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### CHAPTER IV.

"Words are lighter than the gleam

"Of the restless ocean spray;

"Valner than the trembling shadow,

"That the next hour steals away.

"By the fall of summer raindrops, \*

"Is the air as deeply stirred;

"And the rose-leaf that we tread on,

"Will outlive a word.

"Words are mighty: words are living

"Serpents with their venomous stings;

"Or bright angels, crowding round us,

"With heaven's light upon their wings.

"Every word has its own spirit,

"True or false, that never dies;

"Every word man's lips have uttered,

"Echoes in God's skies."

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

And for mistaken Edna, how did she feel, after her burst of passion, and after spurning the love she knew to be so true? Poor child, she sought her darkened room, and burying her face in her hands, she sat for an hour, mourning and weeping like some wounded creature. She was not a girl who would speak of her sorrow to others; and, perhaps, for this very reason, it had a deep, lasting effect on her whole frame, which it would be months, or years, before she could shake off; for, if sorrow has no outlet, it must prey on the strength, eating away the very vitals of our happiness and health.

Edna was roused by Selina's sharp voice in the hall, and, with hers, she distinguished those of Dr. and Miss Ponsonby. "Oh," she said to herself, "I shall have to meet these people, and I am sure to betray what has happened; and be reproached and blamed by all but Selina; and she will rejoice over her work, for it was her stinging words goaded me on. Oh, it is terrible; I wish I were dead." But again rang in her ears the words,

"Oh, sweet, pale Margaret, Oh, rare pale Margaret,

"Look down, and let your blue eyes dawn upon me, through the jasmine leaves;"

and she exclaimed passionately: "But I would not be trifled with; he did not behave as he ought. Oh, why did he do so, and bring all this misery on me? I wish, I wish I were dead. And yet I must smother these feelings; I must look calm and agreeable—must appear as usual. Could I not plead a headache? But then, I am so soon to leave, and I do not wish to grieve my kind friends."

At this moment her father passed the door, on his way to the dining-room, and said,

"Come, little girl, here's the Doctor; come and see him. Perhaps he will prescribe something to bring the roses back to your pale cheeks."

So Edna had no choice but to go. Having bathed her eyes, and smoothed her hair, she entered the dining-room. Selina had not yet returned from her apartment, whither she had gone to remove her bonnet and cloak. Miss Ponsonby greeted Edna with warm kindness, kissing her affectionately; and the Doctor, rising, and leading her directly under the chandelier, scanned her face curiously, saying,

"Your father says you are not looking well, Miss Edna; and, really, I think he is not far wrong. If I might venture to give an opinion," he added, releasing Edna from his trying scrutiny, "I should say that your paleness does not proceed from bodily ailments; more likely from heartache," he said, significantly shaking his head. "How is the gentleman with the long robe?"