistic work there which would pay him well. There he caught a severe cold which so prostrated him, that he was unable to leave his room for some time, and when he returned to Quebec, he learned that Mrs. Pemberton had gone abroad and taken Laura with her, of course.

And Laura was not married.

\* \* \* \* \*

Five years had passed away, and Carl suddenly found himself, by the death of a distant relative, of whom he had never heard, again in possession of some capital. He now made preparations to find Laura. He left Quebec as soon as he could settle his affairs. About two months afterwards he and Laura met. The same sweet light was in her eyes, and although her face was somewhat worn, and showed signs of suffering, it was just as beautiful as ever to Carl. In it he read the old story of faith and love.

"They told me you were going to be married once, dearest," said Carl.

"Did they?"

"Yes, to that Mr. Cavendish, who was reported to be so wealthy."

"He did ask Mrs. Pemberton for me, but I refused. And dear Carl I would rather not speak of that time," said Laura, who could have told many a bitter tale of how Mrs. Pemberton tried to coerce her into marrying this man.

"You know Mrs. Pemberton has given her consent to your marrying me now," said Carl. "Are you willing?"

Laura raised her head and looked at him, her face radiant with love, and in her eyes he read his answer.

Their love had been tried and found true.

THE END.

## THE ISLE OF DREAMS.

ON the ship of fancy I now embark,  
To sail for the isle of dreams:  
The vessel heaves on the waves like cork,  
And the sea like smooth glass seems.  
Away, away, I speed me now,  
The blue waves curling about the bow.

The ship goes swift, as the sails expand,  
Till at last to the view appears,  
A lovely isle of coral; the strand  
All strewn with the wreck of years,  
Fair, proud ships in sunlight gleams,  
All wrecked on the shore of the Isle of Dreams.

On this isle there are beauties manifold,  
Sweet music to charm the ear,  
Leaves of jasper and sands of gold,  
And in marble basins are fountains clear,  
But woe to the ship that nears the shore;  
It is lost and returns to home no more.

So I'll turn aside and homeward steer,  
To the true heart waiting for me;  
For none on the earth I will find so dear,  
On the land or the purple sea.  
So I'll home, where the love of a true heart beams,  
Nor seek for the lovely Isle of Dreams.